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PLATONICA:

OR

A Platonicall Song

of the

SOUL,

Consisting of foure severall Poems,

viz.

ΨΥΧΟΖΩΙΑ.

ΨΥΧΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ.

ANTIΨΥΧΟΠΑΝΝΥΧΙΑ.

ANTIMONΟΨΥΧΙΑ.

Hereto is added a Paraphrasticall Interpretation
of the answer of Apollo consulted by Ame-
lius, about Plotinus soul depar-
ted this life,

most

By H. McMaster of Arts, and Fellow of
Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

*Nellus majorem afferre solet ignavis inscitia voluptatem
quam impeditum fallidiusque contemptum. Scal.*

CAMBRIDGE

Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the Universi-
ty. 1664.



To the Reader.

Reader, sith it is the fashion
To bestow some salutation,
I greet thee; give free leave to look
And nearly view my opened Book.

But see then that thine eyes be clear
If ought thou wouldst discover there.
Expect from me no Teian strain,
No light wanton Lesbian vein:
Though well I wote the vulgar spright
Such Harmony doth more strongly smite.
Silent Seceſſe, waſt Solitude,
Deep ſearching thoughts often renew'd,
Stiff conflict 'gainſt importunate vice,
That dayly doth the Soule envice
From her high throne of circulating light
To plunge her in Infernall Night:
Collection of the mind from ſtroke
Of this worlds Magick, that doth choke
It with ſoul ſmothering miſts and ſtench,
And in Lethean waves it drench:
A dayly Death, drad Agony,
Privation, dry ſterility:
Who is well entred in thoſe wayes
Fiſt man to reade my loſty layes.

To the Reader,

But whom lust, wrath, and fear controul,
Scarce know their body from their soul,
If any such chance heare my verse,
Dark numerous Nothings I rehearse
To them, measure out an idle sound
In which no inward sense is found.
Thus sing I to cragg'd clifts and hills,
To sighing winds, to murmuring rills,
To wastefull woods, to empty groves,
Such things as my dear mind most loves.
But they heed not my Heavenly passion,
Fast fixt on their own operation.
On chalky rocks hard by the Sea,
Safe guided by fair Cynthia,
I strike my silver-sounded lyre,
First struck my self by some strong fire;
And all the while her wavering ray
Reflected from fluid glasse doth play
On the white banks. But all are deaf
Unto my Muse, that is most lief
To mine own self. So they nor blame
My pleasant notes, nor praise the same.
Nor do thou, Reader, rashly brand
My rhymes 'fore thou them understand.



H. Mort

ΨΥΧΟΖΩΙΑ,
OR
*A CHRISTIANO-
PLATONICALL display of
LIFE,*

Written in the beginning of the year
of our LORD 1640. and now
published for all free Philosophers
and well-willers to the true
Christian Life.

Ἐυσίλει, ὦ τέκνον. Ὁ γὰρ εὐσιλῶν ἄκρω
φιλοσοφῇ, Trismeg.



CAMBRIDGE
Printed by Roger Daniel, Printer to the
Universitie, 1642.


THE CHURCH
OF THE
LIVING

When in the presence of the
Lord, let us be as children



Printed by the
National Gallery

TO THE READER,
upon the first Book of
PSYCHOZOA.

 His first book, as you may judge by the names therein, was intended for a mere Platonickall description of Universal life, or life that is omnipresent, though not alike omnipresent. As in Noahs Deluge, the water that overflowed the earth was present in every part thereof, but every part of the water was not in every part of the earth, or all in every part; so the low Spirit of the Universe, though it go quite through the world, yet it is not totally in every part of the world; Else we should heare our Antipodes, if they did but whisper: Because our lower man is a part of the inferiour Spirit of the Universe.

Ahad, Aeon, and Psyche are all omnipresent in the World, after the most perfect way that humane reason can conceive of. For they are in the world all totally and at once every where.

This is the famous Platonickall Triad: which though they that slight the Christian Trinity do take for a figment; yet I think it is no contemptible argument, that the Platonists, the best and divinest of Philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that do professe religion, do both concur that there is a Trinity. In what they differ,

To the Reader.

I leave to be found out, according to the safe direction of that infallible Rule of Faith, the holy Word.

In the mean time I shall not be blamed by any thing but ignorance and malignity, for being invited to sing of the second Unity of the Platonick Triad, in a Christian strain and Poeticall scheme, that which the holy Scripture witnesseth of the second Person of the Christian Trinity. As that his patrimony is the possession of the whole earth. For if it be not all one with Christ, according to his Divinity (although their attributes sute exceeding well: For that second Unity in the Platonick Triad, is called *Filius Boni*, The Son of the Good; The Christian second Person, *The Sonne of God*; He, ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης τοῦ πατρὸς· That, the Ἀυτογαλόν, *the first beauty or lustre*; He, the ὁ Λόγος· that, the first εἶδος, and sometime λόγος: As in Trismeg: Ὁ οὐτὸς λόγος ἐστὶν εἰκὼν καὶ νοῦς τοῦ Θεοῦ· He, *the Truth*; That, the ἰδέα or true platform according to which every thing was made and ought to be made: That *Aeon*; He, *Eternall life*: He, *the wisdom of God*; That the *Intellect*: He ὁ ὦν καὶ ὁ ἦν, καὶ ὁ ἐρχόμενος· that the τὸ ὄν.) Yet the Platonists placing him in the same order, and giving him the like attributes, with the Person of the Sonne in Christianity, it is nothing harsh for me to take occasion from hence to sing a while the true Christian Autocalon, whose beauty shall adorn the whole Earth in good time; if we believe the Prophets.

For

To the Reader.

For that hath not as yet happened. For Christ is not where ever his name is : * but as he is the truth, so will he be truly displayed upon the face of the whole Earth. For God doth not fill the world with his glory by words and sounds, but by spirit, and life, and realtie.

* This opinion, though it have its moments of reasons, yet every mans judgement is left free, and will ever be, where there is no demonstration to bind it to assent.

Now this Eternall life I sing of, even in the midst of my Platonisme : for I cannot conceal from whence I am, *viz.* of Christ; but yet acknowledging, that God hath not left the Heathen, Plato especially, without witnesse of himself. Whose doctrine might strike our adulterate Christian professors with shame and astonishment; their lives falling so exceeding short of the better Heathen. How far short are they then of that admirable and transcendent high mystery of true Christianisme? To which Plato is a very good subservient Minister; whose Philosophy I singing here in a full heat, why may it not be free for me to break out into an higher strain, and under it to touch upon some points of Christianitie; as well as all-approved Spencer sings of Christ under the name of Pan? Saint Paul also transfers those things that be spoken of Jupiter, to God himself, *Arat. φαινόμενα.*

Πάντῃ δ' Δίδε καχρήμεθα πάντες

Τῷ γὰρ καὶ γίνετο ἑσθλόν.

Those latter words he gives to the Christian God,

To the Reader.

God, whom he himself preached. I will omit the usual course of the Spirit of God in holy Writ. To take occasion from things that have some resemblance of divine things, under them to speak of the true things themselves.

All this out of a tenderneſſe of mind, being exceeding loth to give any man offence by my writings. For though knowledge and theory be better then any thing but honeſty and true piety, yet it is not ſo good, as that I ſhould willingly offend my neighbour by it.

Thus much by way of preparation to the firſt piece of this Poem. I will now leave thee to thine own diſcretion and judgement.

Upon the ſecond Book.



THis ſecond Book, before we deſcend to particular lives, exhibits to our apprehenſion, by as fit a ſimilitude as I could light upon, the Univerſe as one ſimple uniform being, from *Aethad* to *Hyle*; no particular ſtraitned being as yet being made; no Earth or any other Orb as yet kned together. All homogeneous, ſimple, ſingle, pure, pervious, unknotted, uncoacted, nothing exiſting but thoſe eight univerſall orders,

There God hath full command, builds and deſtroyes what he liſts.

That all our ſouls are free effluxes from his eſſence, what followes is ſo plain that the Reader wants no direction.

Upon

To the Reader.

Upon the third Book.

THere is no knot at all in this last Book if men do not seek one. I plainly and positively declare no opinion, but show the abuse of those opinions there touched, crouding a number of enormities together, that safely shroud themselves there, where all sinfulness surely may easily get harbour, if we be not well aware of the Devil, that makes even true opinions oftentimes serve for mischief.

Nothing else can be now expected for the easy and profitable understanding of this Poem, but the interpretation of the names that frequently occur in it. Which I will interpret at the end of these Books, (as also the hard terms of the other Poems) for their sakes whose reall worth and understanding is many times equall with the best, onely they have not fed of husks and shels, as others have been forced to do, the superficially knowledge of tongues. But it would be well, that neither the Linguist would contemne the illiterate for his ignorance, nor the ignorant condemne the learned for his knowledge. For it is not unlearnednesse that God is so pleased withall, or sillines of mind, but singleness and simplicity of heart.

H. M.



THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHOZOA.

Lib. I.

*This song great Psyche's parentage
With her fourfold array,
And that mysterious marriage,
To th' Reader doth display.*

1

NOr Ladies loves, nor Knights brave Martiall deeds,
Ywrapt in rolls of hid Antiquity;
But th' inward Fountain, and the unseen Seeds,
From whence are these and what so under eye
Doth fall, or is record in memory,
Psyche, I'll sing, *Psyche*! from thee they sprong.
O life of time, and all *Alterity*!
The life of lives instill his nectar strong,
And *Psych'* inebriate, while I sing *Psyche's* song.

2

But thou, who e're thou art that hear'st this strain,
Or read'st these rimes which from Platonick rage
Do powerfully flow forth, dare not to blame
My forward pen of foul miscarriage;
If all that's spoke, with thoughts more sadly sage
Doth not agree. My task is not to try
What's simply true. I onely do engage
My self to make a fit discovery,
Give some fair glimps of Plato's hid Philosophie.

3

What man alive that hath but common wit
(When skilfull limmer 'suing his intent
Shall fairly well pourtray and wisely hit
The true proportion of each lineament,
And in right colours to the life depaint
The fulvid Eagle with her sun-bright eye)
Would woxen wroth with inward cholar brent
Cause 'tis no Buzard or discolour'd Pye?
Why man? I meant it not; Cease thy fond obloquie.

So if what's consonant to Plato's school,
 (Which well agrees with learned Pythagore,
 Egyptian Trismegist and th' antique roll
 Of Chaldee wisdom all which time hath tore
 But Plato and deep Plotin do restore)
 Which is my scope, I sing out lustily.
 If any twitten me for such strange lore,
 And me all blamelesse brand with infamy,
 God purge that man from fault of foul malignity.

Th' Ancient of dayes, sire of *Eternitie*,
 Sprung of himself, or rather nowise sprong.
 Father of lights and everlasting glee,
 Who puts to silence every daring tongue
 And flies mans sight, shrouding himself among
 His glorious rayes, good *Hattove*, from whom came
 All good that *Penia* spies in thickest throng
 Of most desired things, all's from that same,
 That same, that *Hattove* hight and sweet *Abinoam*.

Now can I not wish flowring phantasie
 To drowne sensuall souls such words impart,
 Which in their sprights may cause sweet agony,
 And thrill their bodies through with pleasing dart,
 And spread in flowing fire their close-twist heart,
 All-cheering fire, that nothing wont to burn
 That *Hattove* lists to save: and his good Art
 Is all to save that will to him return,
 That all to him return, heught of him is forlorn.

For what can be forlorn, when his good hands
 Hold all in life, that of life do partake?
 O surest confidence of *Loves* strong bands!
Love loveth all that's made; *Love* all did make:
 And when false life doth fail, it's for the sake
 Of better being. Riving tortures spight,
 That life disjoins, and makes the heart to quake,
 To good the soul doth nearer reunite:
 So ancient *Hattove* hence all-joyning *Abad* hight.

This *Abad* of himself the *Bon* fair
 Begot, the brightnesse of his fathers grace:
 No living wight in heaven to him compare,
 Ne work his goodly honour such disgrace,
 Nor lose thy time in telling of his race.
 His beauty and his race no man can tell:
 His glory darkeneth the Suns bright face;
 Or if ought else the Suns bright face excell,
 is splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

This is that ancient *Eider* omniform,
 Fount of all beauty, root of flowring glee.
Hyle old hag, foul, filthy and deform,
 Can not come near. Joyfull *Eternity*
 Admits no change or mutability,
 No shade of change, no imminution,
 No nor increase: for what increase can be
 To that that's all? and where *Hyl'* hath no throne
 in ought decay? such is the state of great *Bon*.

Farre otherwise it fares in this same lond
 Of truth and beauty, then in mortall brood
 Of earthly lovers, who impassion'd
 With outward formes (not rightly understood,
 From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,
 And choise delight which in their spright they feel:
 Can outward idol yield so heavenly mood?)
 This inward beauty unto that they deele
 That little beauteous is: Thus into th' dirt they reele.

Like to Narcissus, on the grassie shore,
 Viewing his outward face in watery glasse:
 Still as he looks, his looks adde evermore
 New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace
 To 's inward form; and it displayes apace
 It's hidden rayes, and so new lustre sends
 To that vain shadow: but the boy, alas!
 Unhappy boy! the inward nought attends,
 in foul filthy mire, love, life and form he blends.

And this I wote is the Soules excellence,
 That from the hint of every painted glance
 Of shadows sensible, it doth from hence
 Its radiant life and lovely hue advance
 To higher pitch, and by good governance
 May wained be from love of fading light
 In outward formes, having true Cognisance,
 That those vain shows are not the beauty bright
 That takes men so, but that they cause in humane Spright.

Farre otherwise it fares in *Æons* realm.
 O happy close of sight and that there's seen!
 That there is seen is good *Abinoam*,
 Who *Hattove* hight: And *Hattubus* I ween,
 Cannot be lesse then he that sets his eyen
 On that abyffe of good eternally,
 The youthfull *Æon*, whose fair face doth shine
 While he his Fathers glory doth espy,
 Which waters his fine flowring forms with light from hig

Not that his forms increafe, or that they die.
 For *Æon Land*, which men *Idea* call,
 Is nought but life in full serenitie,
 Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all;
 Nought here increaseth, nought here hath its fall:
 For *Æons* kingdomes alwaies perfect stand,
 Birds, beasts, fields, springs, plants, men and minerall,
 To perfectnesse nought added be there can.
 This *Æon* also hight *Autocalon* and *On*.

This is the eldest sonne of *Hattove* hore:
 But th' eldest daughter of this aged fire,
 That virgin wife of *Æon*, *Uranore*.
 She *Uranora* hight, because the fire
 Of *Æthers* essence she with bright attire,
 And inward unseen golden hew doth dight,
 And life of sense and phansie doth inspire.
Æther's the vehicle of touch, smell, sight,
 Of taste and hearing too, and of the plastick might.

Whylom me chanced (O my happy chance !)
 To spie this spotlesse pure fair *Myra*.
 I spi'd her, but, alas ! with slighter glance
 Beheld her on the *Hattubean* shore,
 She stood the last : for her did stand before
 The lovely *Aureal*. But first of all
 Was mighty *Hattove*, deeply covered o're
 With unseen light. No might Imaginall
 May reach that vast profunditie.

17

Whiles thus they stood by that good lucid spring
 Of living blisse, her fourefold ornament
 I there observ'd ; and that's the onely thing
 That I dare write with due advisement.
 Fool-hardy man that purposeth intent
 Far 'bove his reach, like the proud Phaeton,
 Who clomb the fiery car and was yshent
 Through his fond juvenile ambition :
 h' unruly flundering steeds wrought his confusion.

18

Now rise, my Muse, and straight thy self addresse
 To write the pourtraiture of th' outward vest,
 And to display its perfect comlineesse :
 Begin and leave where it shall please thee best.
 Nor do assay to tell all, let the rest
 Be understood. For no man can unfold
 The many plicatures so closely prest
 At lowest verge. Things 'fore our feet yrold,
 they be hard, how shall the highest things be told ?

19

Its unseen figure I must here omit :
 For thing so mighty vast no mortall eye
 Can compasse ; and if eye not compasse it,
 The extreme parts, at lest some, hidden lye :
 And if that they lie hid, who can descry
 The truth of figure ? Bodies figured
 Receive their shape from each extremity.
 But if conjecture may stand in truths stead
 he garment round or circular I do aread.

As for its colour and materiall,
 It silken seems, and of an azur hew,
 If hew it have or colour naturall:
 For much it may amaze mans erring view.
 Those parts the eye is near give not the shew
 Of any colour: but the rurall Swains,
 O easie ignorance I would swear 'tis blew,
 Such as their Phyllis would, when as she plains
 Their Sunday-cloths, and the washt white with azur stain

But this fair azur colour's foully stain'd
 By base comparifon with that blew dust.
 Put you of *Uranore* are not disdain'd,
 O silly Shepherds, if you hit not just
 In your conceits, so that you're put in trust
 You duly do attend. If simple deed
 Accord with simple life, then needs you must
 From the great *Uranore* of favour speed,
 Though you can not unfold the nature of her weed.

For who can it unfold, and reade aright
 The divers colours, and the tinctures fair,
 Which in this various vesture changes write
 Of light, of duskishnesse, of thick, of rare
 Consistences: ever new changes marre
 Former impressions. The dubious shine
 Of changeable silk stuffs this passeth farre.
 Farre more variety, and farre more fine,
 Then interwoven silk with gold or silver twine.

Lo what delightfull immutations
 On her soft flowing vest we contemplate!
 The glory of the Court, their fashions,
 And brave agguize with all their Princely state,
 Which Poets or Historians relate
 This farre excels, farther then pompous Court
 Excels the homeliest garb of Country rate:
 Unspeakable it is how great a sort
 Of glorious glistering shoves in it themselves disport.

24

There you may see the eyelids of the morn
With lofty silver arch displaid ith' East,
And in the midst the burnisht gold doth burn ;
A lucid purple mantle in the West
Doth close the day, and hap the Sun at rest.
Nor doe these lamping shewes the azur quell,
Or other colours: where 't beseemeth best
There they themselves dispose ; so seemly well
Both light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil.

25

But 'mongst these glaring glittering rows of light,
And flaming circles, and the grisell gray,
And crudled clouds with silver tippings dight,
And many other deckings wondrous gay,
As *Iris* and the *Halo*, there doth play
Steill-pac'd *Euphrona* in her conique tire ;
By stealth her steeple-cap she doth assay
To whelm on th' earth : So school-boyes do aspire
With coppell'd hat to quelm the Bee all arm'd with ire.

26

I saw pourtray'd on this Sky-coloured silk
Two lovely lads, with wings fully dispread
Of silver plumes, their skin more white then milk,
Their lilly limbs I greatly admired,
Their cheary looks and lustie livelyhed :
Athwart their snowy breast a scarf they wore
Of azur hew, fairly bespangoled
Was the gold fringe. Like Doves so forth they fore :
Some message they, I ween, to *Monocardia* bore.

27

O gentle Sprights, whose carefull oversight
Tends humane actions, sons of *Salya* !
O heavenly *Salem* sons ! you fend the right,
You violence resist, and fraud bewray ;
The ill with ill, the good with good you pay.
And if you list to mortall eye appear,
You thicke that veil, and so your selves array
With visibility : O mystry rare !
That thickned veil should maken things appear more bare ?

But well I wote that nothing's bare to sense ;
 For sense cannot arrive to th' inwardnesse
 Of things, nor penetrate the crusty fence
 Of constipated matter close compresse :
 Or that were laid aside, yet nathelasse
 Things thus unbar'd, to sense be more obscure.
 Therefore those Sonnes of Love when they them dress
 For sight, they thicke the vest of *Uranure*,
 And from their centre overflow' with beauty pure.

29

Thus many goodly things have been unfold
 Of *Uranures* fair changing ornament:
 Yet far more hidden ly, as yet untold ;
 For all to tell was never my intent,
 Neither all could I tell if I so ment.
 For her large robe all the wide world doth fill:
 Its various largenesse no man can depaint :
 My pen's from thence, my books, my ink, but skill
 From *Uranures* own self down gently doth distill.

30

But yet one thing I saw that I'll not passe,
 At the low hem of this large garment gay
 Number of goodly balls there pendent was,
 Some like the Sun, some like the Moons white ray,
 Some like discoloured Tellus, when the day
 Discries her painted coat : In wond'rous wise
 These coloured ones do circle, float and play,
 As those far-shining ROUNDS in open skies :
 Their course the best Astronomer might well aggrize.

31

These danc'd about : but some I did espie
 That steddily stood, 'mongst which there shined one,
 More fairly shineth not the worlds great eye,
 Which from his plenteous store unto the Moon
 Kindly imparteth light, that when he's gone,
 She might supply his place, and well abate
 The irksome ugliness of that foul drone,
 Sad heavie night, yet quick to work the fate
 Of murdered travellers, when they themselves belate.

32

O gladsome life of sense that doth adore
The outward shape of the worlds curious frame !
The proudest Prince that ever Sceptre bore
(Though he perhaps observeth not the same)
The lowest hemi doth kisse of that we name
The stole of *Uranore*, these parts that won
To drag in dirty earth (nor do him blame)
These doth he kisse: why should he be fordonne?
How sweet it is to live ! what joy to see the Sunne !

33

But O what joy it is to see the Sunne
Of *Sons* kingdomes, and th' eternall day
That never night o'rerakes ! the radiant throne
Of the great Queen, the Queen *Uranura* !
Then she gan first the Sceptre for to sway,
And rule with wisdom, when *Hattubus* old,
Hence *Abad* we him call, did tie them tway
With nuptiall charm and wedding-ring of gold :
Then sagely he the case gan to them thus unfold :

34

My first born Sonne, and thou my daughter dear,
Look on your aged Sire, the deep abyss,
In which and out of which you first appear ;
Abad hight, and *Abad* onenesse is :
Therefore be one ; (his words do never misse)
They one became. I *Hattove* also hight,
Did he ; and *Hattove* goodnesse is and blisse :
Therefore in goodnesse be ye fast unite :
Unitie, *Love*, *Good*, be measures of your might.

35

They straight accord : then he put on the ring,
The ring of lasting gold on *Uranure* ;
Then gan the youthfull Lads aloud to sing,
Hymen ! O Hymen ! O the Virgin pure !
Holy Bride ! long may this joy indure.
After the song *Hattove* his speech again
News. My Son, I unto thee assure
Judgement and authoritie soveraign:
Take as unto one : for one became those twain.

To thee each knot in Heaven and Earth shall bow,
 And whatsoever wons in darker cell
 Under the Earth : If thou thy awfull brow
 Contract, those of the *Ethiopian* hell
 Shall lout, and do thee homage ; they that dwell
 In *Tharfis*, *Tritons* fry, the Ocean-god,
Im and *Ziim*, all the *Satyres* fell
 That in empse Ilands maken their abode :
 All those and all things else shall tremble at thy rod.

Thy rod thou shalt extend from sea to sea,
 And thy Dominion to the worlds end ;
 All Kings shall vow thee faithfull fealtie,
 Then peace and truth on all the earth I'll send :
 Nor moody Mars my metalls may mispend,
 Of warlike instruments they plow-shares shall
 And pruning-hooks efform. All things shall wend
 For th' best, and thou the head shalt be o're all.
 Have I not sworn thee King ? true King Catholical !

Thus farre he spake, and then again respired ;
 And all this time he held their hands in one ;
 Then they with chearfull look one thing desired,
 That he nould break this happy union.
 I happy union break ? quoth he anon :
 I *Abad* ? Father of Community ?
 Then they: That you nould let your hand be gone
 Off from our hands. He grants with smiling glee :
 So each stroke struck on earth is struck fro these same the

These three are *Abad*, *Aeon*, *Uranore* ;
Abad these three in one doth counite.
 What so is done on earth, the self-same power
 (Which is exert upon each mortall wight)
 Is joyntly from all these. But she that hight
 Fair *Uranore*, men also *Psyche* call.
 Great *Psyche* men and angels dear delight,
 Invested in her stole ethereall,
 Which though so high it be, down to earth doth fall.

40

The externall form of this large flowing stole,
My Muse so as she might above displaid :
But th' inward triple golden film to unroll,
Ah ! he me teach that triple film hath made,
And brought out light out of the deadly shade
Of darkeſt Chaos, and things that are ſeen
Made to appear out of the gloomy glade
Of unſeen beings: Them we call unſeen,
Not that they 're ſo indeed, but ſo to mortall eyen.

41

The firſt of theſe fair films, we *Phyſis* name.
Nothing in nature did you ever ſpy
But there's pourtraid : all beaſts both wild and tame,
Each bird is here, and every buzzing fly ;
All forreſt work is in this tapeſtry : —
The Oke, the Holm, the Aſh, the Aſpin tree,
The loneſome Buzzard, th' Eagle, and the Py,
The Duck, the Bear, the Boar, the Hare, the Bee,
The Brize, the black-arm'd Clock, the Gnat, the Butterflie ;

42

Snakes, Adders, Hydraes, Dragons, Toads, and Frogs,
Th' own-litter-loving Ape, the Worm and Snail,
Th' undaunted Lion, Horſes, Men and Dogs ;
Their number's infinite, nought doth 't avail
To reckon all : the time would ſurely fail :
And all beſprinkled with centrall ſpots,
Dark little ſpots, is this hid inward veil :
But when the hot bright dart doth pierce theſe knots,
Each one diſpreads it ſelf according to their lots.

43

When they diſpread themſelves, then gins to ſwell
Dame *Psyche* outward veſt, as th' inward wind
Softly gives forth, full ſoftly doth it well
Forth from the centrall ſpot ; yet as confin'd
To certain ſhape, according to the mind
Of the firſt centre, not perfect circular wiſe,
It ſhoots it ſelf : for ſo the outward kind
Of things were loſt, and Nature's good deviſe
Of different forma would hidden ly in one agguize.

But it according to the imprest Art
 (That Arts impression's from *Idea Lond*)
 So drives it forth before it every part
 According to true symmetry : the bond
 And just precinct (unlesse it be withstood)
 It alwayes keeps. But that old hag that hight
 Foul *Hyle* mistresse of the miry strond,
 Oft her withstands, and taketh great delight
 To hinder *Physis* work, and work her all delpight.

The self same envious witch with poyson'd dew,
 From her fowl eben-box, all tinctures stains
 Which ferey good be in hid *Physis* hew :
 That film all tinctures fair in it contains ;
 But she their goodly glory much restrains.
 She colours dims; clogs tastes; and damps the sounds
 Of sweetest musick; touch to skorching pains
 She turns, or baser tumults ; smells confounds.
 O horrid womb of hell, that with such ill abounds.

From this first film all bulk in quantity
 Doth bougen out, and figure thence obtain.
 Here eke begins the life of Sympathy,
 And hidden virtue of magnetick vein,
 Where unknown spirits beat, and *Psyche*'s trane
 Drag as they list, upon pursuit or flight ;
 One part into another they constrain
 Through strong desire, and then again remit.
 Each outward form's a shrine of its magnetick spright,

The ripen'd child breaks through his mothers womb,
 The raving billows closely undermine
 The ragged rocks, and then the seas intombe
 Their heaue corse, and they their heads recline
 On working sand : The Sun and Moon combine ;
 Then they're at ods in site diametrall :
 The former age to th' present place resigne ;
 And what's all this but wafis of winds centrall
 That ruffle, touze, and tosse Dame *Psyche*'s wrimpled veil

48

So *Physis*. Next is *Arachnea* thin,
 The thinner of these two, but thinn' *fit* of all
 Is *Semele*, that's next to *Psyche's* skin.
 The second we thin *Arachnea* call,
 Because the spider, that in Princes hall
 Takes hold with her industrious hand, and weaves
 Her daintie tender web ; far short doth fall
 Of this soft yielding vest ; this vest deceives
 The spiders curious touch, and of her praise bereaves.

49

In midst of this fine web doth *Hapbe* sit :
 She is the centre from whence all the light
 Dispreads, and goodly glorious Forms do sit
 Hither and thither. Of this miroir bright
Hapbe's the life and representing might
Hapbe's the mother of sense-sympathy ;
 Hence are both hearing, smelling, taste and sight :
Hapbe's the root of felt vitality ;
 But *Hapbe's* mother hight all-spread *Community*.

50

In this clear shining miroir *Psyche* sees
 All that falls under sense, what ere is done
 Upon the earth ; the deserts shaken trees,
 The mournfull winds, the solitary wonne
 Of dreaded beasts, the Lybian Lions mean,
 When their hot entrails skorch with hunger keen,
 And they to God for meal do deeply groan ;
 He hears their crie, he sees of them unseen ;
 His eyelids compasse all that in the wide world been.

51

He sees the weary traveller sit down
 In the waste field oft-times with carefull cheer :
 His chafed feet, and the long way to town,
 His burning thirst, faintnesse, and Panick fear,
 Because he sees not him that stands so near,
 Fetch from his soul deep sighs with count'nance sad,
 But he looks on to whom nought doth disappear :
 O happy man that full persuasion had
 Of this ! if right at home, nought of him were ydrad.

A many sparrows for small price be sold,
Yet none of them his wings on earth doth close
Lighting full soft, but that eye doth behold,
Their jets, their jumps, that miroir doth disclose,
Thrice happy he that putterh his repose
In his all-present God. That Africk rock
But touch'd with heedlesse hand, Auster arose
With blust'ring rage, that with his irefull shock
And moody might he made the worlds frame nigh to rock

And shall not He, when his Anointed be
Ill handled, rise, and in his wrathfull flour
Disperse and quell the haughtyemie,
Make their brisk sprights to lout and lowly lout ?
Or else confound them quite with mighty power ?
Touch not my Kings, my Prophets let alone,
Harm not my Priests ; or you shall ill indure
Your works sad payment and that deadly lone ;
Keep off your hand from that high holy rock of stone.

Do not I see ? I slumber not nor sleep.
Do not I heare ? each noise by shady night
My miroir represents : when mortals sleep
Their languid limbs in Morpheus dull delight,
I hear such sounds as Adams brood would fright.
The dolefull echoes from the hollow hill
Mock houlung wolves : the woods with black bedight
Answer rough Pan, his pipe and eke his skill,
And all the Satyr-routs rude whoops and shoutings shrill.

The night's no night to me : What ? shall the Owl
And nimble cat their courses truly steer,
And guide their feet and wings to every hole
So right, this on the ground, that in the aire ?
And shall not I by night see full as clear ?
All sense doth in proportion consist,
Arachnea doth all proportions bear :
All sensible proportions that fine twist
Contains : all life of sense is in great *Habbes* list.

56

Sense and concent, and all abhorrency,
 Be variously divided in each one
 Partic'lar creature : But antipathy
 Cannot be there where fit proportion
 Strikes in with all things in harmonious tone.
 Thus *Hapbe* feels nought to her self cont raire :
 In her there's tun'd a just Diapason
 For every outward stroke : withouten jar
 Thus each thing doth she feel, and each thing easily bear.

57

But *Haphe* and *Arachne* I'll dismisse,
 And that fourth vest, rich *Semele* display:
 The largest of all soure and loosest is
 This floting flourishing changeable array.
 How fairly doth it shine, and nimbly play,
 Whiles gentle winds of Paradise do blow,
 And that bright Sun of the eternall day
 Upon it glorious light and forms doth strow,
 And *Ahad* it with love and joy doth overflow !

58

This all-spread *Semele* doth *Bacchus* bear,
 Impregn'd of *Jove* or *On*. He is the wine
 That sad down-drouping senses wont to rear,
 And cheerlesse hearts to comfort in ill tine.
 He 'flames chaste Poets brains with fire divine;
 The stronger spright the weaker spright doth sway :
 No wonder then each phansie doth incline
 To their great mother *Semel*, and obey
 The vigorous impress of her enforcing ray.

59

She is the mother of each *Semele* :
 The daughters be divided one from one ;
 But she grasps all. How can she then but see
 Each *Semels* shadows by this union ?
 She sees and swayes imagination
 As she thinks good ; and if that she think good
 She lets it play by 'r self, yet looketh on,
 While she keeps in that large strong-beating flood
 That gars the Poet write, and rave as he were wood.

Prophets and Poets have their life from hence;
 Like fire into their marrow it searcheth deep.
 This flaming fiery flake doth choak all sense,
 And binds the lower man with brasen sleep:
 Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
 And raging raptures do his soul outsnatch:
 Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus steep
 Do cast the soul, that earst they out did catch:
 Then stiller whispering winds dark visions unlatch.

But not too farre, thou bold Platonick Swain!
 Strive not at once all myst'ries to discover
 Of that strange school: More and more hard remain
 As yet untold. But let us now recover
 Strength to our selves by rest in duly hower.
 Great *Psyche's* parentage marriage and weeds
 We having song according to our power,
 That we may rise more fresh for morning deeds,
 Let's here take Inne and rest our weary sweating steeds.



17
THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHOZOA.

Lib. 2.

*Here's taught how into Psychanie
Souls from their centrall source
Go forth. Here Beirons ingeny
Old Mnemon doth discourse.*

1

I Sang great *Psyche* in my former song,
Old *Hattoes* daughter, sister unto *On*,
Mother of all that nimble Atom-throng
Of winged lives, and generation.
When *Psyche* wedded to *Autocalon*,
They both to *Abad* forthwith straight were wed:
For as you heard, all these became but one,
And so conjoyn'd they lie all in one bed,
And with that foure-fold vest they be all overspred.

2

Here lies the inmost centre of Creation,
From whence all inward forms and life proceed:
Here's that aereall stole, that to each fashion
Of sensibiles is matter for their weed.
This is the ground where God doth sow his seed,
And whilest he sowes with whispering charms doth bid
This flourish long, and that to make more speed,
And all in order by his word doth rid:
So in their fatall round they 'pear and then are hid.

3

Beginning, end, form and continuance
Th' impression of his word to them doth deal.
Occurrences he sees, and mindeth chance:
But chance hath bounds. The Sea cannot b'reswell
Its just precincts; or rocky shores repell
Its foming force; or else its inward life
And Centrall rains do fairly it compell
Within it self, and gently 'pease the strife,
Or makes it gnaw the bit with rore and rage full rise.

So

4
So fluid chance is set its certain bound,
Although with circling winds it be ytoft;
And so the Pilots skill doth quite confound
With unexpected storms, and men have lost
Their time, their labour, and their precious cost.
Yet there's a Neptune Sovereigne of this Sea,
Which those that in themselves put not their trust
To rude mischance did never yet betray:
Its He, whom both the winds and stormy seas obey.

5
Now sith my wandring Bark so far is gone,
And flitten forth upon the Ocean main,
I thee beseech that just dominion
Hast of the Sea, and art true Sovereigne
Of working phansie when it floats amain
With full impregn'd billows and strong rage
Enforceth way upon the boyling plain,
That thou wouldst steer my ship with wisdome sage,
That I with happy course may run my watery stage.

6
My mind is mov'd dark Parables to sing
Of *Psyche's* progeny that from her came,
When she was married to that great King,
Great *Bon*, who just title well may claim
Of every soul, and brand them with his name.
Is He that made us, and not our own might:
But who, alas! this work can well proclaim?
We silly sheep cannot bleat out aright
The manner how: but that that giveth light is light.

7
Then let us borrow from the glorious Sun
A little light to illustrate this act,
Such as he is in his solstitiall noon,
When in the welkin there's no cloudy tract
For to make grosse his beams, and light refract.
Then sweep by all those globes that by reflection
His long small shafts do rudely beaten back,
And let his rayes have undenied projection,
And so we will pursue this mysteries refection.

Now think upon that gay discoloured bow :
 That part that is remotest from the light
 Doth duskish hew to the beholder show ;
 The nearer parts have colours far more bright,
 And next the brightest is the subtle light ;
 Then colours seem but a distinct degree
 Of light now failing, such let be the sight
 Of his far spreaden beams that shines on high :
 Let vast discoloured orbs close his extremity.

9

The last extreme, the fardest off from light,
 That's nature's deadly shadow, *Hyle's* cell.
 O horrid cave, and womb of dredded Night !
 Mother of witchcraft and the cursed spell,
 Which nothing can avail 'gainst *Israel*.
 No Magick can him hurt ; his portion
 Is not divided nature ; he doth dwell
 In light, in holy love, in union :
 Not fast to this or that, but free communion.

10

Dependence of this All hence doth appear,
 And severall degrees subordinate.
 But phansie's so unfit such things to clear,
 That oft it makes them seem more intricate :
 And now Gods work it doth determinate
 Too far from his own reach : But he withall
 More inward is, and far more intimate
 Then things are with themselves. His ideall
 And centrall presence is in every atom-ball.

11

Therefore those different hews throughall extend
 So far as light : Let light be every where :
 And every where with light distinctly blend
 Those different colours which I nam'd whilere
 The extremities of that far shining sphere.
 And that far shining sphere, which centre was
 Of all those different colours, and bright chear,
 You must unfasten ; so o'respred it has,
 Or rather deeply fill'd, with centrall sand each place.

Now

Now sith that this withouten pence
 Of bodies may be done : we clearly see
 (As well as that pendent subordnance)
 The nearly couching of each realtie,
 And the Creatours close propinquitie,
 To ev'ry creature. This be understood
 Of differentiaall profundity.
 But for the overspreading latitude ;
 Why may't not equally be stretch'd with th' Ocean flow?

There *Proteus* wohnes and fleet *Idothea*,
 Where the low'ft step of that profunditie
 Is pight ; Next that is *Psyche's* out array :
 It *Tafis* hight : *Physis* is next degree :
 There *Psyche's* feet impart a smaller see
 Of gentle warmth. *Physis* is the great womb
 From whence all things in th' Universitie
 Yclad in diverse forms do gaily bloom,
 And after fade away, as *Psyche* gives the doom.

Next *Physis* is the tender *Arachne* ;
 There in her subtile loom doth *Haphe* sit :
 But the last vest is changing *Semele* :
 And next is *Psyche's* self. These garments fit
 Her sacred limbs full well, and are so knit
 One part to other, that the strongest sway
 Of sharpest axe, them no'te asunder smite.
 The seventh is *Bon* with eternall ray :
 The eighth *Hatterie*, steddye cube, allpropping *Adonai*.

Upon this universall Ogdoas
 Is founded every particularment :
 From this same universall Diapase
 Each harmony is fram'd and sweet consent.
 But that I swerve not farre from my intent,
 This Ogdoas let be an unitie
 One mighty quickned orb of vast extent,
 Thoroughly possess'd of lifes community,
 And so those vests be seats of Gods vitality.

16

Now deem this universall round alone,
 And rayes no rayes but a first all-spread light,
 And centrick all like one pellucid Sun ;
 A Sun that's free, not bound by natures might,
 That where it lists exerts his rayes outright,
 Both when it lists, and what, and eke how long,
 And then retracts so as it thinketh meet.
 These rayes be that particular creature-throng :
 Their number none can tell but that all-making tongue.

17

Now blundring Naturalist behold the spring
 Of thy deep-searching soul, that fain would know
 Whether a mortall or immortall thing
 It be, and whence at first it gan to flow ;
 And that which chiefest is where it must go.
 Some fixt necessity thou fain wouldst find :
 But no necessity, where there's no law,
 But the good pleasure of an unty'd mind :
 Therefore thy God seek out, and leave nature behind.

18

He kills, He makes alive ; the keys of hell
 And death he hath. He can keep souls to wo
 When cruell hands of fate them hence expell :
 Or He in *Lethe's* lake can drench them so,
 That they no act of life or sense can show.
 They march out at His word, and they retreat ;
 March out with joy, retreat with footing slow
 In gloomy shade, benumm'd with pallid sweat,
 And with their feeble wings their fainting breasts they beat.

19

But souls that of his own good life partake
 He loves as His own self ; dear as His eye
 They are to Him : He'll never them forsake :
 When they shall dye, then God Himself shall dye.
 They live, they live in blest eternity.
 The wicked are not so ; but like the dirt,
 Trampled by man and beast, in grave they ly :
 Filth and corruption is their rusfull sort :
 Themselves with death and worms in darknesse they disport

6

Their

Their rotten relicks lurk close under ground :
 With living wight no sense or sympathy
 They have at all ; nor hollow thundring sound
 Of roring winds, that cold mortality
 Can wake, ywrapt in sad fatality.
 To horses hof that beats his grassie dore
 He answers not : The Moon in silency,
 Doth passe by night, and all bedew him o're
 With her cold humid rayes ; but he feels not heavens pow

O dolefull lot of disobedience !
 If God should souls thus drench in Lethe lake.
 But O unspeakable torture of sense,
 When sinfull souls do life and sense partake,
 That those damn'd spirits may the anvils make
 Of their fell cruelty, that lay such blows
 That very ruth doth make my heart to quake
 When I consider of the drery woes,
 And tearing torment that each soul then undergoes.

Hence the souls nature we may plainly see :
 A beam it is of th' intellectuall sun,
 A ray indeed of that eternity ;
 But such a ray as when it first out shone,
 From a free light its shining date begun.
 And that same light when't list can call it in ;
 Yet that free light hath given a free wonne
 To this dependent ray : hence cometh sin ;
 From sin drad death and hell : these wages doth it win.

Each life a severall ray is from that sphere
 That sphere doth every life in it contain.
Arachne, Semel, and the rest do bear
 Their proper virtue, and with one joynt strain
 And powerful sway they make impression plain,
 And all their rayes be joynd into one
 By *Abad* : so this womb withouten pain
 Doth flocks of souls send out that have their won
 Where they list most to graze as I shall tell anon.

24

The country where they live *Psychania* hight,
Great *Psychany*, that hath so mighty bounds,
If bounds it have at all : so infinite
It is of bignesse, that it me confounds
To think to what a vastnesse it amounds ;
The Sun Saturnus, Saturn the earth exceeds
The earth the Moon; but all, those fixed rounds;
But *Psychany* those fixed rounds exceeds,
farre as those fix'd rounds excell small mustard-seeds.

25

Two mighty kingdomes hath this *Psychany*,
The one self-feeling *Autesthesia*;
The other hight god-like *Theoprepia*.
Autesthesy's divided into tway :
One Province cleeped is great *Adamah*,
Which also hight *Beirah* of brutish fashion ;
The other Province is *Dixoia* :
There you may see much mungrill transformation,
Such monstrous shapes proceed from Niles foul inundation.

26

Great *Michael* ruleth *Theoprepia*,
A mighty Prince. King of *Autesthesy*
Is that great Giant who bears mighty sway,
Father of discord, falshood, tyranny,
His name is *Damon*, not from Sciency,
Although he boasteth much in skilfull pride ;
But he's the fount of foul duality,
That wicked witch *Duessia* is his bride :
From his dividing force this name to him betide.

27

Or for that he himself is quite divided
Down to the belly ; there's some unity :
But head and tongue and heart be quite discided ;
Two heads, two tongues, and eke two hearts there be.
This head doth mischief plot, that head doth see
Wrong fairly to o'reguild. One tongue doth pray,
The other curse. The hearts do ne're agree
But felly one another do upbray :
Uggly cloven foot this monster doth upstay.

Two sons great *Dæmon* of *Duessæ* hath :
Autophilus the one ycleeped is ;
 In *Dixie* he worketh wond'rous scath :
 He is the cause what so there goes amisse,
 In *Psyches* stronger plumed progenies.
 But *Philosomatus* rules *Beirub*.
 This proud puffed Giant whilom did arise,
 Born of the slime of *Autesthesia*,
 And bred up these two sons yborn of *Duessæ*.

Duessæ first invented magick lore,
 And great skill hath to joyn and disunite :
 This herb makes love, that herb makes hatred sore;
 And much she can against an *Edomite* ;
 But nought she can against an *Israelite*,
 Whose heart's upright and doth himself forsake.
 For he that's one with God no magick might
 Can draw or here or there through blind mistake.
 Magick can onely quell natures *Demoniake*.

But that I may in time my self betake
 To straighter course, few things I will relate,
 Of which old *Mnemon* mention once did make.
 A jolly Swain he was in youthfull state,
 When he mens natures gan to contemplate,
 And Kingdomes view : But he was aged then
 When I him saw : his years bore a great date ;
 He numbred had full ten times ten times ten :
 There's no Pythagorist but knows well what I mean.

Old *Mnemons* head and beard was hoary white ;
 But yet a chearfull countenance he had :
 His vigorous eyes did shine like starres bright,
 And in good decent freez he was yclad,
 As blith and buxom as was any lad
 Of one and twenty cloth'd in forrest green ;
 Both blith he was, and eke of counsell sad :
 Like winter morn bedight with snow and rine
 And sunny rayes, so did his goodly eldship shine.

32

Of many famous towns in *Beirah*,
 And many famous laws and uncouth rites
 He spake : but vain it is for to assay
 To reckon up such numbers infinite.
 And much he spake where I had no insight ;
 But well I wote that some there present had ;
 For words to speak to uncapable wight
 Of foolishnesse proceeds or phrensic mad.
 alwayes some, I wis, could trace his speeches pad.

33

But that which I do now remember best,
 Is that which he of *Pfittacus* land
 Did speak. This *Pfittacuse* is not the least,
 Or the most obscure Country that is found
 In wastefull *Beiron* : it is renownd
 For famous clerks yclad in greenish cloak,
 Like Turkish Priests : if *Amoritish* ground
 We call't, no cause that title to revoke.
 But of this Land to this effect old *Mnemon* spoke.

34

I travelled in *Pfittacus* land :
 Th' inhabitants the lesser *Adamah*
 Do call it ; but then *Adam* I have found
 It ancienter, if so I safely may
 Unfold th' antiquity. They by one day
 Are elder then old *Adam*, and by one
 At least are younger then *Arcadia* ;
 O' th' sixth day *Adam* had's creation ;
 Those on the fifth, the *Arcades* before the Moon,

35

In this same land as I was on the rode,
 A nimble traveller me overtook :
 Fairly together on the way we yode.
 Tho I gan closely on his person look,
 And eye his garb, and straight occasion took
 To entertain discourse : He likewise saught,
 Though none could find ; yet first me undertook :
 So sone as he gan talk, then straight I laught :
 He sage himself repress, but thought me nigh distraught.

36

His concave nose, great head, and grave aspect,
 Affected tone, words without inward sense,
 My inly tickled spright made me detect
 By outward laughter; but by best pretence
 I pur'gd my self, and gave due reverence.
 Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
 And of Book readings passing excellence,
 And tri'd his wit in praying gooses quills :
 O happy age ! quoth he, the world *Minerva* fills.

37

I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well :
 For then he seem'd a learned cleark to been,
 When none contrayr'd his uncontrolled spell,
 But I alas ! though unto him unseen,
 Did flow with tears, as if that onyons keen
 Had pierc'd mine eyen. Strange virtue of fond joy :
 They ought to weep that be in evil teen.
 But nought my lightsome heart did then annoy :
 So light it lay, it mov'd at every windy toy.

38

As we yode softly on, a youngster gent,
 With bever cockt and arm set on one side
 (His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
 Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
 The mettle of his horses heels he tri'd,
 He hasted to his country *Pithecuſe*.
 Most haſt worſt ſpeed: ſtill on our way we ride,
 And him o'retake halting through hapleſſe bruise ;
 We help him up again, our help he nould reſuſe.

39

Then gan the learn'd and ag'd *Don Piſſitaco*,
 When he another auditour had got,
 To ſpruſe his plumes, and wiſdome ſage to ſhow,
 And with his ſacred lore to waſh the ſpot
 Of youthfull blemiſhes ; but frequent jor
 Of his hard ſetting jade did ſo confound
 The words that he by papyr-ſtealth had got,
 That their loſt ſenſe the youngſter could not ſound,
 Though he with mimicall attention did abound,

40

Yet some of those faint-winged words came near,
 Of God, of Adam, and the shape divine,
 Which Adams children have; (these pierc'd his ear)
 And how that man is Lord of every kind
 Of beasts, of birds, and of each hidden mine
 Of natures treasures. He to Adams sonne
 The wide world for his kingdome doth designe:
 And ever naming God, he look'd aboven:
Pithecus straight plac'd God a thought above the Moon.

41

Pithecus, so they call this gentile wight,
 The docible young man eas'ly could trace
 His masters steps, most quick and expedite.
 When *Pistaco* look'd up to holy place,
Pithecus straight with sanctimonious grace
 Cast up his eyes; and when the shape divine,
 Which *Adam* had from God, he gan to praise,
Pithecus drawes himself straight from that line,
 And phanſies his sweet face with heavenly hew to shine.

42

He pinch't his hat, and from his horses side
 Stretcht forth his russet legs, himself inclin'd
 Now here, now there, and most exactly eyed
 His comely lineaments, that he might find
 What ever beauty else he had not mind
 As yet in his fair corse. But that full right
 And vast prerogative did so unbind
 His straited sprights, that with tyrannick might
 He forc't his feeble beast, and straight fled out of sight.

43

Then I and *Pistaco* were left alone;
 And which was strange, he deeply silent was:
 Whether some inward grief he from that sone
 Conceiv'd, and deemed it no small disgrace,
 That that bold youngster should so little passe
 His learned speech; or whether nought to sayn
 He had then left; or whether a wild chase
 Of flitting inconsistent thoughts he than
 Pursu'd, which turn'd and toy'd in his confused brain:

Or whether he was woxen so discreet,
 As not to speak till fit occasion.
 (To judge the best, that Charity counts meet)
 Therefore that Senior sad I gan anon
 Thus to bespeak, Good Sr, I crave pardon
 If so I chance to break that golden twist
 You spin, by rude interpellation,
 That twist of choicest thoughts. No whit I miss'd
 The mark I aimed at ; to speak he had great list.

So then his spirits gan to come again,
 And to enact his corps and impart might
 Unto his languid tongue, and every vein
 Received heat, when due conceived right
 I did to him ; and weend he plainly see't
 That I was toucht with admiration
 Of his deep learning, and quick shifting sight,
 Then I gan quire of the wide *Behiron*.
Behiron, quoth that sage, that hight *Anthropion*.

Anthropion we call't ; but th' holy tongue
 (His learning lay in words) that *Behiron*,
 Which we *Anthropion*, calls, as I among
 The Rabbins read : but sooth to say no tone,
 Nor tongue, or speech, so sweet as is our own,
 Or so significant. For mark the sense :
 From *אנו א' שפיו* is *Anthropion* ;
 And we are all of an upright presence ;
 Nor I'll be drawn from this conceit by no pretence.

I prais'd his steddy faith and confidence,
 That stood as fast as trunk or rock of stone ;
 Yet nathelasse, said I, the excellence
 Of stedfastnesse is not to yield to none,
 But stiff to stand till mov'd by right reason ;
 And then by yielding, part of victory
 To gain. What fitnesse in *Anthropion* ?
 Baboons and Apes, as well as th' *Anthropi*
 Do go upright, and beasts grown mad do view the sky.

48

Then marken well what great affinity
There is twixt Ape, mad Beast, and Satyrs wild,
And the inhabitants of *Anthropie*,
When they are destitute of manners mild;
And th' inward man with brutishnesse defil'd
Hath life and love and lust and cogitation
Fixt in foul sense, or moving in false guiles;
That holy tongue the better nomination,
Farre I know, may give: 'Tis ghesse not full perswasion.

49

Therefore, O learned Sr, aread aright,
What may this word *Beiron* signifie?
He wond'rous glad to shew his grammer might,
This same word *Behiron* doth signifie
The brutish nature, or brutality,
Said he: and with his voyce lift up his front.
Then I his skill did gayly magnifie,
And blest me, I an idiot should light on't
So happily, that never was a scholar count;

50

And said, then holy tongue is on my side;
And holy tongue is better then profane.
He angry at his courtesie, reply'd
That learned men ought for to entertain
Discourse of learned tongues, and country Swain
Of country fairs. But for to answer thee,
This I dare warrant surely to maintain,
If to contrair the holy tongue should be
Absurd, I find enough such contrariety.

51

Then I in simple sort him answered thus,
I ken not the strange guize of learned schools,
But if Gods thoughts be contrair unto us,
Let not deep wonderment possesse our souls,
If he call fools wisemen, and wisemen fools.
If rich he poore men term, if poore men rich,
If craftie States-men filly country gulls,
Beasts men, men beasts, with many other such:
God seeth not as man seeth, God speaks not in mans speech.

Syraighe

52

Straight he to higher pearch, like bird in cage,
 Did skip, and sang of etern destiny,
 Of sight and foresight he with count'nance sage
 Did speak, and did unfold Gods secrecie,
 And left untoucht no hidden mystery.
 I lowly louting held my cap in hand :
 He askt what ment that so sudden courisie.
 I pardon crave, said I, for manners fond ;
 You are heavens privie counsellour I understand,

53

Which I wist not before : so deep insight
 Into the hidden things of God who can
 Attain unto without that quickning spright
 Of the true God ? who knows the mind of man
 But that same spright that in his breast doth won ?
 Therefore the key of Gods hid secrecie
 Is his own spright, that's proper to his Son,
 And those of that second nativitie,
 Which holy Temples are of the divinity.

54

Therefore as th' sacred seat o'th' Deity,
 I unto you seemly behaviour make,
 If you be such as you may seem to be
 (It is mans nature easily to mistake)
 My words his mind did quite afunder break :
 For he full forward was all to assume
 That might him gild with glory, and partake
 With God ; and joyed greatly in vain fume,
 And prided much himself in his purloined plume.

55

So that full loth he was for to undo
 My fairly winded up conclusion ;
 Yet inwardly did not assent unto
 My premises : for foul presumption
 He thought, if that a private idiot man
 By his new birth should either equalize,
 Or else outstrip the bookish nation.
 Perhaps some foul deformities disguise
 Their life : psuah ! that so knowledge is no prejudice.

56

But he would say so : for why ? he was bent
 To keep the credit which he then had got,
 As he conceiv'd : for it had been yblent;
 It might have hazarded half of his lot,
 To wit his godlike hew withouten spot,
 If so be such deep knowledge could consist
 With wicked life : but he would lose one jot
 Of his so high esteem, nor me resist.
 So I escap'd the soule of his contracted fist.

57

By this we came into a way that did
 Divide it self into three parts : the one
 To *Leontopolis* ; that in the mid
 Did lead straight forth out of wide *Beiron*,
 That was the way that I mote take alone ;
 The third way led unto *Onopolis* :
 And thitherward *Don Psittaco* put on.
 With both these towns, *Alopecopolis*
 In firm league, and golden *Myrmecopolis*.

58

For nothing they attempt without the aid
 Of these two Cities. They'll nor wagen war,
 Nor peace conclude, nor permit any trade,
 Nor make decrees, nor slake the civil jar,
 Nor take up private wrongs, nor plead at bar,
 Nor Temples consecrate, nor Mattins say ;
 They nought begin divine or secular,
 But they advisen with those cities tway.
 O potent citizens that bear so great a sway !

59

No truth of justice in *Beirah* lond :
 No sincere faith void of sly sublety,
 That alwayes seeks it self, is to be found :
 But law-delusion and false policy,
 False policy that into tyranny
 Would quickly wend, did not stern fear restrain
 And keep in aw. Th' *Onites* democracie
 Is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train :
 Oppression from the poore is an all-sweeping rain,

A sweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
 And wafts the oxens labour, headlong throws
 The tallest trees up by the root yorn,
 Its ranging force in all the land it shows;
 Wood rent from hence its rowling rage bestows
 In other places that were bare before,
 With muddied arms of trees the earth it strows:
 The list'ning shepherd is amazed sore,
 While it with swift descent so hideously doth rore.

Such is the outrage of Democracy,
 When fearless it doth rule in *Beirah*:
 And little better is false Monarchy,
 When it in this same country bears the sway.
 (Is't not a part of *Antasthesia*?)
 So to an inward sucking whirlpools close
 They change this swelling torrents surquedry
 Much treasure it draws in, and doth inclose
 In'ts winding mouth, but whether then, there's no mā know

O falsest *Beironites*, what gars you plain
 One of another, and vainly accuse
 Of foul offence? when you all entertain
 Tyrannick thoughts. You all alike do muse
 Of your own private good, though with abuse
 Of those you can tread down with safety,
 No way to wealth or honour you refuse.
 False *Onopie* doth grudge, and grone, and cry,
 Because she is denied a greater tyranny.

Two of that City whilom on the way,
 With languid lugs, and count'nance gravely sad,
 Did deeply sigh, and rudely rough did bray
 Gainst *Leontopolis*. The equall pad
 Of justice now, alas! is seldome trad,
 Said they; The Lions might is law and right.
 Where's love or mercy now? with that out strad
 A little dog, his dames onely delight,
 And ran near to their tails, and bark'd with all his might.

64

The sourly irefull *Onopolitan*
 Without all mercy kickt with iron heel
 The little bawling curre, that at him ran;
 It made his feeble corse to th' earth to reel,
 That was so pierc'd with the imprinted steel,
 That it might grieve an heart of flinty stone:
 No herbs, no salves the breach could ever heal;
 The good old wife did then keep house alone.
 False hearted carles, is this your great compassion?

65

There's no society in *Behirah*,
 But beastlike grazing in one pasture ground:
 No love but of the animated clay
 With beauties fading flowers trimly crown'd,
 Or from strong sympathies heart-striking sound:
 No order but what riches strength and wit
 Prescribe. So bad the good eas'ly confound.
 Is honesty in such unruly fit
 That it's held in no rank? they 'steem it not a whit.

66

But I am weary of this uncouth place;
 If any man their bad condition
 And brutish manners listeth for to trace,
 We may them reade in the creation
 Of this wide sensible: where every passion
 Of birds and beasts distinctly do display,
 To but an ord'nary imagination
 The life and soul of them in *Behirah*:
 This *Beirah* that hight the greater *Adamah*.

67

The swelling hatefull Toad, industrious Ant,
 Lascivious Goat, Parrot, or prating Pyc,
 The kingly Lion, docil Elephant,
 All-imitating Ape, gay Butterflie,
 The crafty Fox famous for subtilty,
 Majestick Horse, the Beast that twixt two trees
 (A fit resemblance of full gluttony)
 When he hath fill'd his gorge, himself doth squeeze
 To feed afresh, Court Spaniels, and politick Bees;

With

With many more which I list not repeat ;
 Some foul, some fair : to th' fair the name they give
 Of holy virtues ; but 'tis but deceit,
 None in *Beiron* virtuously do live ;
 None in that land so much as ever strive
 For truth of virtue, though sometimes they wont,
 As swine do swine, their own blood to relieve.
Beiron's all bruits, the true manhood they want,
 If outward form you pierce with phanſie fulminant.

So having got experience enough
 Of this ill land, for nothing there was new,
 My purpose I held on, and rode quite through
 That middle way, and did th' extremes eschew.
 When I came near the end there was in view
 No passage : for the wall was very high,
 But there no doore to me it self did shew :
 Looking about at length I did espie
 A lively youth, to whom I presently gan cry.

More willing he's to come then I to call :
Simon he hight, who also's call'd a Rock :
Simon is that obedientiall
 Nature, who boyſterous seas and winds doth mock ;
 No tempest can him move with fiercest shock ;
 The house that's thereon built doth surely stand :
 Nor blustering storm, nor rapid torrents stroke
 Can make it fall ; it easily doth withstand
 The gates of death and hell, and all the Stygian band.

When I gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
 He me approach'd in decent russet clad,
 More fit for labour then the flaunting Court :
 When he came near, in chearfull wise he bad
 Tell what I would : Then I unto the lad
 Gan thus reply, alas ! too long astray
 Here have I trampled foul *Behirons* pad :
 Out of this land I thought this the next way,
 But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

72

Then the wise youth, Good Sr, you look too high :
 The wall aloft is raised, but that same dore
 Where you must passe in deep descent doth lie :
 But he bad follow, he would go before.
 Hard by there was a place, all covered o're
 With stinging nettles and such weedery,
 The pricking thistle the hard't legs would gore,
 Under the wall a strait dore we descry :
 The wall hight *Self-conceit* ; the doore *Humility*.

73

When we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
 And *Simon* had the key, but he nould grant
 That I into that other land should passe,
 Without I made him my concomitant.
 It pleas'd me well, I mus'd not much upon't,
 But straight accord : for why ? a jolly Swain
 Methought he was ; meek, cheerfull and pleasant.
 When he saw this, he thus to me again,
 See you that sad couple ? Then I, I see those twain.

74

A sorry couple certainly they be.
 The man a bloody knife holds at his heart
 With cheerlesse countenance, as sad is she.
 Or eld, or else intolerable smart,
 Which she cannot decline by any Art,
 Doth thus distort and writhe her wrinkled faces
 A leaden quadrate swayes hard on that part
 That's fit for burdens ; foulness doth deface
 Her aged looks ; with a straight staff her steps she stayes.

75

Right well you say, then said that lusty Swain :
 Yet this poore couple be my Parents dear :
 Nor I can hence depart without these twain :
 These twain give life to me, though void of chear
 They be themselves. Then let's all go yfere.
 The young mans speech caus'd sad perplexity
 Within my breast, but yet I did forbear,
 And fairly ask'd their names. He answered me,
 He *Autarques* hight ; but she *Hypomene*.

I *Simon* am the sonne of this sad pair,
 Who though full harsh they seem to outward sight;
 Yet when to *Dixoe* men forth do fare,
 No company in all the land so meet
 They find as these; their pace full well I weet
 Is very slow, and so to youthfull haste
 Displeasing, and their counsells nothing sweet
 To any *Beironite*: but sweetest taste
 Doth bitterst choler breed, and haste doth maken waste.

Nor let that breast impierc'd with dropping wound,
 An uncouth spectacle, disturb your mind.
 His blood's my food: If he his life effund
 To utmost death, the high God hath design'd
 That we both live. He in my heart shall find
 A seat for his transfused soul to dwell:
 And when that's done, this death dotheke unbind
 That heavie weight that doth *Hypom'ne* quell,
 Then I *Anautasthetus* hight, which seems me well.

So both their lives do vanish into mine,
 And mine into *Hattubus* life doth melt:
 Which fading flux of time doth not define,
 Nor is by any *Autasthesian* felt.
 This life to *On* the good *Hattubus* delt:
 In it's all joy, truth, knowledge, love and force;
 Such force no wight created can repel't.
 All strength and livelyhood is from this source,
 All lives to this first spring have circular recourse.

A lecture strange he seemd to reade to me;
 And though I did not rightly understand
 His meaning, yet I deemed it to be
 Some goodly thing, and weary of that land
 Where then I stood, I did not him withstand
 In his request, although full loth I were
 Slow-footed eld the journey should command;
 Yet we were guided by that sory pair,
 And so to *Dixoe* full softly we do fare.

17
THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHOZOA.

Lib. 3.

*Strange state of Dixois Mnemons skill
Here wisely doth explain,
Ida's strong charms, and Eloim-hill,
With the drad dale of Ain.*

1

BUt now new Stories I 'gin to relate,
Which aged *Mnemon* unto us did tell,
Whiles we on grassie bed did lie prostrate
Under a shady beach, which did repell
The fiery skorching shafts which *Uriel*
From Southern quarter darted with strong hand.
No other help we had ; for *Gabriel*
His wholesome cooling blasts then quite restrain'd.
The Lions flaming breath with heat parcht all the land.

2

Here seemly sitting down thus gan that Sage,
Last time we were together here ymet,
Beirah wall, that was the utmost stage
Of our discourse, if I do not forget:
When we departed thence the Sun was set,
Yet nathelasse we past that lofty wall
That very evening. The nights nimble net
That doth encompassse every opaque ball,
That swims in liquid aire, did *Simon* nought apall.

3

When we that stately wall had undercrept,
We straightway found our selves in *Dixois* ;
The melting clouds chill drizzeling tears then wept
The misty aire sweet for deep agony,
Sweet a cold sweat, and loose frigidty
Fill'd all with a white smoke ; pale *Cynthia*
Did foul her silver limbs with filthy die,
Whiles wading on she measured out her way,
And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitish clay.

4
 No light to guide but the Moons pallid ray,
 And that even lost in misty troubled aire :
 No tract to take, there was no beaten way ;
 No chearing strength, but that which might appear
 From *Diana's* face: her face then shin'd not clear,
 And when it shineth clearest, little might
 She yieldeth, yet the Goddesse is severe.
 Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light :
 Christ help the man thus clos'd and prison'd in drad night

5
 O' rewhelm'd with irksome toil of strange annoyers
 In stony stound like senselesse stake I stood,
 Till the vast thumps of massie hammers noise,
 That on the groning steel laid on such load,
 Empierc'd mine ears in that sad stupid mood.
 I weening then some harbour to be nie,
 In sory pace thitherward slowly yode,
 By eare directed more then by mine eye,
 But there, alas ! I found small hospitality.

6
 Foure grisly black-Smiths stoutly did their task
 Upon an anvile form'd in conick wise :
 They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
 But with stern grimy look do still avise
 Upon their works ; but I my first emprise
 Would not forsake, and therefore venture in.
 Or none hath lift to speak, or none espies,
 Or hears : the heavie hammers never lin ;
 And but a blew faint light in this black shop did shine.

7
 There I into a darksome corner creep,
 And lay my weary limbs on dusty flore,
 Expecting still when soft down-sliding sleep
 Should seize mine eyes, and strength to me restore :
 But when with hovering wings she proeb'd, e'r more
 The mighty souses those foul knaves laid on,
 And those huge bellows that aloud did rore,
 Chac'd her away that she was ever gone
 Before she came, on pitchy plumes, for fear, yfione.

The first of those rude rascalls *Lypon* hight,
 A foul great stooping slouch with heavie eyes,
 And hanging lip : the second ugly sight
 Pale *Phobon*, with his hedgehog-haires disguise :
Melpon is the third, he the false skies
 No longer trusts : The fourth of furious fashion
Phrenition hight, fraught with impatiencies,
 The bellows be ycleep'd deep *Suspiration* :
 Ah knave these bellows blow in mutuall circulation.

There is a number of these lonesome forges
 In *Bacha vale* (this was in *Bacha vale*)
 There be no Innes but these, and these but scourges ;
 In stead of ease they work much deadly bale
 To those that in this lowly trench do traile
 Their feeble loins. Ah me ! who here would fare ?
 Sad ghosts oft crosse the way with visage pale,
 Sharp thorns and thistles wound their feeten bare :
 Ah happy is the man that here doth bear a share.

When I in this sad vale no little time
 Had measured, and oft had taken Inne,
 And by long penance paid for mine ill crime
 Methought the Sun it self began to shine,
 And that I had past *Dians* discipline.
 But day was not yet come, 'twas perfect night :
Phæbus head from *Ida* hill had seen ;
 For *Ida* hill doth give to men the sight,
Phæbus form, before *Aurora's* silver light.

But *Phæbus* form from that high hill's not clear
 Nor figure perfect. It's inveloped
 In purple cloudy veil ; and if't appear
 In rounder shape with skouling dreary head
 A glowing face it shows, ne rayes doth shed
 Of lights serenity, yet duller eyes
 With gazing on this irefull sight be fed :
 Next to their pleasing, small things they will prize,
 And never better saw, nor better can devise.

On *Ida* hill their stands a Castle strong,
 They that it built call it *Pantbrothen*.
 Hither resort a rascall rabble throng
 Of miscreant wights : but if that wiler men
 May name that fort, *Pandemoniothen*
 They would it cleep. It is the strong'st delusion
 That ever *Damon* wrought ; the safest pen
 That e're held silly sheep for their confusion.
 Ill life and want of love, hence springs each false conduct

That rabble rout that in this Castle won,
 Is Irefull ignorance, Unseemly zeal,
 Strong-self-conceit, Rotten religion,
 Contentious-reproch-against *Michael*.
 If he of *Moses* body ought reveal-
 Which their dull skonses cannot ear'ty reach,
 Love of the carkas, An inept appeal-
 T' uncertain payrs, A false formall fetch-
 Of feigned fighes, Contempt of poore and sinfull-wretch

A deep self-love, want of true sympathy-
 with all mankind, Th' admiring their own beard,
 Fond pride, A sanctimonious crueltie-
 'Gainst those, by whom their wrathfull minds be stirr'd
 By strangling reason, and are so asfeard-
 To lose their credit with the vulgar sort ;
 Opinion and long speech fore life preserv'd,
 Lesse reverence of God then of the Court,
 Fear and Despair, Evil surmises, False report.

Oppression of the poore, Fell rigourousnesse,
 Contempt of Government, Fiercenes, Fleahy lust,
 The measuring of all true righteousness
 By their own model, Cleaving unto dust,
 Rash-censure, and despising of the just-
 That are not of their sect, False-raasoning-
 Concerning God, Vain hope, Needlesse mistrust,
 Strutting in knowledge, Egre slavering-
 After hid skill, with every inward fulsome thing.

16

These and such like be that rude regiment,
 That from the glittering sword of *Michael* fly :
 They fly his outstretch'd arm, else were they shent
 If they unto this Castle did not hie,
 Strongly within its wals to fortifie
 Themselves. Great *Demon* hath no stronger hold
 Then this high Tower. When the good Majesty
 Shines forth in love and light, a vapour cold
 And a black hellish smoke from hence doth all infold.

17

And all that love and light and offer'd might
 Is thus chok'd up in that foul Stygian steem :
 If hells dark jawes should open in despight,
 And breathe its inmost breath which foul'st I deem ;
 Yet this more deadly foul I do esteem,
 And more contagious, which this charmed tower
 Ever spues forth, like that fell Dragons steem
 Which he from poyson'd mouth in rage did poure
 Her, whose first-born child his chaps might not devour.

18

But lest the rasher wit my Muse should blame,
 As if she did those faults appropriate
 (Which I even now in that black list did name)
 Unto *Pantheaten* ; The self same state
 I dare avouch you'll find, where ever hate
 Backd with rough zeal, and bold through want of skill,
 All sects besides its own doth execrate.
 This peevish spirit with woe the world doth fill,
 While each man all would bind to his fierce furious will.

19

O Hate ! the fulsome daughter of fell Pride,
 Sister to surly Superstition,
 That clean out-shining truth cannot abide,
 That loves it self and large Dominion,
 And in false show of a fair Union
 Would all encroach to't self, would purchase all
 At a cheap rate, for slight Opinion.
 Thus cram they their wide-gaping Crumenalls
 At now to *Ida* bill me lists my feet recall.

No such enchantment in all *Dixie*
 As on this hill ; nor sadder sight was seen
 Then you may in this rufull place espy.
 Twixt two huge walls on solitary green,
 Of funerall Cypresse many groves there been,
 And eke of Ewe, Eben, and Poppy trees :
 And in their gloomy shade foul grisly fiend
 Use to resort, and busily to seize
 The darker phansied souls that live in ill disease.

Hence you may see, if that you dare to mind,
 Upon the side of this accursed hill,
 Many a dreadfull corse ytost in wind,
 Which with hard halter their loathd life did spil.
 There lies another which himself did kill
 With rusty knife, all roll'd in his own bloud,
 And ever and anon a dolefull knill
 Comes from the fatall Owl, that in sad mood
 With drery sound doth pierce through the death shadow.

Who can expresse with pen the irksome state
 Of those that be in this strong Castle thrall ?
 Yet hard it is this Fort to ruinate,
 It is so strongly fenc'd with double wall.
 The fiercest but of Ram no'te make them fall :
 The first *Inevitable Destiny*
 Of *Gods Decree* ; the other we do call
Invincible fleshy infirmity :
 But Keeper of the Tower, *Unfelt Hypocrisie*.

What Poets phansies fain'd to be in hell
 Are truly here. A vultur *Tityus* heart
 Still gnaws, yet death doth never *Tityus* quell :
 Sad *Sisyphus* a stone with toylsome smart
 Doth roul up hill, but it transcends his art,
 To get it to the top, where it may lye.
 On steddly plain, and never backward start :
 His course is stoppt by strong *Infirmity* :
 His soul comes to this wall, but then back it doth fly.

24

Here fifty Sisters in a sieve do draw
 Through-sipping water: *Tantalus* is here,
 Who though the glory of the Lord oreflow
 The earth, and doth incompasse him so near,
 Yet waters he in waters doth requere.
 Stoop *Tantalus* and take those waters in.
 What strength of witchcraft thus blinds all yfere
 Twixt these two massie walls, this hold of sinne?
 Ye me! who shall this Fort so strongly fenced win!

25

I heare the clattering of an armed troupe:
 My ears do ring with the strong pransers heels.
 (My soul get up out of thy drouche droop,
 And look unto the everlasting hills)
 The hollow ground, ah! how my sense it fills
 With sound of solid horses hoofs. A wonder
 It is to think how cold my spirit thrills
 With strange amaze. Who can this strength dissunder?
 Mark how the warlik steeds do neigh their necks do thunder.

26

All milkwhite steeds in trappings goodly gay,
 On which in golden letters be ywrit
 These words (even he that runs it readen may)
True righteousness unto the Lord of might.
 O comely spectacle! O glorious sight!
 'Twould easily ravish the beholders eye
 To see such beasts, so fair, so full of spright,
 All in due ranks to prance so gallantly,
 Carrying their riders arm'd with perfect panoply.

27

In perfect silver glistering panoply
 They ride, the army of the highest God:
 Ten thousands of his Saints approchen nie
 To judge the world, and rule it with his rod:
 They leave all plain where ever they have trod.
 Each rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
 With golden shining beam disspread abroad,
 The Sun of righteousness at high day noon,
 At this same strength, I wene, this Fort is easily wonne.

D 4

They

They that but heare thereof shall straight obey ;
 But the strange children shall false semblance make,
 But all hypocrisie shall soon decay,
 All wickednesse into that deadly lake,
 All darknesse thither shall it self betake :
 That false brood shall in their close places fade.
 The glory of the Lord shall ne're forsake
 The earth again, nor shall deaths dreadfull shade
 Return again. Him praise that this great day hath made.

This is the mighty warlick *Michaels* hoste,
 That easily shall wade through that foul spue
 Which the false Dragon casts in every coste,
 That the moon-trampling woman much doth rue
 His deadly spaul ; but no hurt doth accrew
 To this strong army from this filthy stream :
 Nor horse nor man doth fear its lurid hew,
 They safely both can swim in this foul stream :
 This stream the earth sups up cleft ope by *Michaels* beam.

But whiles it beareth sway, this poysons might
 Is to make sterill or prolong the birth,
 To cause cold palsies, and to dull the sight
 By sleepey sloth ; the melancholick earth
 It doth increase that hinders all good mirth.
 Yet this dead liquor dull *Pantbeathens*
 Before the nectar of the Gods preferreth :
 But it so weakens and disables men,
 That they of manhood give no goodly specimen.

Here one of us began to interpeal
 Old Mnemon. *Tharrbon* that young ladkin hight,
 He prayed this aged Sire for to reveal
 What way this Dragons poysonous despight,
 And strong *Pantbeathens* inwalling might,
 We may escape. Then *Mnemon* thus gan say,
 Some strange devise, I know each youthfull wight
 Would here expect, or lofty brave assay :
 But I'll the simple truth, in simple wise convey.

32

Good Conscience, kept with all the strength and might
 That God already unto us hath given;
 A presse pursuit of that foregoing light
 That egs us on 'cording to what we have liven,
 And helps us on 'cording to what we have striven,
 To shaken off the bonds of prejudice,
 Nor dote to much of that we have first conceived;
 By hearty prayer to beg the sweet delice
 f Gods all-loving spright: such things I you advise.

34

Can pity move the heart of parents dear,
 When that their haplesse child in heavy plight
 Doth grieve and moan? whiles pinching tortures tear
 His fainting life, and doth not that sad sight
 Of Gods own Sonne empassion his good spright
 With deeper sorrow? The tender babe lies torn
 In us by cruell wounds from hostile might:
 Is Gods own life of God himselfe forlorn?
 Was he to continuall pain of God yborn?

34

Or will you say if this be Gods own Sonne,
 Let him descend the crosse: for well we ween
 That he'll not suffer him to be fordonne
 By wicked hand, if Gods own Sonne he been.
 But you have not those sacred misteries seen,
 True-crucifying Jews! the weaker thing
 Is held in great contempt in worldly eyen:
 But time may come when deep impienced sting
 Shall prick your heart, and it shall melt with sorrowing.

35

Then you shall view him whom with cruell spear
 You had transfix'd, true crucified Sonne
 Of the true God, unto his Father dear,
 And dear to you, nought dearer under sun.
 Throug this strong love and deep compassion,
 How vastly God his kingdome would enlarge
 You'll easly see, and how with strong iron
 He'll quite subdue the utmost earthly verge.
 Foolish men! the heavens why do you fondly charge?

36

Subtimidus, when *Tharibon* sped so well,
Took courage to himself, and thus gan say
To *Mnemon*, Pray you Sr. vouchsafe to tell
What *Autaparnes* and *Hypomene*
And *Simon* do this while in *Dixoe*.
With that his face shone like the rosy morn
With maiden blush from inward modesty,
Which wicked wights do holden in such scorn,
Sweet harmles modesty a rose withouten thorn.

37

Old *Mnemon* lov'd the Lad even from his face,
Which blamelesse blush with sanguin light had dyed;
His harmlesse lucid spright with flourishing grace
His outward form so seemly beautified,
So the old man him highly magnified
For his so fit enquiry of those three;
And to his question thus anon replied,
There's small recourse (till that Fort passed be)
To *Simon*, *Autaparnes* or *Hypomene*.

38

For all that space from *Behirons* high wall
Unto *Pantheatben*, none dares arise
From his base dunghill warmth; such magicall
Attraction his flagging soul down ties
To his foul flesh: mongst which, alas! there lyes
A litle spark of Gods vitality,
But smothering filth so close it doth comprize
That it cannot flame out nor get on high;
This province hence is hight earth-groveling *Aptery*.

39

But yet fair semblances these *Apterites*
Do make of good, and sighen very sore,
That God no stronger is. False hypocrites!
You make no use of that great plenteous store
Of Gods good strength which he doth on you poure:
But you fall friends of foul carnality,
And false to God, his tender sonne do gore,
And plaud your selves, if't be not mortally;
Nor let you him live in ease, nor let you him fairly die.

Like faithlesse wife that by her frampard guize,
 Peevish demeanour, sullen sad disdain
 Doth inly deep the spright melancholize
 Of her aggrieved husband, and long pain
 At last to some sharpe sicknesse doth constrain
 His weakned nature to yield victory :
 His skorching torture then count death a gain.
 But when death comes, in womanish phrensy
 That froward femal wretch doth shriek and loudly cry.

So through her moody importunity
 From downright death she rescues the poore man :
 Self-favouring sense ; not that due loyalty
 Doth wring from her this false compassion,
 Compassion that no cruelty can
 Well equalize. Her husband lies agast ;
 Death on his horrid face so pale and wan
 Doth creep with ashy wings. He thus embrac'd
 Perforce too many dayes in deadly woe doth wast.

This is the love that's found in *Aptery*
 To Gods dear life. If they his sonne present
 Halfe live, halfe dead, handled despighfully,
 Or sunk in sicknesse or with deep wound rent,
 So be he's not quite dead they'r well content.
 And hope sure favour of his fire to have.
 They have the signes how can they then be shent ?
 The God of love for his dear life us save
 From such conceits, which men to sinne do thus inflave.

But when from *Aptery* we were ygone,
 And past *Pantheothens* inthralling power ;
 Then from the east chearfull *Eous* shone,
 And drave away the nights dead lumpish stour :
 He took by th' hand *Aurora's* vernall houre ;
 These freshly tripp'd it on the silver'd hills,
 And thorow all the fields sweet life did shower :
 Then gan the joyfull birds to try their skills ;
 They skipt, they chirpt again, they pip'd they danc'd their
 This

This other Province of *Dirzoia*
 Hight *Pterocessa*; on the flowry side
 Of a green bank, as I went on my way
 Strong youthfull *Gabriel* I there espide,
 Courting a nymph all in her maiden pride,
 Not for himself: His strife was her to win
 To *Michael* in wedlock to be tide.
 He promised she should be *Michaels* Queen,
 And greater things then eare hath heard or eye hath seen:

This lovely maid to *Gabriel* thus replide,
 Thanks, Sr, for your good news; but may I know
 Who *Michael* is that would have me his bride.
 Its *Michael*, said he, that works such wo
 To all that fry of hell; and on his foe
 Those fiends of darknesse such great triumphs hath:
 The powers of sinne and death he down doth mow.
 In this strong arm of God have thou but faith,
 That in great *Demons* troups doth work so wondrous fa

The simple girl believed every word,
 Nor did by subtle querks elude the might
 And profer'd strength of the soul-loving Lord;
 But answered thus, Good Sr, but reade aright
 When shall I then appear in *Michaels* sight?
 When *Gabriel* had won her full assent,
 And well observ'd how he had flam'd her spright,
 He answered, After the accomplishment
 Of his behests, and so her told what hefts he ment.

She willingly took the condition,
 And pliable she promised to be:
 And *Gabriel* sware he would wait upon
 Her virginship, whiles in simplicity
 His masters will with all good industry
 She would fulfill. So here the simple maid
 Strove for her self in all fidelity,
 Nor took her self for nothing; but she plaid
 Her part, she thought, as if indentures had been made.

For she did not with her own self ginthink
 So curiously, that it is God alone
 That gives both strengths when ever we do swink:
 Graces and natures might be both from one,
 Who is our lifes strong sustentation.
 Impossible it is therefore to merit,
 When we poore men have nothing of our own:
 Certes by him alone she stands upright;
 And surely falls without his help in per'lous fight.

But we went on in *Pteroesa* lond.
 The fresh bright morning was no small repast
 After the toil in *Aptery* we found,
 So that with merry chear we went full-fast:
 But I observed well that in this haste
Simon wax'd faint, and feeble, and decay'd
 In strength and life before we far had past:
 And by how much his youthfull flower did fade,
 So much more vigour to his parents was repay'd.

For that old crumpled wight gan go upstraighr,
 And *Autaparnes* face recovered blood;
 But *Simon* looked pale withouten might,
 Withouten chear, or joy, or livelyhood:
 Cause of all this at last I understood.
 For *Autaparn* that knife had from him cast,
 And almost clos'd the passage of that flood.
 That flood, that blood, was that which *Simons* taste
 Alone could fit: if that were gone the lad did waste.

And his old mother, call'd *Hypomene*,
 Did ease her back from that down-swaying weighr,
 That leaden quadrate, which did miserably
 Annoy her crazy corse; but that more light
 She might fare on, she in her husbands sight
 Threw down her load, where he threw down his blade.
 And from that time began the pitious plight
 Of sickly *Simon*: so we them perswade
 Back to retreat, and do their dying son some aid.

Though

52

Though loth, yet at the length they do assent:
 So we return unto the place where lay
 The heavy quadrate, and that instrument
 Of bleeding smart: it would a man dismay
 To think how that square lead her back did sway;
 And how the halfe-clos'd wound was open tore
 With that sharpe-pointed knife: and sooth to say
 Simon himself was inly grieved sore,
 Seeing the deadly smart that his dear parents bore.

53

So we remeasure the way we had gone,
 Still faring on toward *Theoprepy*.
 Great strength and comfort 'twas to think upon
 Our good escape from listlesse *Aptery*,
 And from the thraldome of *Infirmity*.
 Now nought perplex'd our stronger plumed sprights,
 But what may be the blamelesse verity:
 Oft we conceiv'd things were peracted right;
 And oft we found ourselves guld with strong passions might.

54

But now more feeble farre we find their force
 Then erst it was, when as in *Aptery*
 To strong *Pantheothem* they had recourse:
 For then a plain impossibility
 It was to overcome their cruelty.
 But here encouraged by *Gabriel*
 We strongly trust to have the victory.
 And if by chance they do our forces quell;
 It's not by strength of armes but by some misty spell.

55

So bravely we went on withouten dread,
 Till at the last we came whereas a hill
 With steep ascent highly lift up his head:
 To th' aged foot it worken would much ill
 To climb this cliffe; with weary ache 'twould fill
 His drier bones. But yet it's smooth and plain
 Upon the top. It passeth farre my skill
 The springs, the bowers, the walks, the goodly train
 Of fair chaste nymphes that haunt that place for to explain

56

I saw three sisters there in seemly wise
 Together walking on the flowry green,
 Yclad in snowy stoles of fair agguize.
 The glistring streams of silver waving shine,
 Skillfully interwove with silken line,
 So variously did play in that fair vest,
 That much it did delight my wondring eyne :
 Their face with love and vigour was ydrest,
 With modesty and joy, their tongue with just behest.

57

Their locks hung loose. A triple coronet,
 Of flaming gold and star-like twinkling stone
 Of highest price, was on their temples set :
 The Amethyst, the radiant Diamond,
 The Jasper, enemy to spirits wonne,
 With many other glorious for to see.
 These three enameld rimmes of that fair crown
 Be these: the first hight *Dicaosyne*,
 Philosophy the next, the last stiffe *Apathy*.

58

I gaz'd, and mus'd, and was well nigh distraught
 With admiration of those three maids,
 And could no further get, ne further saught ;
 Down on the hill my weary limbes I laid,
 And fed my feeble eyes, which me betray'd
 Unto loves bondage: *Simon* lik'd it not
 To see me so bewitch'd, and thus assay'd
 By wisest speech to loose this magick knot :
 Great pity things so fair should have so foul a spot.

59

What spot, said I, can in these fair be found ?
 Both spot in those white vests, and eke a flaw
 In those bright gems wherewith these maids be crown'd,
 If you 'll but list to see I'll easily show.
 Then I, both Love of man and holy law
 Exactly 's kept upon this sacred hill;
 True Fortitude that truest foes doth awe,
 Justice and Abstinence from sweetest ill,
 And Wisdome like the sun doth all with light o'respill.

Thankes

Thanks be to God we are so well arriv'd
 To the long-sought for land, *Theoprepia*.
 Nay soft good Sr, said *Simon*, you'r deceiv'd,
 You are not yet past through *Autasthesy* :
 With that the spot and flaw he bad me see
 Which he descry'd in that goodly array.
 The spot and flaw self-sens'd *Autopsy*
 Was hight, the eldest nymph *Pythagorissa*,
 Next *Platonissa* hight, the last hight *Stoicissa*.

But this high mount where these three sisters wonne,
 Said *Simon*, cleeped is, *Har-Elaim*.
 To these its said, Do worship to my Sonne :
 Its right, that all the Gods do worship him,
 There's none exempt : those that the highest climb
 Are but his Ministers, their turns they take
 To serve as well as those of lower slime.
 What so is not of Christ but doth partake
 Of th' *Autasthesian* soil, is life *Demoniacke*.

His words did strangely work upon my spright,
 And wean'd my mind from that I dearly lov'd ;
 So I nould dwell on this so pleasing sight,
 But down descended, as it me behov'd,
 And as my trusty guide me friendly mov'd,
 So when we down had come, and thence did passe
 On the low plain, *Simon* more clearly prov'd,
 That though much beauty there and goodnesse was,
 Yet that in *Theoprepia* did far surpasse.

So forward on we fare, and leave that hill,
 And presse still further ; the further we go,
Simon more strength, more life and godly will,
 More vigour he and livelyhood did show ;
 But *Autaparnes* wox more wan and wo :
 He faints, he sinks, ready to give up ghost,
 And ag'd *Hypomne* trod with footing slow,
 And staggerd with her load ; so ill dispos'd
 Their fading spirits were, that life was well nigh lost.

53

By this in sight of that black wall we came,
 A wall by stone-artificer not made:
 For it is nought but smoke from dusky flame,
 Which in that low deep valleys pitchy shade
 Doth fiercely th' *Autopathian* life invade,
 With glowing heat, and eateth out that spot.
 This dreadfull triall many hath dismayd:
 When *Autaparnes* saw this was his lot,
 Fear did his sense benumme, he wax like earthly clot.

54

In solemn filency this vapour rose
 From this dread dale, and hid the eastern sky
 With its deep darknesse, and the evening close
 Forestall'd with Stygian obscurity,
 Yet was't not thick, nor thin, nor moist, nor dry;
 Nor stank it ill, nor yet gave fragrant smell,
 Nor did't take in through pellucidity
 The penetrating light, nor did't repell
 Through grosse opacity the beams of Michael.

55

Yet terrible it is to *Psyche's* brood,
 That still retain the life *Demonlike*;
 Constraining fear calls in their vitall flood,
 When the drad Magus once doth mention make
 Of the deep dark abysses; for fear they quake
 At that strong-awing word: But they that die
 Unto self-feeling life, naught shall them shake:
 Base fear proceeds from weak *Autopathy*.
 This dale hight *Ain*, the fumes hight *Anautasthesy*.

56

Into this dismall dale we all descend:
 Here *Autaparnes* and *Hypomene*
 Their languid life with that dark vapour blend,
 Thus perished fading vitality,
 But nought did fade of lifes reality.
 When these two old-ones their last gasp had fer,
 In this drad valley their dead corps did lie;
 But what could well be sav'd to *Simon* fier.
 Here *Simon* first became spotlesse *Annusthetes*.

When we had waded quite through this deep shade,
 We then appeard in bright *Theoprepy* :
 Here *Phæbus* ray in straightest line was laid,
 That earlt lay broke in grosse consistency
 Of cloudy substance. For strong sympathy
 Of the divided natures magick band
 Was burnt to dust in *Anautæsthesie* :
 Now there's no fear of deaths dart-holding hand :
 Fast love, fixt life, firm peace in *Theoprepialand*.

When *Mnemon* hither came, he leaned back
 Upon his seat, and a long time respired.
 When I perceiv'd this holy Sage so slack
 To speak (well as I might) I him desired
 Still to hold on, if so he were not tired,
 And tell what fell in blest *Theoprepy* ;
 But he would do the thing that I required,
 Too hard it is, said he, that kingdoms glee
 To show ; who list to know himself must come and see.

This story under the cool shadding beach
 Old *Mnemon* told of famous *Dixioie* :
 To set down all he said passeth my reach,
 That all would reach even to infinity.
 Strange things he spake of the biformity
 Of the *Dixioians* ; what mongrill sort
 Of living wights ; how monstrous shap'd they be,
 And how that man and beast in one consort ; (distort
 Goats britch, mans tongue, goose head, with monki's mouth

Of *Centaures*, *Cynocephals*, walking trees,
Tritons and *Mermaydes*, and such uncouth things ;
 Of weeping Serpents with fair womens eyes,
 Mad-making waters, sex trans-forming springs ;
 Of foul *Circean* swine with golden rings,
 With many such like falshoods ; but the straight
 Will easily judge all crooked wandrings
 Suffice it then we have taught that Ruling right
 The good is uniform, the evil infinite.



ΨΥΧΑΘΑΝΑΣΙΑ
PLATONICA:

OR

A Platonickall Poem of the Immortality of Souls, especially Mans Soul.

By H. M. Master of Arts, and Fellow of Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Φύσις ἑδενός ἐστιν
'Αλλὰ μόνον μίξις τε διάλλαξις τε μίγντων,
Empedocles.

Omnia mutantur, nihil interit,
Ovid.

Ἄν ἄρα ζῶον ἀθάνατον· πάντων ἢ μᾶλλον ὁ ἀνθρώπος
ὁ καὶ τῷ θεῷ λεκτικός, καὶ τῷ θεῷ συμμεταστικός,
Trismegist.



CAMBRIDGE

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THE
ATLAS

A Platonically Formed of the human
body of soul, especially
Mans soul.

By H. C. Muller of Arts and Fellow of
Christ's College in Cambridge.



LONDON
Printed by J. B. Nichols, in Strand.

THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

HHe very nerves and sinews of Religion is hope of immortality. What greater incitement to virtue and justice then eternall happinesse? what greater ter-riculament from wickednesse, then a full perswa-sion of after-judgement and continuall torture of spirit? But my labour is superfluous. Men from their very childhood are perswaded of these things. Verily, I fear how they are perswaded of them when they become men. Else would not they, vvhom the fear of hell doth not affright, die so unvvillingly, nor vvicked men so securely; nor vvould so many be vvicked. For even natu-rall-providence vvould bid them look forvvard.

Beside, some men of a melancholick temper (vvhich commonly distrust and suspicion do ac-company) though othervvise pious, yet out of an exceeding desire of eternall being, think they can never have security enough for this so pleasing hope and expectation, and so even vvith anxiety of mind busie themselves to prove the truth of that strongly, vvhich they desire vehemently to be true. And this body, vvhich dissolution vvait upon, helpeth our infidelity exceedingly. For the soul not seeing it self, judgeth it self of such a na-

The Preface.

ture, as those things are to which she is nearest united: Falsly saith, but yet ordinarily, I am sick, I am weak, I faint, I die; when it is nought but the perishing life of the body that is in such plight, to which she is so close tied in most intimate love and sympathy. So a tender mother, if she see a knife struck to her child's heart, would shriek and swoond as if her self had been smit; whenas if her eye had not beheld that spectacle, she had not been moved though the thing were surely done. So I do verily think that the mind being taken up in some higher contemplation, if it should please God to keep it in that ecstasie, the body might be destroyed without any disturbance to the soul. For how can there be or sense or pain without animadversion?

But while we have such continuall cominence with this frail body, it is not to be expected, but that we shall be assaulted with the fear of death and darknesse. For alas! how few are there that do not make this visible world, their Adonai, their stay and sustentation of life, the prop of their soul, their God? How many Christians are not prone to whisper that of the Heathen Poets,

Soles occidere & redire possunt;

Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The Sunne may set and rise again;

If once sets our short light,

Deep sleep us binds with iron chain,

Wrapt in eternall Night.

But

The Preface.

But I would not be so injurious, as to make men worse then they are, that my little work may seem of greater use and worth then it is.

Admit then that men are mostwhat perswaded of the souls immortality, yet here they may reade reasons to confirm that perswasion, and be put in mind, as they reade, of their end, and future condition, which cannot be but profitable at least.

For the pleasure they'll reap from this Poem, it will be according as their Genius is fitted for it. For as Plato speaks in his Io, *Ὁ μὲν τῶν ποιητῶν ἐξ ἄλλης Μύσης, ὃ δὲ ἐξ ἄλλης ἐξήρτηται*, or according to the more usuall phrase *ἁπτόχεται*, &c. The spirit of every Poet is not alike, nor his writings alike suteable to all dispositions. As Io, the reciter of Homers verses, professeth himself to be snatcht away with an extraordinary fury or ecstasie at the repeating of Homers Poesie, but others so little to move him that he could even fall asleep. So that no man is rashly to condemn another mans labour in this kind, because he is not taken with it. As wise or wiser then himself may.

But this is a main piece of idolatry and injustice in the world, that every man would make his private Genius an universall God; and would devour all mens apprehensions by his own fire, that glowes so hot in him, and (as he thinks) shines so clear.

As for this present song of the immortality of the soul, it is not unlikely but that it will prove

The Preface.

fung *Montibus & Sylvis* to the walle Woods and solitary Mountains. For all men are so full of their own phansies and idiopathyes, that they scarce have the civility to interchange any words with a stranger. If they do chance to heare his exotick tone, they entertain it with laughter, a passion very incident upon that occasion to children and clowns. But it were much better neither to embosome nor reject any thing, though strange, till we were well acquainted with it.

Exquisite disquisition begets diffidence; diffidence in knowledge, humility; humility, good manners and meek conversation. For mine own part, I desire no man to take any thing. I write upon trust, vvithout canvassing; and vvould be thought rather to propound then to assert vvhat I have here or elsevvhere vvritten. But continually to have exprest my diffidence in the very tractates themselves, had been languid and ridiculous.

It vvete a piece of injustice to expect of others, that vvhich I could never indure to stomp to my self. That knowvledge vvhich is built upon humane authority is no better then a Castle in the Aire. For vvhat man is *divinus* or at least can be prov'd to us to be so? Wherefore the foundation of that argument will but prove precarious, that is so built. And we have rather a sound of words signifiing the thing is so, then any true understanding that the thing is so indeed.

What ever may seem strange in this Poem, con-

demne

The Preface.

demne it not, till thou findest it dissonant to Plato's school, or not deducible from it. But there be many arguments, that have no strangeness at all to prove the soules immortality; so that no man that is not utterly illiterate shall lose his labour in reading this short treatise.


I must confesse I intended to spin it out to a greater length; but things of greater importance then curious theory, take me off; beside the hazard of speaking hard things to a multitude.

I make no question, but those that are rightly acquainted with Platonisme, will accept of that small pains, and make a good construction of my poetry. For I will assure thee (Reader) that it will be nothing but ignorance of my scope, that shall make any do othervvise I fly too high to take notice of lesser flaws. If thou seest them, I give thee free liberty to mend them. But if thou regardest not lesser trifles, we be well met.

Farewell.

H. M.

THE

The image shows a circular logo for the British Museum. The words "BRITISH" and "MUSEUM" are written in a circular path around the top and bottom respectively. In the center is a detailed illustration of the Royal Coat of Arms, featuring a lion and a unicorn supporting a shield, topped with a crown.

This image shows a blank, aged, light gray page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a grainy texture and is covered with numerous small dark spots, possibly foxing or dirt. A prominent, faint, curved white line is visible near the center-right of the page. The overall appearance is that of an old, worn document.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 1.

*Struck with strong sense of Gods good will
The immortalitie
Of souls I sing; Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophie.*

¹
VV Hatever man he be that darts to deem
True Poets skill do spring of earthly race,
I must him tell, that he doth misesteem
Their strange estate, and eke himself disgrace
By his rude ignorance. For there's no place
For forced labour, or slow industry
Of flagging wits, in that high fiery chace,
So soon as of the Muse they quickned be,
At once they rise, and lively sing like lark in skie.

²
Like to a meteor, whose materiall
Is low unwieldy earth, base unctuous slime,
Whose inward hidden parts ethereall
Ly close upwrapt in that dull sluggish fime,
Ly fast asleep, till at some fatall time
Great Phœbus lamp has fir'd its inward spright,
And then even of it self on high doth climb;
That earst was dark becomes all eye, all sight,
Bright starre, that to the wise of future things gives light:

³
Even so the weaker mind, that languid lies
Knit up in rags of dirt, dark cold and blind,
So soon that purer flame of love unties
Its clogging chains, and doth its spright unbind,
It sores aloft; for it it self doth find
Well plum'd; so rais'd upon its spreaden wing,
It softly playes, and warbles in the wind,
And carols out its inward life and spring
Of over-flowing joy, and of pure love doth sing.

4

It sings of purest love, not that base passion
 That soules the soul with filth of lawles lust,
 And Circe-like its shape doth all misfashion;
 But that bright flame that's proper to the just,
 And eats away all drosse and cankered rust
 With its refining heat, unites the mind
 With Gods own spright, who raiseth from the dust
 The slumb'ring soul, and with his usage kind
 Makes 't breath after that life that time hath not defin'd.

5

So hath he rais'd my soul, and so possessest
 My inward spright, with that unfeigned will
 He bears to *Psyche's* brood, that I ne're rest
 But ruth or ragefull indignation fill
 My troubled veins, that I my life near spill
 With sorrow and disdain, for that foul lore
 That crept from dismall shades of night, and quill
 Steep'd in sad Stryx, and fed with stinking gore
 Suckt from corrupted corse, that God and men abhorre.

6

Such is thy putid muse, Lucretius,
 That faine would teach that souls all mortall be:
 The dusty Atoms of Democritus
 Certes have fall'n into thy feeble eye,
 And thee bereft of perspicacity.
 Others through the strong steem of their dull bloud,
 Without the help of that philosophy,
 Have with more ease the truth not understood,
 And the same thing conclude in some sad drooping mood.

7

But most of all my soul doth them refuse
 That have extinguish'd natures awfull light
 By evil custome, and unkind abuse
 Of Gods young tender work, that in their spright
 He first gins frame. But they with hedd'y might
 Of over-whelming liquour that life drown'd,
 And reasons eye swell up or put out quite.
 Hence horrid darknesse doth their souls confound,
 And foul blasphemous belch from their surd mouth resounds

Thus.

Thus while false way they take to large their spirit
 By vaster cups of Bacchus, they get fire
 Without true light, and 'cording to demerit
 Internall blasts blind confidence inspire:
 Bold heat to uncouth thoughts is their bad hire.
 Which they then dearly hug, and ween their feet
 Have clombe, whither vulgar men dare not aspire.
 But its the fruit of their burnt sootie spright:
 Thus dream they of drad death, and an eternall night.

Now in the covert of dame Natures cell
 They think they'r throwded, and the mysterie
 Of her deep secrets they can wisely spell;
 And 'pprove that art above true pietie
 Laugh at religion as a mockerie,
 A thing found out to aw the simpler sort:
 But they, brave sparks, have broke from this dark tie:
 The light of nature yields more sure comfort.
 Alas! too many souls in this fond thought confort.

Like men new made contriv'd into a cave
 That ner'e saw light, but in that shadowing pit,
 Some uncouth might them hoodwink hither drape,
 Now with their backs to the dens mouth they sit,
 Yet shoulder not all light from the dern pit,
 So much gets in as Optick art counts meet
 To shew the forms that hard without do flit.
 With learned quare each other here they greet:
 True moving substances they deem each shadow slight:

When fowls file by, and with their swapping wings
 Bear the inconstant aire, and mournfull noise
 Stirre up with their continuall chastisings
 In the soft yielding penitent; the voice
 These solemn sages nought at all accoyes.
 'Tis common; onely they philosophize,
 Busying their brains in the mysterious toyes
 Of flittie motion, warie well advize
 On's inward principles the hid Entelechyas.

And whereabout that inward life is seated,
 That moves the living creature, they espie
 Passing in their dim world. So they'r defeated,
 Calling thin shadows true realitie,
 And deeply doubt if corporalitie,
 (For so they term those visibles) were stroy'd
 Whether that inward first vitalitie
 Could then subsist. But they are ill accloy'd
 With cloddie earth, and with blind duskishnesse annoy'd.

If roaring lion or the neighing horse,
 With frisking tail to brush off busie flies,
 Approach their den, then haply they discourse
 From what part of these creatures may arise
 Those greater sounds. Together they advise,
 And gravely do conclude that from the thing
 That we would term the tail, those thund'ring neyes
 Do issue forth: tail of that shadowing
 They see then moved most, while he is whinneying.

And so the lions huge and hideous roar
 They think proceeds from his rugg'd flowing mane,
 Which the fierce winds do tossle and rouse sore;
 Unlesse perhaps he stirre his bushie train:
 For then the tail will carrie it again.
 Thus upon each occasion their frail wit
 Bestirres it self to find out errors vain
 And uselesse theories in this dark pit:
 Fond reasoning they have, seldome or never hit.

So soon new shadows enter in the cave,
 New *entelechias* they then conceive
 Brought forth of nature; when they passed have
 Their gloomy orb (false shades easly deceive)
 Not onely they that visible bereave
 Of life and being, but the hidden might
 And root of motion unliv'd unbeen'd they leave
 In their vain thoughts: for they those shadows light
 Do deem sole prop and stay of th' hidden motive spright.

This is that awfull cell where Naturalists
Brood deep opinion; as themselves conceit;
This errors den where in a magick mist
Men hatch their own delusion and deceit,
And grasp vain shows. Here their bold brains they bear
And dig full deep, as deep as *Hyle's* hell,
Unbare the root of life (O searching wit!)
But root of life in *Hyles* shade no're dwell.
For God's the root of all, as I elsewhere shall tell.

This is the stupid state of drooping soul,
That loves the bodie and false forms admires;
Slave to base sense, fierce 'gainst reasons controul,
That still it self with lower lust bemires;
That nought believeth and much lesse desires
Things of that unseen world and inward life,
Nor unto height of purer truth aspires:
But cowardly declines the noble strife
'Gainst vice and ignorance; so gets it no relief.

From this default, the lustfull Epicure
Democrite, or th' unthankfull Stagirite,
Most men preferre 'fore holy Pythagore,
Divinest Plato, and grave Epictete:
But I am so inflam'd with the sweet sight
And goodly beautie seen on *Eloum-hill*,
That maugre all mens clamours in despight
I'll praise my *Platonissa* with loud quill;
My strong intended voice all the wide world shall fill.

O sacred Nymph begot of highest Jove!
Queen of Philosophie and virtuous lear!
That firest the nobler heart with spotlesse love,
And sadder minds with Nectar drops dost chear,
That oft bedrencht with sorrows while we're here
Exil'd from our dear home, that heavenly soil.
Through wandring wayes thou safely dost us bear
Into the land of truth, from dirtie soil
Thou keepst our slipping feet oft wearied with long toil.

When

When I with other beauties thine compare,
 O lovely maid, all others I must scorn.
 For why? they all rude and deform'd appear :
 Certes they be ill thew'd and baser born :
 Yet thou, alas! of men art more forlorn.
 For like will to its like: but few can see
 Thy worth; so night-birds flie the glorious morn.
 Thou art a beam thot from the deitie,
 And nearest art ally'd to Christianitie.

But they be sprung of sturdie *Giants* race,
 Ally'd to *Night* and the foul *Earthie* clay,
Love of the carcase, Envie, Spight, Disgrace,
Contention, Pride, that unto th' highest doth bray,
Rash labour, a Titanicall assay
 To pluck down wisdom from her radiant seat,
 With mirie arms to bear her quite away.
 But thy dear mother *Thorough-cleansing* virtue hight :
 Here will true wisdom lodge, here will she deigne to light.

Come, Gentle Virgin, take me by the hand,
 To yonder grove with speedie pace wee'll hie:
 (Its not farre off from *Alethea* land)
 Swift as the levin from the sneezing skie,
 So swift wee'll go, before an envious eye
 Can reach us. There I'll purge out the strong stee
 Of prepossessing prejudice, that I
 Perhaps may have contract in common stee,
 And warie well wash out my old conceived dream.

And when I've breath'd awhile in that free aire,
 And clear'd my self from tinctures took before,
 Then deigne thou to thy novice to declare
 Thy secret skill, and hid mysterious lore,
 And I due thanks shall plenteously down pour.
 But well I wote thou'lt not envassall me :
 That law were rudenesse. I may not adore
 Ought but the lasting spotlesse veritie.
 Well thewed minds the mind doth alwayes setten free.

Free to that inward awfull Majestie
 Hight *Logos*, whom they term great son of God,
 Who fram'd the world by his deep sciency,
 The greater world. Als makes his near abode
 In the lesse world : so he can trace the trod
 Of that hid ancient path, when as he made
 This stately Fabrick of the world so broad.
 He plainly doth unfold his skilfull trade,
 When he doth harmlesse hearts by his good spright invade.

O thou eternall Spright, cleave ope the sky,
 And take thy flight into my feeble breast,
 Enlarge my thoughts, enlight my dimmer eye
 That wisely of that burthen closely prest
 In my straight mind, I may be dispossest :
 My Muse must sing of things of mickle weight ;
 The soules eternity is my great quest :
 Do thou me guide, that art the souls sure light,
 Grant that I never erre, but ever wend aright.

⁸
**THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHATHANASIA.**

Book 1. Cant. 2.

*What a soul is here I define,
After I have compared
All powers of life : That stamp divine
Show that brutes never shared.*

¹
NOW I'll addresse me to my mighty task,
So mighty task that makes my heart to shrink,
While I compute the labour it will ask,
And on my own frail weaknesse I gin think.
Like tender Lad that on the rivers brink,
That fain would wash him, while the evening keen
With sharper aire doth make his pores to wink,
Shakes all his body, nips his naked skin,
At first makes some delay but after skippeth in :

²
So I upon a wary due debate
With my perplexed mind, after perswade
My softer heart. I need no longer wait.
Lo ! now new strength my vitalls doth invade
And rear again, that earst began to fade,
My life, my light, my senses all revive
That fearfull doubts before had ill apaid.
Leap in, my soul, and strongly fore thee drive
The fleeting waves, and when thee list to th' bottome dive.

³
For thou canst dive full well, and flote aloft,
Dive down as deep as the old *Hyle's* shade,
Through that slight darknesse glid'st thou fly and soft,
Through pitchy cumbring fogs strongly canst wade,
Nor in thy flight could'st thou be ever staid,
If in thy flight thou flewest not from him,
That for himself thine excellent might hath made.
Contract desire, repulse strong Magick steem,
Then even in soul *Coryus* thou mayest fearlesse swim.

Like

4

Like that strange uncouth fish *Zucerna* hight,
 Whose wonne is in the brackish Seas, yet fire
 She easily carries and clear native light
 In her close mouth: and the more to admire,
 In darkeſt night when ſhe liſts to aſpire
 To th' utmoſt ſurface of the watery main,
 And opes her jawes that light doth not expire,
 But lively ſhines till ſhe ſhut up again:
 Nor liquid Sea, nor moiſtned aire this light reſtrain.

5

Or like a lamp arm'd with pellucid horn,
 Which ruſſing winds about do rudely toſſe,
 And felly laſh with injury and ſcorn,
 But her mild light they cannot eaſly croſſe;
 She ſhines to her own foes withouten loſſe:
 Even ſo the ſoul into its ſelf collected,
 Or in her native hew withouten droſſe,
 In miſt of bitter ſtorms is not dejected,
 Nor her eternall ſtate is any whit ſuſpected.

6

As Cynthia in her ſtouping Perigee,
 That deeper wades in the earths duſkiſh Cone,
 Yet ſafely wallows through in ſilency
 Till ſhe again her ſilver face hath ſhown,
 And tells the world that ſhe's the ſelf ſame Moon,
 Not now more liſtleſſe then I was whileare
 When I was hid in my Apogee,
 For I my ſelf alke do alwayes bear
 In every circling race: blind ignorance breeds fear.

7

Nor being hid after my monthly wane,
 Long keppen back from your expecting ſight,
 Dull damps and darkneſſe do my beauty ſtain;
 When none I ſhow then have I the moſt light,
 Nearer to Phoebus more I am bedight
 With his fair rayes. And better to confute
 All vain ſuſpicion of my worſer plight,
 Mark aye my face, after my cloſe ſalute
 With that ſharp-witted God, ſeem I not more acute?

This is the state of th' ever-moving soul,
Whirling about upon its circling wheel;
Certes to fight it variously doth roll,
And as men deem full dangerously doth reel,
But oft when men fear most, it self doth feel
In happiest plight conjoin'd with that great Sun
Of lasting blisse, that doth himself reveal
More fully then, by that close union,
Though men, that misse her here, do think her quite undone.

But lest we rashly wander out too farre,
And be yblown about with wanton wind,
Withouten stern, or card, or Polar starre,
In its round little list so close confin'd :
Let the souls nature first be well defin'd ;
Then we'll proceed. But all the while I crave
When e'r I speak 'cording to Plato's mind,
That you my faultlesse drift do not deprave.
For I the free-born soul to no sect would inflave.

Divers conceipts the wizards of old time
Have had concerning that we here inquire,
And would set forth in an eternall rhyme ;
But we list not our dainty Muse to tire.
In such foul wayes, and plunge her in the mire.
Strange dreams their drowsie scholars they have taught,
The heart, the heart-blood, brains, fleet aire, hot fire
To be the thing that they so presly sought,
Some have defin'd, some temper, some atomes, some nought.

But I must needs decline this wandring path ;
For well I wote errour is infinite,
But he that simple truth once reached hath
Needs not with every single shade to fight :
One stroke will put all falsities to flight.
So soon as Sol his fiery head doth rear
Above the Eastern waves his glowing fight
As angry darknesse so long rule did bear,
Straight all night trifling sprights doth chase away with fear.

12

Long have I swonk with anxious assay
To finden out what this hid soul may be,
That doth herself so variously bewray
In different motions. Other we her see
When she so fairly spreads the branching tree ;
Other when as sh' hath loos'd her self from ground,
And opes her root, and breaths in heaven free,
And doth her wants in the wide air resound,
Speaks out her joy, no longer whispers under-ground.

13

Such is the noise of chearfull chirping birds,
That tell the sweet impressions of the Spring ;
Or 'fore some storm, when their quick sprights be stir'd
With nearer strong appulse and hid heaving,
That fills their little souls, and makes them sing,
Pust up with joy and o'rflowing delight :
Eftsoons with ratling winds the air doth ring.
The sturdy storm doth make them take their flight
Into thick bush or hedge to save them from heavens spight.

14

From this same source of sense are murmuring moans
Of bellowing bullocks, when sharp hunger bites ;
Hence whining dog so pittifully groans
When as with knotted whip his Lord him smites ;
And every beast when with death pangs he fights.
But senseless trees nor feel the bleaker wind,
That nip their sides, nor the Suns scorching might,
Nor the sharp ax piercing their rugged rind ;
Yet have they soul, whose life in their sweet growth we find.

15

So plants spring up flourish and fade away,
Not marking their own state : They never found
Themselves, when first they 'pear'd in sunny day ;
Nor never sought themselves, though in the ground
They search full deep : Nor are they wak'd by wound
Of biting iron, to nought they are attent
That them befalls, when cold humours abound
And clog their vitall heat, or when they're brent
With Sirius flame, or when through eld they waxen faint.

16

Or whatsoever diseases them betide
 That hasten death, they nought at all regard :
 But when to plantall life quick sense is tri'd,
 And proggings phansie, then upon her guard
 She gins to stand, and well her self to ward
 From foes she plainly feels, pursues her joy,
 Remembers where she well or ill hath far'd,
 Or swiftly flies from that that doth annoy,
 Or stoutly strives her fierce destroyer to destroy.

17

Thus have we run thorow these two degrees
 Of the souls working seen in beast and plant ;
 The third hight reason, of common energies
 The best : of this the humane race doth vaunt
 As proper to themselves, But if we skan't
 Sans prejudice, it's not in them alone ;
 The dog, the horse, the ape, the elephant,
 Will all rush in striving to make up one,
 And sternly claim their share in use of right reason.

18

But whether brutes do reason and reflect
 Upon their reasoning, I'll not dispute ;
 Nor care I what brisk boyes will here object :
 Long task it were all fondlings to confute.
 But I'll lay down that which will better sute
 With that high heavenly spark, the soul of man ;
 His proper character (I would he knew't)
 Is that which Adam lost by wily train
 Of th' old sly snake that Eve beguil'd with speeches vain.

19

This was the Image of the highest God,
 Which brutes partake not of. This Image hight
 True Justice, that keeps ever the even trod,
 True Piety that yields to man the sight
 Of heavenly beauty, those fair beams so bright
 Of th' everlasting Deity, that shed
 Their sacred fire within the purer spright,
 The fruit of Eden wherewith souls be fed,
 Mans awfull majesty of every beast ydred.

20

Nor is that radiant force in humane kind
 Extinguist quite, he that did them create
 Can those dull rusty chains of sleep unbind,
 And rear the soul unto her pristin state:
 He can them so enlarge and elevate
 And spreaden out, that they can compasse all,
 When they no longer be incarcerate
 In this dark dungeon, this foul fleshy wall,
 Nor be no longer wedg'd in things corporeall :

21

But rais'd aloft into their proper sphere,
 That sphere that hight th' Orb *Intellectuall*,
 They quiet sit, as when the flitting fire
 That Natures mighty Magick down did call
 Into the oyly wood, at its own fall
 Grows full of wrath and rage, and gins to fume,
 And roars and strives 'gainst its disquicrall,
 Like troubled Ghost forc'd some shape to assume ;
 But it its holding see at doth last quite consume.

22

And then like gliding spright doth straight dispear,
 That earst was forc'd to take a fiery form ;
 Full lightly it ascends into the clear
 And subtile aire devoid of cloudy storm,
 Where it doth steddly stand, all-uniform,
 Pure, pervious, immixt, innocuous, mild,
 Nought scorching, nought glowing, nought enorm,
 Nought destroying, not destroy'd, not defil'd ;
 Foul fume being spent, just 'fore its flight it fairly smil'd.

23

Thus have I trac'd the soul in all its works,
 And severall conditions have displaid,
 And show'd all places where so e'r she lurks,
 Even her own lurkings of her self bewray'd,
 In plants, in beasts, in men, while here she staid ;
 And freed from earth how then she spreads on high
 Her heavenly rayes, that also hath been said.
 Look now, my Muse, and cast thy piercing eye
 On every kind, and tell wherein all souls agree,

24

Here dare I not define't, th' *Entelechy*
Of organized bodies. For this life,
 This centrall life, which men take souls to be,
 Is not among the beings relative;
 And sure some souls at least are self-active
 Withouten body having *Energie*.
 Many put out their force informative
 In their ethereall corporeity,
 Devoid of heterogeneall organity.

25

Self-moving substance, that be th' definition
 Of souls, that longs to them in generall;
 This well expresseth that common condition
 Of every vitall centre creaturall.
 For why? both that hight form *spermatieall*
 Hath here a share, as also that we term
 Soul sensitive, I'll call't form bestiall,
 It makes a beast added to plantall sperm;
 Adde ratioll form, it makes a man as men affirm.

26

All these be substances self-moveable:
 And that we call virtue magneticall
 (That what's defin'd be irreproveable)
 I comprehend it in the life plantall:
 Mongst trees there's found life *Sympatheticall*;
 Though trees have not animadversive sense.
 Therefore the soul's *Autocinetieall*
 Alone. What ere's in this defining sense
 Is soul, what ere's not soul is driven far from hence.

27

But that each soul's *Autocinetieall*,
 Is easily shewn by sisting all degrees
 Of souls. The first are forms *Spermatieall*,
 That best be seen in shaping armed trees,
 Which if they want their fixt *Centresties*,
 By which they fairly every part extend,
 And gently inact with spred vitalities
 The flowring boughs. How Natures work doth wend
 Who knows? or from what inward stay it doth depend?

Forthly

Forthy let first an inward centre hid
 Be put. That's nought but Natures fancie ti'd
 In closer knot, shut up into the mid
 Of its own self: so our own spirits gride
 With piercing wind in storming winter tide
 Contract themselves and shrivell up together;
 Like snake the countrey man in snow espi'd,
 Whose spright was quite shrunk in by nipping weather.
 From whence things come, by foman forc'd they backward

29

(thither

The rigid cold had forc'd into its centre
 This serpents life; but when the rurall Swain
 Plac'd her upon warm hearth, and heat did enter
 Into her rumm'd corps, she gan to strain
 And stretch herself, and her host entertain
 With scornfull hiss, shooting her anchor'd tongue,
 Threatning her venom'd teeth; so straight again
 She prov'd a living snake, when she along
 Her corse free life had drove from centre steddie strong.

30

So doth the gentle warmth of solar heat
 Eas'ly awake the centre *feminall*,
 That makes it softly streak on its own seat,
 And fairly forward force its life intermall.
 That inward life's th' impress *imaginall*
 Of Natures Art, which sweetly flowreth out
 From that is cleep'd the *sphere spermaticall*:
 For there is plac'd the never fading root
 Of every flower or herb that into th' aire doth shoot.

31

Fairly invited by Sols piercing ray
 And inward tickled with his chearing spright,
 All plants break thorough into open day,
 Rend the thick curtain of cold cloying night,
 The earths opakenes enemy to light,
 And crown themselves in signe of victorie
 With shining leaves, and goodly blossomes bright.
 Thus called out by friendly sympathie
 Their souls move of themselves on their *Centreitie*.

But

But it's more plain in animalitie,
 When fierie courfers strike the grassie ground
 With swift tempestuous feet, that farre and nigh
 They fill mens eares with a broad thundring sound
 (From bollow hoof so strongly it doth rebound)
 What's that that twitcheth up their legs so fast,
 And fiercely jerks them forth, that many wound
 They give to their own mothes in their hast?
 With eager steps they quickly mete the Forrest wast.

That outward form is but a neurospast;
 The soul it is that on her subtile ray,
 That she shoots out, the limbs of moving beast
 Doth stretch straight forth, so straightly as she may.
 Bones joynts and sinews shap'd of stubborn clay
 Cannot so easly lie in one straight line
 With her projected might, much lesse obey
 Direct retractions of these beames fine:
 So straight retreat they must of necessitie decline.

But yet they follow in a course oblique,
 With angular doublings, as the joint's permit:
 So go they up together, not unlike
 An iron candle-stick the smith hath fit
 With many junctures, whom in studious fit
 Some scholar set awork: but to return,
 Lest what we aim'd at we unwares omit;
 If souls of beasts their bodies move and turn,
 And wield at phancies beck, as we describ'd beforen;

Then be the souls of beasts self-moving forms,
 Bearing their bodies as themselves think meet,
 Invited or provok'd, so they transform
 At first themselves within, then straight in sight
 Those motions come, which suddenly do light
 Upon the bodies visible, which move
 According to the will of th' inward spright.
 In th' inward spright be anger, hate and love:
 Hence claws, horns, hoofs they use the pinching ill & amove.

37

Thus have I plainly prov'd that souls of beasts
 And plants do move themselves. That souls of men
 Should be more stupid, and farre lesse releast
 From matters bondage, surely there's none can
 Admit of, though but slightly they do scan
 The cause. But for to put all out of doubt,
 Let's take again the same way we have ran,
 Break down all obstacles that hinder mought
 Our future course to make all plain all clear throughout.

38

If there be no self-motion in mans soul,
 That it nor this nor that way can propend
 Of its owe self, nor can no whit controll
 Nor will of its own self, who can offend?
 For no mans self (if you do well perpend)
 Guiltie's of ought when nought doth from him flow.
 Whither do learning, laws, grave speeches tend?
 Speaks the rude carter to the waggon flow
 With threat'ning words, or to the beasts that do it draw?

39

Surely unto the beasts that eas'ly go :
 For there's the principle of motion,
 Such principle as can it self foreflow,
 Or forward presse by incitation :
 Which though it moves by commination,
 So stifly strives, yet from it self it strives,
 Bears it self forth with stout contention,
 And ever and anon the whip revives
 That inward life, so bravely on the Rustick drives.

40

Again, all that sweet labour would be lost
 That Gods good spirit takes in humane mind,
 So oft we courted be so often cross'd :
 But nor that tender amorous courtship kind
 Hath any place, where we no place can find
 For a self-yielding love; Or if self-will
 Be not in us, how eas'ly were declin'd
 All crosses? None could happen us untill,
 How will I want, and want no crosse passeth my skill.

Besides

41

Besides when reason works with fantasie,
 And changeable conceits we do contrive,
 Purging and pruning with all industrie,
 What's dead or uselesse, lesse demonstrative,
 What's dull or flaccid, nought illustrative,
 Quenching unfitted phantasmes in our brain,
 And for our better choice new flames revive;
 The busie soul thus doth her reason strain
 To write or speak what envious tongue may never stain:

42

Or when quite heedlesse of this earthie world
 She lifts her self unto the azure skie,
 And with those wheeling gyres around is hurld,
 Turns in herself in a due distancie
 The erring seven; or a stretch'd line doth tie
 O'th' silver-bowed moon from horn to horn;
 Or finds out Phœbus vast soliditie
 By his diametre, measures the morn,
 Girds the swoln earth with linear list, though earth she

(scorn.

43

All this is done, though bodie never move:
 The soul about it self circumgyrates
 Her various forms, and what she most doth love
 She oft before her self stabilitates;
 She stilly stayes't and wisely contemplates,
 Or lets it somewhat slower descend
 Down to the nether Night; she temperates
 Her starrie orb, makes her bright forms to wend
 Even as she list: Anon she'll all with darknesse blend.

44

Thus variously she doth herself invest
 With rising forms, and reasoneth all the way;
 And by right reason doth herself deuest
 Of faller phancies. Who then can gainsay
 But she's self-mov'd when she doth with self-sway
 Thus change herself, as inward life doth feel?
 If not, then some inspiring sprights bewray
 Each reasoning. Yet though to them we deal
 First motion, yet our selves oughr know what they reveal.

But

45

But if nor of our selves we moved be
 At first, without any invasion
 Of stirring forms that into energie
 Awake the soul; nor after-motion
 From its own centre by occasion
 Doth issue forth; then it's not conscious
 Of ought: For so 'twill want adversion.
 But nothing can animadvert for us:
 Therefore all humane souls be self-vivacious.

46

Thus have I prov'd all souls have centrall motion
 Springing from their own selves. But they'll object
 Gainst th' universallesse of this clear notion,
 That whiles self-flowing source I here detect
 In plants, in brutes, in men, I ought reject
 No soul from wished immortalitie,
 But give them durance when they are reject
 From organized corporeitie:
 Thus brutes and plants shall gain lasting eternitie.

47

'Tis true, a never fading durancie
 Belongs to all hid principles of life;
 But that full grasp of vast *Eternitie*
 Longs not to beings simply vegetive,
 Nor yet to creatures merely sensitive:
 Reason alone cannot arrive to it.
 Onely souls *Deiform* intellectuall
 Unto that height of happinesse can get;
 Yet immortalitie with other souls may fit.

48

No force of Nature can their strength annoy.
 For they be subtiler then the silken aire,
 Which fatall fire from heaven cannot destroy.
 All grossenesse its devouring teeth may sheare,
 And present state of visibles empare;
 But the fine curtains of the lasting skie,
 Though not of love, yet it perforce must spare.
 If they could burn, each spark from flint would trie,
 And a bright broad-spread flame to either Pole would hie.

But

49

But if all souls survive their bulks decay,
 Another difficultie will straight arise,
 Concerning their estate when they're away
 Flit from this grosser world. Shall Paradise
 Receive the sprights of beasts? or wants it trees,
 That their sweet verdant souls should thither take?
 Who shall conduct those stragling colonies?
 Or be they straightway drench'd in Lethe lake?
 So that cold sleep their shriveld life from work doth slake.

50

Or if that all or some of them awake,
 What is their miserie? what their delight?
 How come they that refined state forsake?
 Or had they their first being in our sight?
 Whither to serve? what is the usefull might
 Of these spirituall trees? doth fearfull hare
 Flie the pursuing dog? doth soaring kite
 Prey upon silly chickins? is there jarre,
 Or be those sprights agreed, none to other contraire?

51

If some contraire; then tell me, how's their fight?
 What is the spoil? what the stout victors meed?
 No flesh, no bloud whereon to spend their spight,
 Or whereupon these hungry souls may feed.
 Or doth the stronger suck the aierie weed
 Wherewith the other did it self invest?
 And so more freshly deck it self at need?
 An aierie prey for aierie spight is best;
 Or do they want no food, but be still full and rest?

52

Die they again? draw they in any breath?
 Or be they sterill? or bring forth their young?
 Beat their light feet on the soft aierie heath?
 Expreffe they joy or sorrow with their tongue?
 Enough! who ere thou art that thus dost throng
 My tender Muse with rough objections stout,
 Give me but leave to tell thee thou art wrong,
 If being of a thing thou call'st in doubt
 Cause its more hid conditions shine not clearly out.

Who

53

Who questions but there is a quantitie
 Of things corporeall, a trimall dimension,
 Of solid bodies? yet to satisfie
 All doubts that may be made about extension
 Would plunge the wisest Clerk. I'll onely mention
 That quere, of what parts it doth consist,
 Whether of Atoms; or what strange retention
 Still keepeth so much back, that if God list
 He could not count the parts of a small linear twist.

54

For his division never could exhaust
 The particles, say they, of quantitie.
 O daring wit of man that thus doth boast
 It self, and in pursuit of sciencie
 Forget the reverend laws of pietie.
 What thing is hid from that all-seeing light?
 What thing not done by his all-potencie?
 He'can discern by his clear-piercing might
 The close-couch'd number of each bignesse comes in sight:

55

And so can count them out even part by part;
 In number, measure, weight, he all things makes
 Each unite he dissevers by his Arts
 But here this searching reason to evade,
 Each quantum's infinite, straight will be said,
 That's against sense. If it be infinite
 Of parts, then tell me, be those parts out-spread?
 Or not extent? if extended outright
 Each flie in summer even is higher then Heavens height.

56

If not extended, then that quantum's nought.
 Some be extended, others not extent
 Already (answers a vain shifting thought)
 But those potentiall parts, how be they meint
 With those that now be actually distent?
 Even thus you grant, that those that actually be
 Be plainly finite, against your intent,
 Grant me but that, and we shall well agree.
 So must sleight Atoms be sole parts of quantitie.

But

57

But if't consist of points: then a Scalene
I'll prove all one with an Iſosceles:
With as much ease I'll evince clear and clean
That the crosse lines of a Rhomboides
That from their meeting to all angles presse
Be of one length, though one from earth to heaven
Would reach, and that the other were much lesse
Then a small digit of the lowest of seven
So as she'pears to us, yet I could prove them even.

58

And that the moon (though her circumference
Be farre more straight then is the earthie ball)
Sometime the earth illumineth at once
And with her grasping rayes enlights it all;
And that the Sunnes great bodie sphericall
Greater then th' earth, farre greater then the moon,
Even at midday illumines not at all
This earthie globe in his Apogee;
So that we in deep darknesse sit, though at high noon.

59

Of will, of motion, of divine foresight,
Here might I treat with like perplexitie.
But it's already clear that 'tis not right
To reason down the firm subsistencie
Of things from ignorance of their proper tie.
Therefore not requisite for to determe
The hid conditions of vitalitie
Or shrunk or sever'd; onely I'll affirm
It is, which my next song shall further yet confirm.

THE

23
**THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHATHANASIA.**

Book 1. Cant. 3.

*Orewhelm'd with grief and pitious woe
For fading lifes decays;
How no souls die, from Lunar bow,
A nymph to me displays.*

1
IN silent night, when mortalls be at rest,
And bathe their molten limbs in slothfull sleep,
My troubled ghost strange cares did straight molest,
And plung'd my heavie soul in sorrow deep:
Large floods of tears my moistned cheeks did steep,
My heart was wounded with compassionate love
Of all the creatures: sadly out I creep
From mens close mansions, the more to improve
My mournfull plight, so softly on I forward move.

2
Aye me! said I, within my wearied breast,
And sigh'd sad, wherefore did God erect
This stage of misery? thrice, fouretimes blest
Whom churlish Nature never did eject
From her dark womb, and cruelly object
By sense and life unto such balefull smart;
Every slight entrance into joy is checkt
By that soure step-dames threats, and visage tart:
Our pleasure of our pain is not the thousandth part.

3
Thus vex'd I was 'cause of mortality:
Her curst remembrance cast me in this plight,
That I grew sick of the worlds vanity.
Ne ought recomfort could my sunken spright,
What so I hate may do me no delight.
Few things (alas) I hate, the more my woe,
The things I love by mine own sad foresight
Make me the greater torments undergo,
Because I know at last they're gone like idle show.

Each goodly sight my sense doth captivate
 When vernall flowers their silken leaves display,
 And ope their fragrant bosomes, I that state
 Would not have changed but indure for aye;
 Nor care to mind that that fatall decay
 Is still recured by faithfull succession.
 But why should ought that's good thus fade away?
 Should steddy Spring exclude Summers accession?
 Or Summer spoil the Spring with furious hot oppression?

5

You chearfull chaunters of the flowring woods,
 That feed your carelesse souls with pleasant layes,
 O silly birds! cease from your merry moods:
 Ill suits such mirth when dreary deaths assayes
 So closely presse your sory carkases:
 To mournfull note turn your light verilayes,
 Death be your song, and Winters hoary sprayes,
 Spend your vain sprights in sighing Elegies:
 I'll help you to lament your wofull miseryes.

6

When we lay cover'd in the shady Night
 Of senselesse matter, we were well content
 With that estate, nought pierc'd our anxious spright,
 No harm we suffered, no harm we ment;
 Our rest not with light dream of ill was blent:
 But when rough Nature, with her iron hond,
 Pull'd us from our soft ease, and hither hent,
 Disturbing fear and pinching pain we found,
 Full many a bitter blast, full many a dreadfull sound.

7

Yet lifes strong love doth so intoxicate
 Our misty minds, that we do fear to dy.
 What did dame Nature brood all things of hate?
 And onely give them life for misery?
 Sense for an undeserved penalty?
 And show that if she list, that she could make
 Them happy? but with spightfull cruelty
 Doth force their groaning ghosts this house forsake?
 And to their ancient nought their empty selves betake!

Thus

Thus in deep sorrow and restlesse disdain
 Against the cankered doom of envious fate,
 I clove my very heart with riving pain,
 While I in fullen rage did ruminare
 The Creatures vanity and wofull state;
 And night that ought to yield us timely rest,
 My swelling griefs did much more aggravate:
 The sighs and groans of weary sleeping beast
 Seem'd as if sleep it self their spirits did molest:

Or as constrain'd perforce that boon to wrest
 From envious Nature. All things did augment
 My heavy plight, that foully I blam'd the heft
 Of stubborn destiny cause of this wayment.
 Even sleep that's for our restauration ment,
 As execrable thing I did abhorre,
 Cause ugly death to th' life it did depeint:
 What good came to my mind I did deplore,
 Because it perish must and not live evermore.

Thus wrapt in rufull thought through the waste field
 I staggered on, and scattered my woe,
 Bedew'd the grasse with tears mine eyes did yield,
 At last I am arriv'd with footing slow
 Near a black pitchy wood, that strongest throw
 Of starry beam no'te easily penetrate:
 On the North side I walked to and fro
 In solitary shade. The Moons sly gate
 Had cross'd the middle line: It was at least so late.

When th' other part of night in painfull grief
 Was almost spent, out of that solemn grove
 There issued forth for my timely relief,
 The fairest wight that ever sight did prove,
 So fair a wight as might command the love
 Of best of mortall race; her count'nance sheen
 The pensive shade gently before her drove,
 A milde sweet light shone from her lovely eyne:
 She seem'd no earthly branch but sprung of stock divine.

12

A filken mantle, colour'd like the skie
 With silver starres in a due distance set,
 Was cast about her somewhat carelessly,
 And her bright flowing hair was not ylet
 By Arts device ; onely a chappelet
 Of chiefest flowers, which from far and near
 The Nymphs in their pure lilly hands had set,
 Upon her temples she did seemly wear ;
 Her own fair beams made all her ornaments appear.

13

What wilfull wight doth thus his kindly rest
 Forsakes? said she, approaching me unto.
 What rage, what sorrow boils thus in thy chest
 That thou thus spend'st the night in wasting wo?
 Oft help he gets that his hid ill doth show.
 Ay me ! said I, my grief's not all mine own ;
 For all mens griefs into my heart do flow,
 Nor mens alone, but every mournfull grone
 Of dying beast, or what so else that grief hath shown.

14

From fading plants my sorrows freshly spring:
 And thou thy self that com'st to comfort me,
 Wouldst strongest occasion of deep sorrow bring,
 If thou wert subject to mortality:
 But I no mortall wight thee deem to be,
 Thy face thy voice immortall thee proclaim.
 Do I not well to wail the vanity
 Of fading life, and churlish fates to blame
 That with cold frozen death life's chearfull motions tame?

15

Thou dost not well, said she to me again,
 Thou hurt'st thy self, and dost to them no good.
 The sighs thou sendest out cannot regain
 Life to the dead, thou canst not change the mood
 Of stedfast destiny. That man is wood
 That weetingly hastes on the thing he hates :
 Dull sorrow chokes the sprights, congeals the blood,
 The bodies fabrick quickly ruinate.
 Yet foolish men do fondly blame the hasty fates.

Come

16

Come, hasty fates, said I, come take away
 My weary life, the fountain of my wo :
 When that's extinct or shrunk into cold clay,
 Then well I wote that I shall undergo
 No longer pain. O / why are you so slow !
 Fond speech, said she, nor chang'd her countenance,
 No signe of grief or anger she did show ;
 Full well she knew passions misgovernance,
 Though her clear brest fond passion never yet did lance.

17

But thus spake on, sith friendly sympathy
 With all the creatures thus invades thy brest,
 And strikes thine heart with so deep agony
 For their decay, 'cording to that behest
 Which the pure source of sympathy hath prest
 On all that of those lovely streams have drunk,
 I'll tell thee that that needs must please thee best,
All life's immortal ; though the outward trunk
 May changed be, yet life to nothing never shrunk.

18

With that she bad me rear my heavy eye
 Up toward heaven. I rear'd them toward th' East,
 Wherein a rosie cloud I did espy
 A Lunar rainbow in her painted vest ;
 The heavenly maid in the meanwhile surceast
 From further speech while I the bow did view :
 But mine old malady was more increas'd,
 The bow gan break, and all the gawdy hew
 Dispeared, that my heart the sight did inly rue.

19

Thus life doth vanish as this bow is gone,
 Said I: That sacred Nymph forthwith reply'd,
 Vain shewes may vanish that have gayly shone
 To feeble sense ; but if the truth be try'd,
 Life cannot perish or to nothing slide:
 It is not life that falleth under sight ;
 None but vain flitting qualities are ey'd
 By wondring ignorance. The virall spright
 As surely doth remain as the Suns lasting light.

G 3

This

20

This bow, whose breaking struck thy troubled heart,
 Of causelesse grief, I hope. shall thee recure,
 When I have well explain'd with skilfull Art
 By its resemblance what things must indure,
 What things decay and cannot standen sure.
 The higher causes of that coloured Ark,
 What e're becomes of it, do sit secure.
 That so (the body failing) lifes fair spark
 Is safe, I'll clearly show if you but list to mark.

21

There be six Orders 'fore you do descend
 To this gay painted bow : Sols centrell spright
 To the first place, to th' next we must commend
 His hid spread form, then his inherent light,
 The fourth his rayes wherewith he is bedight,
 The fifth that glistring circle of the Moon,
 That goodly round full face all silver bright,
 The sixth be beams that from her visage shone ;
 The seventh that gawdy bow that was so quickly gone.

22

The fluid matter was that dewy cloud,
 That faild as faithlesse Hyle wont to sail :
 New guest being come, the old she out doth croud ;
 But see how little Hyle did prevail,
 Or sad destruction in this deemed bale !
 Sols spright, hid form, fair light and out-gone rayes,
 The Moons round silver face withouten veil
 Do still remain, her beams she still displayes,
 The cloud but melt, not lost, the bow onely decays.

23

This number suits well with the *Universe* :
 The number's eight of the Orbs generall,
 From whence things flow or wherein they converse,
 The first we name *Nature Monadical*,
 The second hight *Life Intellectuall*,
 Third *Psychicall*, the fourth *Imaginative*,
 Fifth *Sensitive*, the sixth *Spermatieall*,
 The seventh be fading forms *Quantitative*,
 The eighth *Hyle* or *Ananke* perverse, coactive.

That

24

That last is nought but potentiality,
Which in the lower creature causeth strife,
Destruction by impossibility
In some, as in the forms *Quantitative*.
All here depend on the Orb *Unitive*,
Which also hight Nature *Monadically*;
As all those lights and colours did derive
Themselves from lively Phœbus life centrall.
Nought therefore but vain sensibles we see caducall.

25

And that the first *Every-where-Unitie*
Is the true root of all the living creatures,
As they descend in each distinct degree,
That God's the sustentacle of all Natures;
And though those outward forms and gawdy features
May quail like rainbowed in the roscid sky,
Or glistering Parelies or other meteors;
Yet the clear light doth not to nothing fly:
Those six degrees of life stand sure, and never dy.

26

So now we plainly see that the dark matter
Is not that needfull prop to hold up life;
And though death's engines this grosse bulk do shatter,
We have not lost our Orb conservative,
Of which we are a ray derivative.
The body sensible so garnished
With outward forms these inward do relieve,
Keep up in fashion and fresh lively-hed;
But this grosse bulk those inward lives stands in no sted.

27

Nor can one inward form another slay,
Though they may quell their present energy,
And make them close contract their yielding ray
And hide themselves in their *centreity*
Till some friendly appulse doth set them free,
And call them out again into broad day.
Hence lives gush not in superfluity
Into this world, but their due time do stay,
Though their strong centrall essence never can decay.

In Earth, in Aire, in the vast flowing Plain,
 In that high Region high Æthereall,
 In every place these Atom-lives remain,
 Even those that sleepe are forms *feminall*.
 But souls of men by force *imagina'll*
 Easily supply their place, when so they list
 Appear in thickned Aire with shape externall
 Display their light and form in cloudy mist,
 That much it doth amaze the musing Naturalist.

Wherefore sith life so strongly sealed is,
 Purge out fond thoughts out of thy weary mind,
 And rather strive that thou do nought amisse,
 Then God to blame and Nature as unkind
 When nought in them we blamable can find.
 When groaning ghosts of beasts or men depart,
 Their tender mother doth but them unbind
 From grosser fetters, and more toilsome smart.
 Bless'd is the man that hath true knowledge of her Art.

And more for to confirm this mystery,
 She vanish'd in my presence into Aire,
 She spread herself with the thin liquid sky;
 But I thereat fell not into despair
 Of her return, nor wail'd her visage fair,
 That so was gone, For I was woxen strong
 In this belief, That nothing can empair
 The inward life, or its hid essence wrong.
 O the prevailing might of a sweet learned tongue!

By this the Suns bright waggon gan ascend
 The Eastern hill, and draw on chearfull day;
 So I full fraught with joy do homeward wend,
 And fed my self with that that Nymph did say,
 And did so cunningly to me convey,
 Resolving for to teach all willing men
 Lifes mystery, and quite to chase away
 Mind-mudding mist sprung from low fulsome fen:
 Praise my good will, but pardon my weak faulting pen.

31

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 1. Cant. 4.

*That Hyle or first matter's nought
But potentialitie;
That God's the never-fading root
Of all Vitalitie.*

1

VVhat I was wisely taught in that still Night,
That *Hyle* is the Potentialitie
Of Gods dear Creatures, I embrace as right,
And them nigh blame of deep idolatrie
That give so much to that slight nullitie,
That they should make it root substantiall
Of nimble life, and that quick entitie
That doth so strongly move things naturall, (fall.
That life from hence should spring, that hither life should

2

That all that springs from hence should be resolv'd
Into this mirklome source, *first matter* hight,
This muddie myst'rie they no se well unfold.
If it be onely a bare passive might
With Gods and Natures goodly dowries dight,
Bringing hid Noughts into existencie,
Or sleeping Somethings into wide day-light,
Then *Hyle* is plainly potentialitie,
Which doth not straight inferre certain mortalitie.

3

For the immortall Angels do consist
Of outgone act and possibilitie;
Nor any other creature doth exist,
Releas't from dreary deaths necessitie,
If it potentialnesse so certainly
Ensuen must. If substance actuall
They will avouch this first matter to be,
Fountain of forms, and prop fiduciall
Of all those lives and beings cleeped Naturall;

Then

4

Then may it prove the sphere *spermatieall*,
 Or *sensitive* (if they would yield it life)
 Or that is next, the orb *Imaginall*,
 Or rather all these orbs; withouten strife
 So mought we all conclude that their relief
 And first existence from this sphere they drew:
 And so our adversaries, loath or lief,
 Must needs confesse that all the lore was true
 Concerning life, that that fair Nymph so clearly shew;

5

And that particular lives that be yborn
 Into this world, when their act doth dispear,
 Do cease to be no more then the snails horn,
 That she shrinks in because she cannot bear
 The wanton boys rude touch, or heavy chear
 Of stormie winds. The secundarie light
 As surely shineth in the heavens clear,
 As do the first fair beams of Phœbus bright,
 Lasting they are as they, though not of so great might.

6

So be the effluxes of those six orders,
 Unfading lives from fount of livelihood:
 Onely what next to strifesfull *Hyle* borders,
 Particular visibles deaths drearyhood
 Can seize upon. They passe like sliding flood.
 For when to this worlds dregs lives downward hie,
 They stroy one th' other in fell cankred mood,
 Beat back their rayes by strong antipathie,
 Or some more broad-spread cause do choke their energie.

7

But to go on to that common conceit
 Of the first matter: What can substance do,
 Poore, naked substance, megre, drie, dull, slight,
 Inert, unactive, that no might can show
 Of good or ill to either friend or foe,
 All livelesse, all formelesse? She doth sustain.
 And hath no strength that task to undergo?
 Besides that work is needlesse all in vain:
 Each *centrall* form its rayes with ease can well up-stayen.

What

8

What holds the earth in the thin fluid aire?
 Can matter void of fix'd soliditie?
 But she like kindly nurse her forms doth chear.
 What can be suck'd from her dark dugges drie?
 Nor warmth, nor moistnesse, nor fast densitie
 Belong to her. Therefore ill nurse I ween
 She'll make, that neither hath to satisfie
 Young-craving life, nor firmnesse to susteine
 The burden that upon her arms should safely leen.

9

Therefore an uselesse superfluitie
 It is to make *Hyle* substantiall:
 Onely let's term't the possibilitie
 Of all created beings. Lives *centrall*
 Can frame themselves a right compositall,
 While as they sitten soft in the sweet rayes
 Or vitall vest of the lives generall,
 As those that out of the earths covert raise
 Themselves, fairly provok'd by warmth of sunnie dayes.

10

And thus all accidents will prove the beams
 Of inward forms, their flowing energies
 And quantitie the extension of such streams,
 That goes along even with each qualitie.
 Thus have we div'd to the profunditie
 Of darkest matter, and have found it nought
 But all this worlds bare *Possibilitie*.
 Nought therefore 'gainst lifes durance can be brought
 From *Hyles* pit, that quenchen may that pleasant thought.

THE

34
**THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHATHANASIA.**

Book 2. Cant. 1.

*Mans soul with beasts and plants I here
Compare; Tell my chief end
His immortality's to clear;
Show whence grosse errors wend.*

1

But hitherto I have with fluttering wings
But lightly hover'd in the generall,
And taught the lasting durance of all Springs
Of hidden life. That life hight *feminall*
Doth issue forth from its deep root centrall,
One onely form entire, and no'te advert
What steals from it. Beasts life *Phantassicall*
Lets out more forms, and eke themselves convert
To view the various frie from their dark wombs exert.

2

But mans vast soul, the image of its Maker,
Like God that made it, with its mighty sway
And inward *Fiat* (if he nould forsake her)
Can turn sad darknesse into lightsome day,
And the whole creature 'fore it self display:
Bid them come forth and stand before its sight,
They straight flush out and her drad voice obey:
Each shape each life doth leapen out full light,
And at her beck return into their usuall *Night*.

3

Of God himself here listeth to appear,
Though not perforce yet of his own frank will
Sheds his sweet life, dispreads his beauty clear,
And like the Sunne this lesser world doth fill,
And like the Sunne doth the soul *Python* kill
With his bright darts, but cheareth each good spright.
This is the soul that I with presser quill
Must now pursue and fall upon down-right,
Not to destroy but prove it of immortall might,

Nor

4

Nor let blind Momus dare my Muse backbite,
 As wanton or superfluously wise
 For what is past. She is but justly quit
 With Lucrece, who all souls doth mortalize:
 Wherefore she did them all immortalize,
 Besides in beasts and men th' affinities
 Doth seem so great, that without prejudice
 To many proofs for th' immortalitie
 Of humane Souls, the same to beasts we no'te denie.

5

But I herein no longer list contend.
 The two first kinds of souls I'll quite omit,
 And 'cording as at first I did intend—
 Bestirre me stiffly, force my feeble wit
 To rescue humane souls from deaths deep pit;
 Which I shall do with reasons as subtile
 As I can find: slight proofs cannot well fit
 In so great cause, nor phantasies florid wiles;
 I'll win no mans assent by a false specious guile.

6

I onely wish that arguments exile
 May not seem nought unto the duller eyes
 Nor that the fatter phantasie my lean style
 Do blame: it's fittest for philosophie.
 And give me leave from any energie
 That springs from humane soul my cause to prove,
 And in that order as they list to flie
 Of their own selves, so let them freely rove.
 That naturally doth come doth oft the stronger move.

7

Self-motion and centrall stabilitie
 I have already urg'd in generall;
 Als did right pressly to our soul applie
 Those properties, who list it to recall
 Unto their minds; but now we'll let it fall
 As needlesse. Onely that vitalitie,
 That doth extend this great Univerfall,
 And move th' inert Materialitie
 Of great and little worlds, that keep in memorie.

And

And how the mixture of their rayes may breed
 Th' opinion of uncertain qualitie,
 When they from certain roots of life do spread;
 But their pure beams must needs ychanged be
 When that those rayes or not be setten free
 Thinly dispers'd, or else be closely meint
 With other beams of plain diversitie,
 That causeth oft a strong impediment :
 So doth this bodies life to the souls high intent.

The lower man is nought but a fair plant,
 Whose grosser matter is from the base ground;
 The Plastick might thus finely did him paint,
 And fill'd him with the life that doth abound
 In all the places of the world around.
 This spirit of life is in each shapen'd thing,
 Suck'd in and changed and strangely confound,
 As we conceive: This is the nourishing
 Of all; but *spermall* form, the certain shapening.

This is that strange-form'd statue magicall,
 That hovering souls unto it can allure
 When it's right fitted; down those spirits fall
 Like Eagle to her prey, and so endure
 While that low life be in good temperature.
 That a dead bodie without virall spright
 And friendly temper should a guest procure
 Of so great worth, without the dear delight
 Of joyous sympathie, no man can reckon right.

But here unlucky Souls do waxen sick
 Of an ill surfeit from the poison'd bait
 Of this sweet tree, yet here perforce they stick
 In weak condition, in a languid state.
 Many through ignorance do fondly hate
 To be releas'd from this imprisonment,
 And grieve the walls be so nigh ruinate.
 They be bewitch'd so with the blandishment
 Of that fresh strumpet, when in love they first were ment.

12

Others disdain this so near unitie,
 So farre they be from thinking they be born
 Of such low parentage, so base degree,
 And fleshes foul attraction they do scorn.
 They be th' outgoings of the *Eastern morn*,
 Alli'd to God and his vitalitie,
 And pray to their first spring, that thus forlorn
 And left in mud, that he would set them free,
 And them again possesse of pristine puritie.

13

But seemeth not my Muse too hastily
 To soare aloft, that better by degrees
 Unto the vulgar mans capacitie
 Mought shew the souls so high excellencies,
 And softly from all corporeities
 It heaven up unto its proper seat,
 When we have drove away grosse falities,
 That do assault the weaker mens conceit,
 And free the simple mind from phantasies foul deceit.

14

The drooping soul so strongly's coloured
 With the long commerce of corporealls,
 That she from her own self awide is led,
 Knows not herself, but by false name she calls
 Her own high being, and what ere befalls
 Her grosser bodie, she that miserie
 Doth deem her own : for she herself miscalls
 Or some thin bodie, or spread qualitie,
 Or point of qualitie, or fixt or setten free.

29 15

But whether thin spread body she doth deem
 Her self, dispersed through this grosser frame;
 Or doth herself a qualitie esteem,
 Or quaint complexion, streaming through the same;
 Or else some lucid point herself doth name
 Of such a qualitie, in chiefest part
 Strongly fix'd down; or whether she doth clame
 More freedome for that point, in head nor heart
 Fast seared; yet, saith she, the bodie's brat thou art.
 Thence

Thence thou arose, thence thou canst not depart:
 There die thou must, when thy dear nurse decays;
 But these false phantasies I with reason smart
 Shall eas'ly chace away, and the mind raise
 To higher pitch. O listen to my layes,
 And when you have seen fast seald eternitie
 Of humane souls, then your great Maker praise
 For his never fading benignitie,
 And feed your selves with thought of immortalitie.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 2:

Cant. 2.

*Sense no good judge of truth: What's spright,
 What body we descrie:
 Prove from the souls inferiour might
 Her incorpreitie.*

WHile I do purpose with my self to sing
 The souls incorporeitie, I fear
 That it a worse perplexitie may bring
 Unto the weaker mind and duller eares;
 For she may deem herself 'stroyd quite and clear
 While all corporealls from her we expell:
 For she has yet not mark'd that higher sphere
 Where her own essence doth in safetie dwell,
 But views her lower shade, like boy at brink of well;

Dotes upon sense, and its base energie,
 Busied about vain forms corporeall;
 Contemnes as nought unseen exilitie,
 Objects of virtue *Intellectuall*,
 Though these of Substances be principall,
 But I to better hope would fainly lead
 The sunken mind, and cunningly recall
 Again to life that long hath liggén dead.
 Awake ye drooping souls! shake off that drousihead!

3

Why do you thus confide in sleepy sense,
 Ill judge of her own objects? who'll believe
 The eye contracting Phœbus Orb immense
 Into the compasse of a common sieve?
 If solid reason did not us relieve,
 The host of heaven alwayes would idle stand
 In our conceit, nor could the Sun revive
 The nether world, nor do his Lords command.
 Things near seem further off; farst off, the nearst at hand.

4

The touch acknowledgeth no gustables;
 The tast no fragrant smell or stinking sent;
 The smell doth not once dream of audibles;
 The hearing never knew the verdant peint
 Of springs gay mantle, nor light from heaven sent
 That doth discover all that goodly pride:
 So that the senses would with zeal fervent
 Condemne each other, and their voyce deride
 If mutually they heard such things they never try'd.

5

But reason, that above the sense doth sit,
 Doth comprehend all their impressions,
 And tells the touch its no fanatick fit
 That makes the sight of illustrations
 So stilly talk upon occasions,
 But judgeth all their voyces to be true
 Concerning their straight operations,
 And doth by nimble consequences shew
 To her own self what those wise five yet never knew.

6

They never knew ought but corporealls:
 But see how reason doth their verdict rude
 Confute, by loosening materialls
 Into their principles, as latitude
 Profundity of bodies to conclude.
 The term of latitude is breadthlesse line;
 A point the line doth manfully retrude
 From infinite proceffe; site doth confine
 This point; take site away its straight a spark divine.

H

And

And thus unloos'd it equally respects
 The bodyes parts, not fixt to any one.
 Let't be diffused through all. Thus it detects
 The soul's strange nature, operation,
 Its independency, loose union
 With this frail body. So is this unity
 Great, but without that grosse extension,
 Exceeding great in her high energie,
 Extended farre and wide from her non-quantity.

If yet you understand not, let the soul,
 Which you suppose extended with this masse,
 Be all contract and close together roll
 Into the centre of the hearts compasse:
 As the suns beams that by a concave glasse
 Be strangely strengthened with their strait constraint
 Into one point, that thence they stoutly passe,
 Fire all before them withouten restraint, (taine.
 The high arch'd roof of heaven with smouldry smoke they

But now that grosnesse, which we call the heart,
 Quite take away, and leave that spark alone
 Without that sensible corporeall part
 Of humane body : so when that is gone,
 One nimble point of life, that's all at one
 In its own self, doth wonderfully move,
 Indispers'd, quick, close with selfe-union,
 Hot, sparkling, active, mounting high above,
 In bignesse nought, in virtue like to thundring Jove.

Thus maugre all th' obmurmurings of sense
 We have found an essence incorporeall,
 A shifting centre with circumference,
 But she not onely sits in midst of all,
 But is also in a manner centrall
 In her outflowing lines. For the extension
 Of th' outshot rayes circumferentiall
 Be not gone from her by distrought distension,
 Her point is at each point of all that spread dimension.

11

This is a substance truly spiritall,
 That reason by her gliftring lamp hath shown :
 No such the sense in things corporeall
 Can ere find out. May this perswasion,
 O sunken souls, slaves of sensation,
 Rear up your heads and chase away all fear
 How (when by strong argumentation
 I shall you strip of what so doth appear
 Corporeall) that you to nought should vanish clear.

12

The naked essence of the body's this
 Matter extent in three dimensions
 (Hardnesse or softnesse be but qualities)
 Withouten *self reduplications*
 Or *outspread circling propagations*
Of its own presence. This being's corporall,
 And what with this in such extension
 Singly's stretch'd out, is form materiall.
 Whether our soul be such we'll now bring unto triall.

13

If souls be bodies, or inanimate
 They be, or else endowed with life. If they
 Be livelesse, give they life ? if animate,
 Then tell me what doth life to them convey ?
 Some other body ? Here can be no stay.
 Straight we must ask whether that livelesse be
 Or living. Then, what 'lives it. Thus we'll play
 Till we have forc'd you to infinity,
 And make your cheeks wax red at your Philosophy.

14

Again, pray tell me, is this body grosse
 Or fluid, and thin you deem the soul to be ?
 If grosse, then either strongly it is cross'd
 From entring some parts of th' outward body,
 And so they want their due vitality ;
 Or if it penetrate this bulk throughout,
 It breaks and tears, and puts to penalty
 This sory carcas. If t thin and fluid be thought,
 How pulls it up those limbs and again jerks them out ?

15

Besides, if stretchen corporeity
 Longs to the soul, then Augmentation
 Must likewise thereto appertain. But see
 Th' absurdities that this opinion
 Will drag on with it: for effluxion
 Of parts will spoil the steddly memory,
 And wash away all intellection,
 Deface the beauty of that imagery
 That once was fairly graven in her phantasie.

16

But oft when the weak bodie's worn and wasted
 And far shrunk in, the nimble phantasie
 (So far shee's from being withered & blasted)
 More largely worketh, and more glitterandly
 Displayes her spreaden forms, and chearfully
 Pursues her sports. Again, the greater corse
 Would most be fill'd with magnanimity:
 But oft we see the lesse hath greater force,
 To fight, or talk; the greater oft we see the worse.

17

All which if weighed well, must ill agree
 With bodyes natures, which merely consist
 In a dull, silent, stupid quantity,
 Stretching forth mirksome matter, in what list
 Or precincts no man knows. No Naturalist
 Can it define, unlesse they adde a form
 That easily curbs the thing that no'te resist,
 And after its own will can it inform.
 It still and stupid stands and thinks nor good nor harm.

18

The man is mad, that will at all agree
 That this is soul: Or if forme bodily
Non-replicate, extent, not setten free,
 But straight stretch'd out in corporeity
 (Betwixt these two there's that affinity)
 As little wit that man will seem to have.
 Which I shall plainly prove by th' energie
 Of sense, though that same force seem not so brave,
 Yet for the present I'll not climbe to higher stave.

If

19

If souls be substances corporeall,
 Be they as big just as the body is?
 Or shoot they out to th^e height Æthereall?
 (Of such extent are the sights energies)
 If they shoot out, be they equally transmissive
 Around this body? or onely upward start?
 If round the body, Nature did amis
 To lose her paines in half of the soules part, (dart.
 That part can finden nought that through the earth doth

20

Or will you say she is an hemisphere?
 But a ridiculous experiment
 Will soon confute it: list you but to rear
 Your agill heels towards the firmament,
 And stand upon your head; that part is bent
 Down through the earth, that earst did threat the skie:
 So that your soul now upward is extent
 No higher then your heels, yet with your eye
 The heavens great vastnesse as before you now discry.

21

You'll say, this souls thin spread exility
 Turns not at all. How doth it then depend
 Upon this body? It has no unity
 Therewith, but onely doth of cur'sy lend
 It life, as doth the worlds great lamp down send
 Both light and warmth unto each living wight;
 And if they chance to fail and make an end,
 Its nought to him, he shineth yet as bright
 As ere he did. This shoves the soul immortall quite,

22

But if the soul be justly coextent
 With this straight body, nought can bigger be
 Then is our body, that she doth present;
 'Cording to laws of Corporeity
 So must she represent each realty.
 Thus tallest Gyants would be oft defyed
 By groveling Pygmies: for they could not see
 The difference, nor mete his manly stride,
 Nor ween what matchlesse strength did in his armes reside.

H 3

For

23

For they must judge him just as their own selves
 Of the same stature, of the self-same might :
 All men would seem to them their fellow Elves;
 Nor little curs would tremble at the sight
 Of greater dogs; not hawks would put to flight
 The lesser birds. Th' impression of a seal
 Can be no larger then the wax ; or right
 As big, or lesse it is. Therefore repeal
 This grosse conceit, and hold as reason doth reveal.

24

Again, if souls corporeall you ween ;
 Do the light images of things appear
 Upon the surface, slick, bright, smooth and sheen
 As in a lookingglasse ? Or whether dare
 They passe the outside and venture so farre
 As into the depth of the souls substance ?
 If this ; then they together blended are
 That nought we see with right discriminance :
 If that ; the object gone, away those forms do glance.

25

Thus should we be devoid of memory,
 And be all darknesse, till the good presence
 Of outward objects put in energie
 Our sleeping soul. But this experience
 Plainly confutes. For even in their absence
 We do retain their true similitude :
 So lovers wont to maken dalliance
 With the fair shade their minds do still include,
 And wistly view the grace wherewith she is endude.

26

But now new reasons I will set on foot,
 Drawn from the common sense, that's not extense
 But like a centre that around doth shoot
 Its rayes ; those rayes should be the outward sense
 As some resemble them. But by no pretence
 Would I the outward senses should be thought
 To act so in a spread circumference
 That the seat of their forms should be distrought,
 Or that by reach of quantities dead arms they wrought.

27

For see how little share hath quantitie
 In act of seeing, when we comprehend
 The heavens' vast compasse in our straitend eyes;
 Nor may the ox with the Eagle contend,
 Because a larger circle doth extend
 His slower lights. So that if outward sense
 In its low acts doth not at all depend
 On quantity, how shall the common-sense,
 That's farre more spiritall, have thence his dependence?

28

But still more pressly this point to pursue;
 By th' smelling, odours; voyces by the eares;
 By th' eye we apprehend the coloured hew
 Of bodies visible. But what shall steer
 The erring senses? where shall they compear
 In controversie? what the difference
 Of all their objects can with judgement clear
 Distinguish and discern? One common-sense:
 For one alone must have this great preeminence.

29

And all this one must know, though still but one;
 Else't could not judge of all. But make it two;
 Then tell me, doth the soul by this alone
 Apprend this object that the sense doth show,
 And that by that; or doth it by both know
 Both objects? suppose this colour and that sound.
 If both knew both, then nature did bestow
 In vain one faculty, it doth redound:
 But if this that, that this, what shall them both compound,

30

And by comparison judge of them both?
 Therefore that judge is one. But whether one
 Without division, lets now try that troth.
 If it be any wise extent, you're gone
 By the same reason that afore was shown.
 Suppose't a line the least of quantity.
 Or sound is here, there colour, or each one
 Of the lines parts receive them both. If we
 Grant that, again we find a superfluity.

H 4

If

31

If this part this, and that part that receive,
 We are at the same losse we were afore,
 For one to judge them both, or we bereave
 Our souls of judgement. For who can judge more
 Than what he knowes? It is above his power,
 Therefore it's plain the common sense is one,
 One individed faculty. But store
 Of parts would breed infinite confusion,
 When every part mought claim proper sensation.

32

If not, nor all could exercise the Act
 Of any sense. For could a power of sense
 Arise from stupid parts that plainly lack'd
 That might themselves. Thus with great confidence
 We may conclude that th' humane souls essence
 Is indivisible, yet every where
 In this her body. Cause th' intelligence
 She hath of whatsoever happens here :
 The aking foot the eye doth view, the hand doth cheere.

34

What tells the hand or head the toes great grief,
 When it alone is pinch'd with galling shooes?
 Do other parts not hurt call for relief
 For theirown fellow? Ill messenger of woes
 That grieveth not himself. Can they disclose
 That misery without impression
 Upon themselves? Therefore one spirit goes
 Through all this bulk, not by extension
 But by a totall *self-reduplication*.

35

Which neither body, nor dispersed form,
 Nor point of form dispersed e'r could do;
 And bodies life or spright for to transform
 Into our soul, though that might this undo,
 But yet so rash conceit to yield unto
 Cannot be safe : for if it propagate
 It's self and 'ts passions, yet they free may go
 Unmark'd, if sense would not them contemplate.
 So doth the *mundane* spright not heeded circulate.

Besides

35

Besides, if from that spirit naturall
 The nurse of plants, you should dare to assert
 That lively inward *Animadversall*
 To springen out, it would surely invert
 The order of the orbs from whence do stert
 All severall beings and of them depend.
 Therefore the orb *Phantastick* must exert
 All life *phantasticall*; *sensitive* send
 The life of sense; so of the rest unto each end.

36

There's nought from its own self can senden forth
 Ought better then it self. So nought gives sense
 That hath not sense it self, nor greater worth
 Then sense, nor sense, nor better springs from thence.
 Nor that which higher is can have essence
 Lesse active, lesse *reduplicate*, lesse free,
 Lesse spiritall, then that's amov'd from hence,
 And is an orb of a more low degree.
 Wherefore that centrall life hath more activitie,

37

And present is in each part totally
 Of this her body. Nor we ought diffide,
 Although some creatures have vitalitie,
 And stirre and move when we have them divide
 And cut in twain. Thus worms in sturdie pride
 Do wrigge and wrest their parts divorc'd by knife;
 But we must know that Natures womb doth hide
 Innumerable treasures of all life;
 And how to broken out upon each hint they strive.

38

So when the present actuall centrall life
 Of sense and motion is gone with one part
 To manage it, straight for the due relief
 Of th' other particle there up doth start
 Another centrall life, and tries its art:
 But it cannot raigne long, nor yet recure
 That deadly wound. The plantall lifes depart,
 And flitten or shrunk spright, that did procure
 Her company, being lost, make her she'll not endure.

And

39

And so at last is gone, from whence she came,
 For soon did fade that sweet allurements,
 The plantall life, which for a while did flame
 With sympathetick fire, but that being spent
 Straight she is flowne. Or may you this content?
 That some impression of that very soul
 That's gone, if gone, with plantall spirit meint
 The broken corse thus busily may roll.
 Long 'tis till water boild doth stranger heat controul.

40

Thus have we prov'd 'cording to our insight
 That humane souls be not corporeall
 (With reasons drawn from the sensitive might)
 Nor bodies, nor spread forms materiall,
 Whether you substances list them to call
 Or qualities, or point of these. I'll bring
 Hereafter proofs from power rationall
 In humane souls, to prove the self same-thing.
 Mount up aloft, my Muse, and now more shrilly sing.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 2: Cant. 3.

*The souls incorporeitie
 From powers rationall
 We prove; Discern true pietie
 From bitternesse and gall.*

I

Like Carpenter entred into a wood
 To cut down timber for some edifice
 Of stately structure, whiles he casts abroad
 His curious eye, he much perplexed is
 (There stand in view so many goodly trees)
 Where to make choice to enter his rugg'd saw:
 My Muse is plung'd in like perplexities,
 So many arguments themselves do show,
 That where to pitch my wavering mind doth yet scarce
 One

(know.
One

One taller then the rest my circling eye
 Hath hit upon, which if't be sound at heart
 Will prove a goodly piece to raise on high
 The heavenly structure of that deemed part
 Of man, his soul, and by unerring art
 Set his foundation 'bove the bodies frame
 On its own wheels, that it may thence depart
 Intire, unhurt. So doth the Scythian swain
 Drive his light moving house on the waste verdant plain.

I'll sing of pietie, that now I mean
 That Trismegist thus wisely doth define,
Knowledge of God. That's pietie I ween,
 The highest of virtues, a bright beam divine
 Which to the purer soul doth sweetly shine.
 But what's this beam? and how doth it enlight?
 What doth it teach? It teacheth to decline
 Self-love, and frampard wayes the hypocrite
 Doth trample in, accloy'd with dirt and dismall night.

Not rage, nor mischief, nor love of a sect,
 Nor eating irefulness, harsh crueltie
 Contracting Gods good will, nor conscience checke
 Or chok'd continually with impietie,
 Fauster'd and fed with hid hypocrisies
 Nor tyranny against perplexed minds,
 Nor forc'd conceit, nor man-idolatrie,
 All which the eye of searching reason blinds,
 And the souls heavenly flame in dungeon darknesse binds.

Can warres and jarres and fierce contention,
 Swoln harred, and consuming envy spring
 From pietie? No. 'Tis opinion
 That makes the riven heavens with trumpets ring,
 And thundring engine murd'rous balls out-sling,
 And send mens groning ghosts to lower shade
 Of horrid hell. This the wide world doth bring
 To devastation, makes mankind to fade:
 Such direfull things doth false religion perswade.

6

But true religion sprong from God above
 Is like its fountain full of charity,
 Embracing all things with a tender love,
 Full of good will and meek expectancy,
 Full of true justice and sure verity,
 In heart and voice; free, large, even infinite,
 Not wedg'd in straight particularity,
 But grasping all in its vast, active spright,
 Bright lamp of God! that men would joy in thy pure light!

7

Can souls that be thus universalis'd,
 Begot into the life of God e're die?
 (His light is like the sunne that doth arise
 Upon the just and unjust) can they fly
 Into a nothing? and hath God an eye
 To see himself thus wasted and decay
 In his true members? can mortality
 Seize upon that that doth it self display
 Above the laws of matter, or the bodies sway?

8

For both the bodie and the bodies spright
 Doth things unto particulars confine,
 Teaching them partiall friendship and fell spight.
 But those pure souls full of the life divine
 Look upon all things with mild friendly eyne
 Ready to do them good. Thus is their will
 Sweetly spread out, and erer doth incline
 The bent of the first Goodnesse to fulfill.
 Ay me! that dreary death such lovely life should spill!

9

Besides this largenesse in the will of man
 And winged freenesse, now let's think upon
 His understanding, and how it doth scan
 Gods being, unto whom religion
 Is consecrate. Imagination
 That takes its rise from sense so high ascent
 Can never reach, yet intellection
 Or higher gets, or at least hath some sent
 Of God, vaticinates, or is parturient.

For

10

For ask it whether God be this or that,
 A body infinite, or some mighty spright,
 Yet not almighty, it condemnes such chat;
 Whether all present, or in some place pight,
 Whether part here part there, or every whit
 In every point, it likes that latter well:
 So that its plain that some kind of insight
 Of Gods own being in the soul doth dwell,
 Though what God is we cannot yet so plainly tell.

11

As when a name lodg'd in the memory,
 But yet through time almost obliterate,
 Confusely hovers near the phantasie:
 The man that's thus affected bids relate
 A catalogue of names. It is not that,
 Saith he, nor that, that's something like to it,
 That nothing like, that's lik'ft of all I wor,
 This last you nam'd it's not like that a whit;
 O that's the very name, now we have rightly hit.

12

Thus if't be lawfull least things to compare
 With greatest, so our selves affected be
 Concerning Gods high essence: for we are
 Not ignorant quite of this mystery,
 Nor clearly apprehend the Deity,
 But in mid state, I call't *parturiens*,
 And should bring forth that live Divinity
 Within our selves, if once God would consent
 To shew his specious form and nature eminent:

13

For here it lies like colours in the night
 Unseen and unregarded, but the sunne
 Displayes the beauty and the gladsome plight
 Of the adorned earth, while he doth runne
 His upper stage. But this high prize is wonne
 By curbing sense and the self-seeking life
 (True Christian mortification)
 Thus God will his own self in us revive,
 If we to mortifie our straightned selves do strive.

But

But can ought bodily Gods form receive?
 Or have it in its self potentially?
 Or can ought sprung of this base body heve
 It self so high as to the Deitie
 To clamber? strive to reach infinitie?
 Can ought born of this carcase be so free
 As to grasp all things in large sympathie?
 Can lives corporeall quite loosened be
 From their own selves, cashtering their *centreitie*?

These all ill suit with corporeitie:
 But do we not amisse with stroke so strong
 All to dispatch at once? needed we flie
 So high at first? we might have chose among
 The many arguments that close do throng
 And tender their own selves this cause to prove,
 Some of a meaner rank, and then along
 Fairly and softly by degrees to move.
 My Muse kens no such pomp, she must with freedome rove

And now as chance her guides, compendiously
 The heads of many proofs she will repeat,
 Which she lists not pursue so curiously,
 But leaves the reader his own brains to beat,
 To find their fuller strength. As the souls meat,
 Of which she feeds, if that she feed at all;
 She is immortall if she need not eat;
 But if her food prove to be spiritall,
 Then can we deem herself to be corporeall?

The souls most proper food is veritie
 Got and digest by Contemplation.
 Hence strength, enlargement, and activitie
 She finds, as doth this bulk by infusion
 Of grosser meats and drinks (concoction
 Well perfected) the body is strong by these;
 The soul by reasons right perswasion:
 But that truth's spiritall we may with ease
 Find out: For truth the soul from bodies doth release,

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New

This

Next argument let be abstraction,
 When as the soul with notion precise
 Keeps off the corporall condition,
 And a nak'd simple essence doth devise
 Against the law of Corporeities,
 It doth deuest them both of time and place,
 And of all individualities,
 And matter doth of all her forms uncase.
 Corporeall wight such subtile virtue never has.

19

Now shall the indivisibilitie
 Of the souls virtues make an argument.
 For certainly there's no such qualitie
 Resideth in a body that's extent :
 For, tell me, is that qualitie strait pent
 Within a point of that corporeall ?
 Or is it with some spreaden part distent?
 If in a point, then longs it not at all
 To th' body: in spread part? then 'tis extentionall.

20

But that some virtue's not extentionall
 May thus be proved. Is there no science
 Of numbers? Yes. But what is principall
 And root of all : have we intelligence
 Of Unities? Or else what's sprong from thence
 We could not know: what doth the soul then frame
 Within her self? Is that Idea extense?
 Or indivisible? If not : we'll blame
 The soul of falsehood, and continuall lying shame.

21

Again, if we suppose our intellect
 Corporeall, then must we all things know
 By a swift touch: what? do we then detect
 The truth of bignesse, when one point doth go
 Of our quick mind? (It need not be o'reflow
 For infinite parts be found in quantitie)
 Or doth it use its latitude? If so
 Remember that some things unspreaden be,
 How shall it find them out? Or if't use both we'll see.

That

22

That both be insufficient I prove.
 A point cannot discern loose unity
 Freed from all fite. That latitude must move
 On all the body that it doth descry.
 So must it be upstretch'd unto the skie
 And rubbe against the starres, surround the sunne
 And her own parts to every part apply,
 Then swiftly fridge about the pallid moon:
 Thus both their quantities the mind hath strangely wonne.

23

Adde unto these, that the soul would take pains
 For its destruction while it doth aspire
 To reach at things (that were her wofull gains)
 That be not corporall, but seated higher
 Above the bodies sphere. Thus should she tire
 Her self to 'stroy her self. Again, the mind
 Receives contrary forms. The feverish fire
 Makes her cool brooks and shadowing groves to find
 Within her thoughts, thus hot and cold in one she binds.

24

Nor is she chang'd by the susception
 Of any forms : For thus her self contraire
 Would be unto her self. But Union
 She then possesseth, when heat and cold are
 Together met : They meet withouten jarre,
 Within our souls. Such forms they be not true
 You'll say. But of their truth lest you despair,
 Each form in purer minds more perfect hew
 Obtains, then those in matter we do daily view.

25

For there, they're mixt, soild and contaminate,
 But truth doth clear, unweave, and simplifie,
 Search, sever, pierce, open, and disgregate
 All asciticious cloggings; then doth eye
 The naked essence and its property.
 Or you must grant the soul cannot define
 Ought right in things ; or you must not deny
 These forms be true that in her self do shine:
 These be her rule of truth, these her unerring line.

Bodies have no such properties. Again,
 See in one cluster many arguments
 Compris'd : She multitudes can close constrain
 Into one nature. Things that be fluent,
 As sitting time, by her be straight retent
 Unto one point ; she joyns future and past,
 And makes them steddy stand as if present :
 Things distant she can into one place cast :
 Calls kinds immortall, though their singulars do waste.

27

Upon her self she strangely operates,
 And from her self and by her self returns
 Into her self ; thus the soul circulates.
 Do bodies so ? Her axle-tree it burns
 With heat of motion. This low world she spurns,
 Raiseth her self to catch infinity.
 Unspeakable great numbers how she turns
 Within her mind, like evening mist the eye
 Discerns, whose muddy atomes fore the wind do fly.

28

Stretcheth out time at both ends without end,
 Makes place still higher swell, often creates
 What God nere made, nor doth at all intend
 To make, free phantasms, laughs at future fates,
 Foresees her own condition, she relates
 Th' all comprehension of eternity,
 Complains she's thirsty still in all estates,
 That all she sees or has no'te satisfie
 Her hungry self, nor fill her vast capacity.

29

But I'll break off; My Muse her self forgot,
 Her own great strength and her foes feeblenesse,
 That she her name by her own pains may blot,
 While she so many strokes heaps in excesse,
 That fond grosse phansie quite for to suppress
 Of the souls corporal'ty. For men may think
 Her adversaries strength doth thus her presse
 To multitude of reasons, makes her swink
 With weary toil, and sweat out thus much forced ink :

Or that she loves with trampling insultations
 To domineere in easie victory.
 But let not men dare cast such accusations
 Against the blamelesse. For no mastery,
 Nor fruitlesse pomp, nor any verity
 Of that opinion that she here destroyes
 Made her so large. No, 'tis her jealousie
 'Gainst witching falshood that weak souls annoyes,
 And oft doth choke those chearing hopes of lasting joyes.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 1.

*The souls free independency ;
 Its dreary dreadfull state
 In hell ; Its tricentreity :
 What brings to heavens gate.*

1

WELL said that man, whatever man that was,
 That said, What things we would we straight be-
 Upon each slight report to have come to passe : (lieve
 But better he, that said, Slow faith we give
 To things we long for most. Hope and fear rive
 Distracted minds, as when nigh equall weights
 Cast on the trembling scales, each tug and strive
 To pull the other up. But the same sleights
 By turns do urge them both in their descents and heights :

2

Thus waves the mind in things of greatest weight ;
 For things we value most are companied
 With fear as well as hope : these stily fight.
 The stronger hope, the stronger fear is fed ;
 One mother both and the like lively head,
 One object both, from whence they both do spring,
 The greater she, the greater these she bred,
 The greater these, the greater wavering
 And longer time to end their sturdy struggling.

But

3
But is there any thing of more import
Then the souls immortality? Hence fear
And hope we striving feel with strong effort
Against each other; That nor reason clear
Nor sacred Oracles can straight down bear
That sturdy rascall, with black phantasies
Yclad, and clouded with drad dismall chear;
But still new mists he casts before our eyes,
And now derides our prov'd incorporeities,

4
And grinning saith, That labour's all in vain.
For though the soul were incorporeall,
Yet its existence to this bulk restrain,
They be so nearly link'd, that if one fall
The other fails. The eare nor hears our call
In stouping age, nor eye can see ought clear;
Benumbing palsies shake the bodies wall,
The soul hath lost its strength and cannot steer
Its crasie corse, but staggering on reels here and there.

5
So plain it is (that though the soul's a spright,
Not corporall) that it must needs depend
Upon this body, and must perish quite
When her foundation falls. But now attend
And see what false conceits vain fears do send.
'Tis true, I cannot write without a quill,
Nor ride without an horse. If chance that rend
Or use make blunt, o're-labouring this kill,
Then can I walk not ride, not write but think my fill.

6
Our body is but the souls instrument;
And when it fails, onely these actions cease
That thence depend. But if new eyes were sent
Unto the aged man with as much ease
And accuratenesse, as when his youth did please
The wanton lassie, he now could all things see.
Old age is but this fading bulks disease:
The soul from death and sicknesse standeth free:
My hackney fails, not I; my pen, not sciencie.

7

But as I said, of things we do desire
 So vehemently we never can be sure
 Enough. Therefore, my Muse, thou must aspire
 To higher pitch, and fearfull hearts secure
 Not with slight phantasie but with reason pure,
 Evincing the souls independency
 Upon this body that doth her immure,
 That when from this dark prison she shall fly
 All men may judge her rest in immortality.

8

Therefore I'll sing the *tricentvreyty*
 Of humane souls, and how they wake from sleep,
 In which ywrapt of old they long do ly
 Contraſt with cold, and drench'd in Lethe deep,
 Hugging their plantall point. It makes me weep
 Now I so clearly view the solemn Spring
 Of silent Night, whose Magick dew doth steep
 These drouſie ſouls of men, whose dropping wing
 Keeps off the light of life, and blunts each fiery ſting.

9

Three centres hath the ſoul; One plantall hight;
 Our parents this revive in nuptiall bed.
 This is the principle that hales on Night,
 Subjects the mind unto dull drowſiehead:
 If we this follow, thus we ſhall be led
 To that dark ſtraitneſſe that did bind before
 Our ſluggiſh life : when that is ſhrivelled
 Into its ſunken centre, we no more
 Are conſcious of life : what can us then reſtore ?

10

Unleſſe with fiery whips fell Nemefis
 Do laſh our ſprights, and cruelly do gore
 Our groning ghofſts; this is the way, I wiſſe,
 The onely way to keep 's from Morpheus power;
 Both theſe ſo diſmall are that I do ſhowr
 Unceſſant tears from my compaſſionate eyes :
 Alas ! ye ſouls ! why ſhould or ſleep devour
 Sweet functions of life ? or helliſh cries
 To tender heart reſound your juſt calamities ?

Thus

Thus may you all from your dead drowfinesse
 Be wak'd by inward sting and pinching wo,
 That you could wish that that same heavinesse
 Might ever you o'represse, and Lethe flow
 Upon your drowned life. But you shall glow
 With urging fire, that doth resuscitate
 Your middle point, and makes it self to gnaw
 It self with madnesse, while't doth ruminare
 On its deformity and sterill vexing state.

Continuall desire that nought effects,
 Perfect hot glowing fervour out to spring
 In some good world: With fury it affects
 To reach the Land of life, then struck with sting
 Of wounding memory, despairs the thing,
 And further off it sees it self, the more
 It rageth to obtain: thus doth she bring
 More sewell to her flame that scorched sore
 With searching fire, she's forc'd to yell and loudly rore.

Thus she devours her self, not satisfies
 Her self, nought hath she but what's dearly spun
 From her own bowells, jejune exilites:
 Her body's gone, therefore the rising sun
 She sees no more, nor what in day is done,
 The sporting aire no longer cools her bloud,
 Pleasures of youth and manhood quite are gone,
 Nor songs her eare, nor mouth delicious food
 Doth fill. But I'll have this more fully understood.

Three centres hath mans soul in Unity
 Together joynd; or if you will, but one.
 Those three are one, with a Triplicity
 Of power or rayes. Th' high'st intellection,
 Which being wak'd the soul's in Union
 With God, If perfectly regenerate
 Into that better world, corruption
 Hath then no force her blisse to perturbate.
 The low'st do make us subject to disturbing fate.

15

But low'ft gins firft to work, the ſoul doth frame
 This bodies fabrick, imploy'd in one long thought
 So wholly taken up, that ſhe the ſame
 Obſerveth not, till ſhe it quite hath wrought.
 So men aſleep ſome work to end have brought
 Not knowing of it, yet have found it done:
 Or we may ſay the matter that ſhe raught
 And ſuck'd unto her ſelf to work upon
 Is of one warmth with her own ſpright, and feels as one.

16

And thus the body being the ſouls work
 From her own centre ſo entirely made,
 Seated i'th' heart, for there this ſpright doth lurk,
 It is no wonder 'tis ſo eaſly ſway'd
 As its command. But when this work ſhall fade,
 The ſoul diſmiſſeth it as an old thought.
 'Tis but one form; but many be diſplay'd
 Amid her higher rayes, diſmiſt, and brought
 Back as ſhe liſt, and many come that ne're were ſought.

17

The ſoul by making this ſtrange edifice
 Makes way unto it ſelf to exerciſe
 Functions of life, and ſtill more waked is
 The more ſhe has perfected her fine deviſe,
 Hath wrought her ſelf into ſure ſympathies
 With this great world. Her ears like hollow caves
 Reſound to her own ſpright the energies
 Of the worlds ſpright. If it ought ſuffered have,
 Then *preſentiſick circles* to her ſtraight notice gave.

18

We know this world, becauſe our ſoul hath made
 Our body of this ſenſible worlds ſpright
 And body. Therefore in the glaſſie ſhade
 Of our own eyes (they having the ſame might
 That glaſſe or water hath) we have the ſight
 Of what the *Mundane* ſpirit ſuffereth
 By colours, figures, or inherent light;
 Sun, ſtars, and all on earth it hurrieth
 To each point of it ſelf ſo far as't *circuleth*.

And

19

And where it lighteth on advantages,
 Its *circulings* grow sensible. So hills
 That hollow be do audible voices
 Resound. The soul doth imitate that skill
 In framing of the care, that sounds may swell
 In that concavitie. The cryftall springs
 Reflect the light of heaven, if they be still
 And clear; the soul doth imitate and bring
 The eye to fuch a temper in her shapening.

20

So eyes and cares be not mere perforations,
 But a due temper of the *Mundane* fpright
 And ours together; elfe the *circulations*
 Of founds would be well known by outward fight,
 And th' care would colours know, figures and light.
 So that it's plain that when this bodie's gone,
 This world to us is clos'd in-darkneffe quite,
 And all to us is in dead f Silence drown.
 Thus in one point of time is this worlds glory flowne.

21

But if't be fo, how doth *Psyche* heare or fee
 That hath no eyes nor cares? She fees more clear
 Then we that fee but fecundarily.
 We fee at diftance by a *circular*
Diffufion of that fpright of this great fphere
 Of th' Universe: Her fight is tactuall.
 The funne and all the ftarres that do appear
 She feels them in herfelf, can diftance all,
 For fhe is at each one purely prefentiall.

22

To us what doth *diffufion circular*,
 And our pure shadowed eyes, bright, cryftalline,
 But vigorously our fpright particular.
 Affect, while things in it fo clearly fhine?
 That's done continually in the heavens fheen.
 The funne, the moon, the earth, blew-glimmering hell,
 Scorch'd *Ætna's* bowels, each bulk you can divine
 To be in Nature, every dern cell
 With fire-eyed dragons, or what elfe therein doth dwell:

23

These be all parts of the wide worlds excesses,
 They be all seated in the *Mundane* spright,
 And shew just as they are in their bignesse
 To her. But *circulation* shews not right
 The magnitude of things: for distant sit
 Makes a deficiency in these *circulings*.
 But all things lie ope-right unto the sight
 Of heavens great eye; their thin shot shadowings
 And lightned sides. All this we find in Natures springs.

24

The worlds great soul knows by *Protopathie*
 All what befalls this lower spright; but we
 Can onely know't by *Deuteropathie*,
 Atleast in sight and hearing. She doth see
 In our own eyes, by the close unitie
 Of ours and the worlds life, our passion,
 Plainly perceives our *Idiopathie*,
 As we do hers, by the same union;
 But we cannot see hers in that perfection.

25

Fresh varnish'd groves, tall hills, and gilded clouds
 A--hing an eiclid for the gloring morn,
 Fair clustred buildings which our sight so crouds
 At distance, with high spires to heaven yborn,
 Vast plains with lowly cottages forlorn
 Rounded about with the low wayering skie,
 Cragg'd vapours, like to ragged rocks yborn,
 She views those prospects in our distant eye:
 These and such like be the first *centres* mysteric.

26

Or if you will the first low energie
 Of that one centre, which the soul is hight,
 Which knows this world by the close unitie
 Concorporation with the *Mundane* spright,
 Unloos'd from this she wants a certain light,
 Unless by true regeneration
 She be incorporate with God, unite
 With his own spright, so a new mansion
 Sh'has got, oft sook with deepest suspiration.

But

27

But robb'd of her first clothing by hard fate,
 If she fall short of this, wo's mel what pains
 She undergoes? when this lost former state
 So kindled bath lifes thirst, that still remains.
 Thus her eternitie her nothing gains
 But hungry flames, raging voracitie
 Feeding on its own self. The heavens she stains
 With execrations and foul blasphemie.
 Thus in foul discontent and smoth'ring fire they fric.

28

Vain man that striv'st to have all things at will!
 What wilt thou do in this sterilitie?
 Whom canst thou then command? or what shall fill
 Thy gaping soul? O depth of miserie!
 Prepare thy self by deep humilitie:
 Destroy that fretting fire while thou art here,
 Forlake this worlds bewitching vanitie,
 Nor death nor hell then shalt thou need to fear.
 Kill and cast down thy self, to heaven God shall thee rear.

29

This middle *central essence* of the soul
 Is that which still survives asleep or waking:
 The life she shed in this grosse earthly mould
 Is quite shrunk up, lost in the bodies breaking,
 Now with slight phantasms of her own fond making
 She's clad (so is her life drie and jejune)
 But all flit souls be not in the same taking:
 That state this lifes proportion doth tune,
 So as thou livest here, such measure must ensuen.

30

But they whose souls *deiform* summities
 Is waken'd in this life, and so to God
 Are nearly joynd in a firm Unitie
 (This outward bodie is but earthie clod
 Digefted, having life transfus'd abroad,
 The worlds life and our lower vitalitie
 Unite in one) their souls have their aboad
 In Christs own body, are eternally
 One with our God, by true and strong communie.

When

When we are clothed with this outward world,
 Feel the soft aire, behold the glorious Sunne,
 All this we have from meat that's daily hurld
 Into these mouthes. But first of all we wunne
 This priviledge by our first union
 With this worlds body and diffused spright.
 I'th' higher world there's such communion:
 Christ is the sunne that by his chearing might
 Awakes our higher rayes to joyn with his pure light.

And when he hath that life elicited,
 He gives his own dear body and his bloud
 To drink and eat. Thus dayly we are fed
 Unto eternall life. Thus do we bud,
 True heavenly plants, suck in our lasting food
 From the first spring of life, incorporate
 Into the higher world (as erst I shew'd
 Our lower rayes the soul to subjugate
 To this low world) we fearlesse sit above all fate,

Safely that kingdomes glory contemplate,
 O'reflow with joy by a full sympathie
 With that worlds spright, and blesse our own estate,
 Praising the fount of all felicitie,
 The lovely light of the blest Deitie.
 Vain mortalls think on this, and raise your mind
 Above the bodies life; strike through the skie
 With piercing throbs and sighs, that you may find
 His face. Base fleshly fumes your drowlie eyes thus blind.

So hath my Muse according to her skill
 Discovered the soul in all her rayes,
 The lowest may occasionate much ill,
 But is indifferent. Who may dispraise
 Dame Natures work? But yet you ought to raise
 Your selves to higher state. Eternitie
 Is the souls rest, and everlasting dayes:
 Aspire to this, and hope for victorie,
 I further yet shall prove her immortalitie.

THE ARGUMENT OF
PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 2.

*From many arguments we show
The independencie
Of humane souls: That all lives flow
From a free Deitie.*

I

THree apprehensions do my mind divide
Concerning the souls preexistencie,
Before into this outward world she glide,
So hath my Muse with much uncertaintie
Exprest herself, so as her phantasie
Strongly inacted guides her easie pen;
I nought obtrude with sower anxietie,
But freely offer hints to wiser men.
The wise from rash assent in darksome things abstain.

2

Or souls be well awake but hovering,
Not fixt to ought, but by a Magick might
Drawable here and there, and so their wing
Struck with the steem of this low *Mundane* spright
May lower flag and take its stooping flight
Into some plantall man, new edified
By its own plattick point. Or else (deep Night
Drawn on by drooping phansie) it doth slide
Into this world, and by its self that skill is tried;

3

Makes to it self this fleshly habitation;
For this worlds spirit hath provok'd these rayes:
Then drown in sleep it works that efformation
Of its own body, all its parts displayes,
As doth the senselesse plant. The two next wayes
Are these: A reall *tricentretie*.
First centre ever wakes, unmoved staves,
Hight *Intellect*. The next in sleep doth lie
Till the last centre burst into this open skie.

And

4
And then the middle wakes. But the last way
Makes but one centre, which doth sleep likewise
Till its low life hath reach'd this worlds glad day.
A fourth we'll adde that we may all comprise.
Take quite away all preexistencies
Of humane souls, and grant they're then first made
When they begin this bodies edifice,
And actually this outward world invade.
None of these wayes do show that they must ever fade.

5
The first way might be well occasioned
By what we feel in the souls energies.
She works sometime as though she quite had fled
All commerce with this bulks vitalities,
Yet falls she down at last and lowly lies
In this base mansion, is so close contract
That sleep doth seise her actualities,
Retains no memorie of that strange fact,
Nor of her self that soar'd in that high heavenly tract.

6
The second way that makes the soul *tricentrall*,
The highest awake, the other with sleep drownd,
May spring from hence. None would vouchsafe the en-
Into this life, if they were but once bound (trall
To that vast centre where all things are found,
Hight *Intellect*. The lowest is not awake,
Therefore the midst lies close in sleep upwound.
Three centres made, that souls may quite forsake
This baser world when union with the lowest they break.

7
Again, because this bodie's fashioned
Without our knowledge, reason doth suggest
That it could no wise be thus figured
From our own centre, and yet we not prest
To any adversion. Therefore we are drest
With this grosse clothing by some plantall spright
Centred in Nature. So that glorious vest
The *Deiform intellect* not by our own might
Is made. But we have rayes which each of these will fit.

Ardent desire, strong breathing after God,
 At length may work us to that better place,
 Body or clothing, that high sure abroad
 That searching weather nor time can deface.
 But to go on in our proposed race,
 The third and fourth way have the same foundation,
 Not multiplying beings to surpass
 Their use. What needs that numerous close *concentration*,
 Like wastefull sand ytoft with boisterous inundation?

Let wiser clerks the truth dare to define
 I leave it loose for men to muse upon
 View at their leasure : But yet this call mine;
 Though we should grant the souls condition
 Before its deep incorporation
 Into dull matter to be nothing more
 But bare *potentiality*, yet none
 Can prove from thence that it must fade therefore,
 When to its earth this earth the trusty fates restore.

For though she and her body be at once,
 Yet of her bodie she doth not depend
 But it of her : she doth its members branch,
 Pierce, bind, digest, and after makes it wend
 At her own will, when she hath brought to end
 Her curious work, and hath consolidate
 Its tender limbs which earst did feebly bend
 Through weaknesse ; then this world she contemplates,
 And life still blazing higher seeks an heavenly state.

Breaths after the first fountain of all life,
 Her sweet creatour, thither doth aspire,
 Would see his face, nor will she cease this strife
 Till he fulfill her thirsty fierce desire:
 Nothing can quench this so deep rooted fire
 But his own presence. So she gins despise
 This bodies pleasures, ceaseth to admire
 Ought fair or comely to these outward eyes :
 Or if she do, from hence she higher doth arise.

12

But can she higher rise then her own head?
 Therefore her spring is God: thence doth she pend,
 Thence did she flow, thither again she's fled.
 When she this life hath lost, and made an end
 Of this low earthly course, she doth ascend;
 Unto her circles ancient *Apogee*
 Lifted aloft, not again to descend,
 Nor stoups nor sets that sunne, but standeth free
 On never shaken pillars of Æternity.

13

But still this truth more clearly to evince,
 Remember how all things are from one light;
 It shall thy reason forceably convince
 That nought but God destroyes a *centrall* spright.
 If he sucks in his beams, eternall night
 Seiseth upon that life, that it no'te flow
 In energie, and hath no being quite
 But Gods own power. He lets his breath out go,
 The self-same things again so eas'ly doth he show.

14

Let be noon day, the welkin clear, the moon
 I'th' nether world, reflecting the sunnes rayes
 To cheer the irksome night. Well! That being done,
 Call out some wondrous might, that listlesse staves
 In flower phansies. Bid't break all delays;
 Surround with solid dark opacity
 The utmost beams that Phœbus light displayes,
 Softly steal on with equall distancy,
 Till they have close clapt up all his excellency.

15

All's now in darknesse: tell me, what's become
 Of that infinity of rayes that shone?
 Were second centres from whence out did come
 Other faint beams? what be they all quite gone?
 All perish'd quite? You sisters now be gone.
 Let fall that smoring mantle. Do not straight
 All things return? The nether world the moon,
 The sunne enlightens us. The selfsame light
 Now shines, that shone before this deep and dismall night.

If not the same. Then like to flowing stream
 You deem the light that passeth still away,
 New parts ever succeeding. The sunne-beam
 Hath no reflection then, if it decay
 So fast as it comes forth : Nor were there day;
 For it would vanish 'fore it could arrive
 At us. But in a moment Sol doth ray.
 One end of his long shafts then we conceive
 At once both touch himself and down to us do dive.

Beside, this aire is not the sustentation
 Of spreaden light ; for then as it did move
 The light would move. And sturdy constitation
 Of struggling winds, when they have fiercely strove,
 Phœbus fair golden locks would rudely move
 Out of their place ; and eastern winds at morn
 Would make more glorious dayes, while light is drove
 From that bright quarter : southern blasts do burn
 From midday sun, but yet northwinds like light have born.

What then must be the channell of this river,
 If we'll have light to flow as passing stream ?
 So plain it is that Nature doth dissever
 The light and th' aire, that those bright sunny beams
 Be not upheld by it, as the warm gleems
 Or heat that lodgeth there. From this firm might
 Nought leaning on the aire, well may we't deem
 Some subtile body, or some grosser spright
 Depending of fair Phœbus, of no other wight.]

And when these rayes were forced to retire
 Into their fountain, they were not so gone
 But that the same sprong out from their first fire.
 So fine spunne glittering silk crumpled in one
 Changeth not 'tis individuation
 From what it was, when it was gaily spread
 In fluttering winds to th' admiration
 Of the beholder. Thus is nought so dead
 But God can it restore to its old livelyhead.

20

For all the creature's but the out gone-rayes
 Of a free sunne, and what I meant most
 Of him alone depend. Hee deads their blaze
 By calling in his breath. Though things be tost
 And strangely chang'd, yet nought at all is lost
 Unlesse he list. Nor then so lost but he
 Can them return. In every thing compost
 Each part of th' essence its *centricity*
 Keeps to it self, it shrinks not to a nullity.

21

When that compounded nature is dissolv'd,
 Each *centre's* safe, as safe as second light
 Or drove into the sunne, or thence out-rol'd.
 So all depend on th' Universall spright
 From high to depth, as they are ranked right
 In their due orders. Lifes full pregnancy
 Breaks out when friendly sympathy doth smite.
 The higher rank the higher enegie,
 From natures lowly lap to Gods sublimity:

22

But well may man be call'd the epitome
 Of all things. Therefore no low life him made.
 The highest holds all in his capacity.
 Therefore mans soul from Gods own life outtray'd,
 His outgone *Centre's* on that centre staid.
 What disadvantage then can the decay
 Of this poore carcase do, when it doth fade?
 The soul no more depends on this frail clay,
 Then on our eye depends bright Phœbus glitt'ring ray.

23

But in this argument we'll no longer stay,
 Consider now the souls conversion
 Into it self. Nought divisible may
 Close with it self by revolution.
 For then or part in this reflexion
 Is drove into a part, or part to th' whole,
 Or whole to part, or near compression
 The whole into the whole doth closely roll.
 But easily all these wayes right reason will controll.

24

If part turn into part, part into whole,
 Whole into part, the thing doth not convert
 Into it self; the thing it self is all
 Not part of self; if all to all revert,
 Each part then into each part is insert.
 But tell me then how is their quantity
 If every part with each part is refert?
 Thus swallowed up, they il have no distancy;
 So you destroy suppos'd divirfibilitie.

25

Wherefore that thing is individuou
 What ever can into it self reflect,
 Such is the soul as hath been prov'd by us
 Before, and further now we do detect
 By its foure wheels: The first hight Intellect,
 Wherewith she drives into her Nature deep
 And finds it out; next Will, this doth affect
 Her self found out. Her self then out doth peep
 Into these acts, she into both doth easily creep.

26

But this conversion's from the body free;
 Begins not thence, nor thither doth return:
 Nor is the soul worse then its energie,
 If in its acts it be far higher born
 Then they should pend on this base bulk forlorn
 Then also she hath no dependency
 Upon this body, but may safely scorn
 That low condition of servility,
 And blame all that averre that false necessity.

27

If she should issue from this nether spring,
 Nearer she kept to her originall
 She were the stronger, and her works would bring
 To more perfection; but alas! they fall
 They fail by near approach. The best of all
 Wax weak and faint by too close union
 With this foul fount. Might intellectuall
 Grows misty by this strait conjunction;
 The will is woxen weak, its vigour quite is gone.

But O ! how oft when she her self doth cut
 From nearer commerce with the low delight
 Of things corporeall, and her eyes doth shut
 To those false fading lights, she feels her spright
 Fill'd with excessive pleasure, such a plight
 She finds that it doth fully satisfie
 Her thirsty life. Then reason shines out bright,
 And holy love with mild serenity
 Doth hug her harmlesse self in this her purity.

29

What grave monitions and sure prophesie
 Have men in sicknesse left ? a true testation ;
 Of the souls utter independency
 On this poore crasie corse. May that narration
 Of Aristotles move easie perswasion
 Of his Eudemus, to whom sick at Phere
 While sleep his senses bound, this revelation
 A gentle youth did bring with goodly cheer,
 And jolly blith deportment, chasing needlesse fear.

30

Told him that sicknesse would not mortall prove,
 He should grow well e'r long, but deaths drad power
 On that towns tyrant should be shortly drove,
 Swift vengeance on his cursed head should shour :
 Both proved true. I could in plenty poure
 Such like examples, as of Pherecyde,
 Calanus, him of Rhodes, and others more ;
 But it is needlesse, 'tis a truth well tried,
 The higher works the soul the more it is untied.

31

Then quite set loose from this bulks heavy chain
 She is in happiest plight, so far she is
 From being nought or perishing. Again,
 We find such utter contrarieties
 Betwixt the bodies and her energies,
 That we can no wayes think she pends at all
 Of that with which she has such repugnancies.
 What thing doth fight with its Originall ?
 The spring and stream be alwayes homogeneall.

32

But the high heaven-born soul sprung out from Jove
 Ever is clashing with the foolery
 Of this dull body, which the sense doth love,
 And erring phansie, It were long to trie
 In every thing: O how 'twould magnifie
 The height of pleasures that fall under sense:
 This well describ'd would-prove its Deity.
 A vast round body cloth'd with th' excellence
 Of glorious glistering light through the wide aire extense,

33

Bravely adorn'd with diverse colours gay,
 Even infinite varieties that shine
 With wond'rous brightnesse, varnish'd with the ray
 Of that clear light, with motion circuline
 Let turn about and stir up sounds divine,
 That sweetly may affect th' attentive eare.
 Adde fragrant odours waft with gentle wind,
 Adde pleasant taste, soft touch to Venus dears;
 This is the bodies God, this is its highest sphere;

34

But from far higher place and brighter light
 Our reason checks us for this vanity,
 Calls to us, warns us that that empty sight
 Lead not our soul unto Idolatry,
 Make us not rest in easie falsitie,
 If thou be stirred up by working fire
 To search out God, to find the Deity:
 Take to thy self not what thine eyes admire
 Or any outward sense, or what sense can desire.

35

Behold a light far brighter then the Sunne!
 The Sun's a shadow if you them compare,
 Or grosse Cimmerian mist; the fairest Noon
 Exceeds not the meridian night so far
 As that light doth the Sun. So perfect clear
 So perfect pure it is, that outward eye
 Cannot behold this inward subtile starre,
 But indisperst is this bright Majesty,
 Yet every where out shining in infinitie;

36

Unplac'd, unparted, one close Unity,
 Yet omnipresent ; all things, yet but one ;
 Not streak'd with gaudy multiplicity,
 Pure light without discolouration,
 Stable without circumvolution,
 Eternall rest, joy without passing sound :
 What sound is made without collision ?
 Smell, taste, and touch make God a grosse compound ;
 Yet truth of all that's good is perfectly here found.

37

This is a riddle unto outward sense :
 And heavie phansie, that can rise no higher
 Then outward senses, knows no excellence
 But what those five do faithfully inspire
 From their great god, this world ; nor do desire
 More then they know : wherefore to consopite
 Or quench this false light of bold phansies fire,
 Surely must be an act contrary quite
 Unto this bodies life, and its low groveling spright.

38

Wherefore the body's not originall
 Of humane soul when it doth thus resist
 That principle : which still more clearly shall
 Be proved. Oft when either drowsie mists
 Provoke to sleep, or worst of senses lists
 To ease its swelling veins, or stomach craves
 Its wonted food, that it too long hath mist,
 Or our dry lungs cool liquor fain would have,
 Or when in warre our heart suggests the fear of grave :

39

Yet high desire of truth, and deep insight
 Into Gods mystery makes us command
 These low attractions ; and our countries right
 Bids march on bravely, stout and stiffly stand
 In bloody fight, and try't by strength of hand.
 Thus truth and honesty so sway our will,
 That we no longer doubt to break the band
 Of lower Nature, and this body kill
 Or vex, so we the Laws of reason may fulfill.

40

This proves the soul to sit at liberty,
 Not wedg'd into this masse of earth, but free
 Unloos'd from any strong necessity
 To do the bodies dictates, while we see
 Clear reason shining in serenity,
 Calling above unto us, pointing to
 What's right and decent, what doth best agree
 With those sweet lovely Ideas that do show (flow.
 Some glimps of their pure light. So Sol through clouds doth

41

How oft do we neglect this bodies life,
 And outward comely plight, for to adorn
 Our soul with virtuous ornaments? and strive
 To fat our mind with truth, while it's forlorn,
 Squallid, half-nasty, pallid, wan, deform?
 Can this desire from the base body spring?
 No sure such brave achievements be yborn
 Within the soul, tend to her perfecting,
 Seeth' independent mind in her self circling!

42

Best plight of body hinders such like acts.
 How doth she then upon the body pend?
 To do those subtle, high, pure, heavenly facts?
 What? doth the Sun his rayes that he out-sends
 Smother or choke? though clouds that upward wend
 May raised be by him, yet of those clouds
 That he doth congregate he no'te depend.
 Nor doth the soul that in this flesh doth croud
 Her self rely on that thick vapour where she's shroud.

43

But still to prove it clearer: If the mind
 Without the bodies help can operate
 Of its own self, then nothing can we find
 To scruple at, but that souls separate
 Safely exist, not subject unto fate,
 Nothing depending on their carcases,
 That they should fade when those be ruinate:
 But first perpend well both their energies,
 That we may better see their independencies.

44

The living body where the soul doth 'bide
 These functions hath, phansie, sense, memory.
 How into sense these outward forms do glide
 I have already told. Vitality
 And *presentifick circularity*
 Is spread through all: there is one *Mundane* spright
 And body, vitall corporality
 We have from hence. Our souls be counite (dight,
 With the worlds spright and body, with these herself she has

45

Our body struck by evolution
 Of outward forms spread in the worlds vast spright,
 Our listning mind by its adversion
 Doth notice take, but nothing is empight
 In it. Of old Gods hand did all forms write
 In humane souls, which waken at the knock
 Of *Mundane* shapes. If they were naked quite
 Of innate forms, though heaven and earth should rock
 With roring winds, they'd heare no more then senses stock.

46

Phansy's th' impression of those forms that flit
 In this low life; They oft continue long,
 When as our spright more potently is hit
 By their incursions and appulses strong.
 Like heated water, though a while but hung
 On fiercer fire, an hot impression
 Long time retains; so forms more stoutly flung
 Against our spright make deep insculption;
 Long time it is till their clear abolition.

47

Hence springeth that which men call memory,
 When outward object doth characterize
 Our inward *common spright*; or when that we
 From our own soul stir up clear phantasies
 Which be our own elicited *Idees*,
 Springing from our own centrall life, by might
 Of our strong *Fiat* as oft as we please,
 With these we seal that under grosser spright,
 Make that our note-book, there our choicest notions write.

But

48

But sith it is not any part of us,
 But longeth unto the great world, it must
 Be chang'd; for course of time voraginous
 With rapid force is violently just,
 Makes each thing pay with what it was intrust.
 The common life sucks back the common spright;
 The body backward falls into the dust;
 It doth it by degrees. Hence phancie, sight,
 And memorie in age do not their functions right.

49

Often disease, or some hard casualtie
 Doth hurt this spirit, that a man doth lose
 The use of sense, wit, phansie, memorie;
 That hence rash men our souls mortall suppose
 Through their rude ignorance; but to disclose
 The very truth, our soul's in safetie
 In that distemper, that doth ill-dispose
 Her under spright. But her sad miserie
 Is that so close she's tied in a prone Unitie.

50

Leans on this bodies false vitalitie,
 Seeks for things there, not in herself nor higher,
 Extremely loves this bodies company,
 Trusts in its life, thither bends her desire
 But when it gins to fail, she's left i'th' mire
 Yet hard upon us hangs th' *Eternall* light
 The *ever-live* Ideas, the lamping fire
 Of lasting *Intellect*, whose nearnesse might
 Illumine, were our minds not lost in that frail spright.

51

That spright and we are plain another thing:
 Which now I'll clearly show that we may see
 Our independence on its existing,
 Which I must prove by eithers energie.
 That spright hath no preceptibilitie
 Of her impressions: Phantasie nor sense
 Perceive themselves; often with open eye
 We look upon a man in our presence,
 And yet of that near object have no cognoscence.

52

And so of Phanſies that be freſh enough,
 Even deeply ſeald upon that lower ſpright,
 Unleſſe we ſeek them out and pierce them through
 With aiming *animadverſion*, they in night
 Do lurk unknown to us, though they be bright
 In their own ſelves. Again, ſome object may
 In its great vigour, luſtre, ſweying might
 This ſpirit wound by its fierce riving ray;
 Our ſight is hurt by th' eye of the broad blaſing day.

53

Befide the ſenſes each one are reſtrained
 To its own object: ſo is Phantaſie.
 That in the ſpirits compaſſe is containd;
 As likewise the low naturall memorie.
 But ſooth to ſay, by a ſtrong ſympathie
 We both are mov'd by theſe, and theſe do move.
 As the light ſpider that makes at a flie,
 Her ſelf now moves the web ſhe ſubt'ly wove,
 Mov'd firſt by her own web, when here the flie did rove.

54

Like ſpider in her web, ſo do we ſit
 Within this ſpirit, and if ought do ſhake
 This ſubtil loom we feel as it doth hit;
 Moſt part into adverſion we awake,
 Unleſſe we chance into our ſelves betake
 Our ſelves, or liſten to the lucid voice
 Of th' *intellect*, which theſe low tumults ſlake:
 But our own ſelves judge of what ere atcloyes
 Our muddied mind, or what liſts up to heavenly joyes.

55

All the five ſenſes, Phanſie, Memorie,
 We feel their work, diſtinguiſh and compare,
 Find out their natures by the ſubtiltie
 Of liſting reaſon. Then they objects are
 Of th' understanding, bear no greater ſhare
 In this ſame act then objects wont to do.
 They are two realties diſtinguiſh'd clear
 One from the other, as I erſt did ſhow.
 She knows that ſpright, that ſpright our ſoul can never know.

Senſe

Sense, Phansie, Memorie, as afore was said
Be hurt by stronger objects, or be spoild
By longer exercise: Our soul ne're fader,
But doth its spright commiserate long toild
With agiration, when it feels it mould
Descends to comfort it, and gives it rest;
But she grows quicker, vaster, never foild
With contemplations that this spright molest:
The inward soul's renew'd as cannot be exprest.

How soul and spright be severed we see,
But how't works by it self is not yet shown;
I mean without this sprights assistencie,
Though not quite by its self. High light doth crown
Its summitie, when sleep that spright doth drown
Wrapt into highest heavens in ecstasie
It sees such things as would low life confound,
Enrage with a tumultuous agonie,
Burst this pent spright for want of fit capacitie.

Then it is joynd with the *Eternall Ideas*,
Which move our souls as sights do here below:
Joynd with the spright of God we gaze on these,
As by the *Mundane* spright th' *out-world* we know.
Our soul hangs twixt them both, and there doth go
Where either spright doth snatch her. Either raise
Her inward forms, which leap out nothing-flow
When sympathie them calls. Thus she displays
Her inward life, Gods light views with her wakened rayes.

When we confute a pregnant falsitie
Cloth'd with strong phantasms in our snared mind,
As this suppose, The earths stabilitie,
What help can we in our low phansie find,
Possess of this impression? what shall bind
This stubborn falsehood so inveterate?
That spright so stiffly set can't be inclin'd
By ought but by the soul that contemplates
Truth by her self, brings out her forms that be innat?

Flies she to sense? sense pleads for Ptolemee?
 Flies she to her low phansie? that's so swayd
 By sense, and fore-imprest Astronomie
 By borch'd inculcate paradigmes made
 By senses dictate, that they'll both perswade
 That Philolaus and wise Heraclide
 Be frantick both, Copernicus twice mad.
 She cannot then this question well decide
 By ought but her own forms that in her self reside.

Which she calls out unto her faithfull aid,
 Commands deep silence to fond phantasie,
 Whose odious prating truth hath oft betraid,
 And in its stead brought in rash falsitie,
 Seated in sower inert stupiditie.
 Then farewell sense, and what from sense hath sprong,
 Saith she, I'll contemplate in puritie,
 And quit my self of that tumultuous throng:
 What then she finds shall be unfold in my next song.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3. Cant. 3.

*That th' earth doth move, proofs Physicall
 Unto us do descrie;
 Adde reasons Theosophicall,
 Als' adde Astronomie.*

Blest souls first Authours of Astronomie!
 Who clomb the heavens with your high reaching mind,
 Scal'd the high battlements of the lofty skie,
 To whom compar'd this earth a point you find;
 Your bodies lesse, what measure hath defin'd?
 What art that mighty vastnesse? Such high facts
 The ancient Giants swoln with raging wind
 Could not effect. A subtile Parallax,
 A dark Eclipse do quite obscure their braving acts.

2

O the great might of mans high Phantasie!
 That with a shade or a divided line,
 That nought, this but a thin exilitie,
 Can do farre more then strength enrag'd with tine,
 Hoysted with haughty pride. That brood combine
 To clamber up to heaven. Hill upon hill,
 Offa upon Olympus doth recline:
 Their brawnie arms redoubled force doth fill,
 While they their spirits summon t' effect their furious w^{ill}:

3

But all in vain they want the inward skill.
What comes from heaven onely can there ascend.
 Not rage nor tempest that this bulk doth fill
 Can profit ought, but gently to attend
 The souls still working, patiently to bend
 Our mind to sifting reason, and clear light,
 That strangely figur'd in our soul doth wend
 Shifting its forms, still playing in our sight,
 Till something it present that we shall take for right.

4

The busie soul it is that thither hent
 By strength of reason, the true distancies
 Of the erring Planets, and the vast extent
 Of their round bodies, without outward eyes
 Hath view'd, told their proportionalities,
 Confounded sense by reasons strange report
 (But wiser he that on reason relies
 Then stupid sense low-sunken into dirt)
 This weapon I have got none from me may extort.

5

O you stiff-standers for ag'd Ptolemee,
 I heartly praise your humble reverence
 If willingly given to Antiquities;
 But when of him in whom's your confidence,
 Or your own reason and experience
 In those same arts, you find those things are true
 That utterly oppugne our outward sense,
 Then are you forc'd to sense to bid adieu,
 Not what your sense gainsayes to holden straight untrue.

Though

Though contraire unto sense, though it be new
 (But sooth to sayen th' earths motion is of tri'd
 Antiquitie, as I above did shew :
 In Philolaus and in Heraclide
 Those subtil thoughts of old ~~did~~ close reside)
 Yet reason ought to bear away the bell.
 But irefull ignorance cannot abide
 To be outtopd, reprochfully 'twill yell,
 Call's mad, when its own self doth with foul furie swell.

But let them bark like band-dogs at the moon,
 That mindlesse passeth on in silencie:
 I'll take my flight above this outward sunne,
 Regardlesse of such fond malignitie,
 Lift my self up in the Theologie
 Of heavenly Plato. There I'll contemplate
 The *Archtype* of this sunne, that bright *Idee*
 Of steddie Good, that doth its beams dilate
 Through all the worlds all lives and beings propagate.

But yet in words to trifle I will deigne
 Awhile: They may our mind sicly prepare
 For higher flights, we larger breath may gain
 By a low hovering. These words they are
 All found in that old Oracle of Clare.
That heavenly power which I ao hight
The highest of all the Gods thou mayst declare,
In spring named Zeus, in summer Helios bright,
In autumn call'd Jao, Aides in brumall night.

These names do plainly denotate the sunne,
 In Spring call'd Zeus, from life or kindly heat;
 In winter, 'cause the dayes so quickly done,
 He Aides hight, he is not long in sight;
 In Summer, 'cause he strongly doth us smite
 With his hot darts, then Helios we him name
 From Eloim or Eloah so hight;
 In Autumne Jao, Jehovah is the same:
 So is the word deprav'd by an uncertain fame.

10

So great similitude twixt Phœbus light
 And God, that God himself the Nations deem
 The sun. The learned Seventy have boldly pight
 A rent therein for the true Bloim,
 The sensible Deity you'll reckon him,
 If Hermes words bear with you any sway,
 Or if you Christian Clerks do ought esteem,
 In Davids odes they make Gods Christ a day;
 His father's then the sunne from whence this light doth ray.

11

Then by all the wide worlds acknowledgement,
 The sunne's a type of that eternall light
 Which we call God, a fair delineament
 Of that which *Good* in Plato's school is high,
 His *T'agathon* with beauteous rayes bedight,
 Let's now consult with their *Theologie*,
 And that *Idea* with our inward fight
 Behold, casheering sensibility
 Then in clear reason view this correspondency.

12

One steddy *Good*, centre of essencies,
 Unmoved *Monad*, that *Apollo* hight,
 The *Intellectuall* sunne whose energies
 Are all things that appear in vitall light,
 Whose brightnesse passeth every creatures sight,
 Yet round about him stird with gentle fire
 All things do dance; their being, action, might,
 They thither do direct with strong desire,
 To embosome him with close embracements they aspire.

13

Unseen, incomprehensible he moves
 About himself each seeking entity
 That never yet shall find that which it loves.
 No finite thing shall reach infinity,
 No thing dispers'd comprehend that Unity,
 Yet in their ranks they seemly foot it round,
 Trip it with joy at the worlds harmony
 Struck with the pleasure of an amorous stound, (crownd.
 So dance they with fair flowers from unknown rooty.
 Still

14

Still falling short they never fail to seek,
 Nor find they nothing by their diligence;
 They find repast, their lively longings eke
 Kindled, continued, by timely influence.
 Thus all things in distinct *circumference*
 Move about him that satisfies them all.
 Nor be they thus stir'd up by wary sense
 Or foresight, or election rationall,
 But blindly reel about the heart of lives *centrall*.

15

So doth the earth one of the erring seven
 Wheel round the fixed sunne, that is the shade
 Of steddý Good, shining in this *out-heaven*
 With the rest of those stars that God hath made
 Of baser matter, all which be array'd
 With his far-shining light. They sing for joy,
 They frisque about in circulings unstay'd,
 Dance through the liquid aire, and nimbly toy -cloy.
 While Sol keeps clear their spright, consumes what may ac-

16

Better the Indigent be mov'd, then He
 That wanteth nought: He fills all things with light
 And kindly heat: through his fecundity
 Peoples the world; by his exciting spright
 Wakens the plants, calls them out of deep night.
 They thrust themselves into his fostering rayes,
 Stretch themselves forth stir'd by his quickning might.
 And all the while their merry roundelayes
 (As lightsome phantasies deem) each Planet sprightly playes.

17

But sooth to say that sound so subtile is
 Made by percussión of th' ethereall fire
 Against our aire (if it be not transmissé
 By its exility,) that none ought admire
 That we no'te heare what well we mought desire.
 Heavens harmony. 'Cording to others lear
 The sound's so big that it cannot retire
 Into the windings of a mortall eare;
 So cannot the Egyptian Niles Catadupa bear.

There

There ought to be certain proportion
 Betwixt the object and the outward sense.
 Rash man that doſt inferre negation
 From thy dead eare, or non-experience.
 Then let them dance and ſing, raiſe influence
 From lively motion, that preſerves their ſpright
 From ſoul corruption: motion's the beſt ſenſe
 To keep off filth in children of cold *Night*,
 Whoſe life is in dull matter; but the ſunne's all *Light*.

19

Therefore full ſafely he may ſteddy ſtand,
 Unmov'd, at leaſt not remov'd out of place.
 I'll not deny but that he may turn round
 On his own centre. So the ſteps we'll trace
 Of *Eſſence*, Plato's *On*, which ſteddy ſtays
 And moves at once, that ſame *Iao* high
 In that old Clarian Oracle, that ſayes
 It is the ſunne. This anſwer will aright
 To *Jehova* or firſt eſſence, as Plato ſchool deſcryt.

20

That ſame firſt *Being*, *Beauty*, *Intelleit*,
 Turns to his father (of whom he was born)
 In a brief inſtant. But who can detect
 Such hidden myſteries? back mine eyes I'll turn,
 Left in this light like fluttering moth I burn.
 Enough is ſhown of correſpondency
 Twixt this worlds ſunne and *centre of hid Morn*,
 The radiant light of the deep Deity.
 Thus have I fairly prov'd the ſunnes ſtability.

21

Then muſt the earth turn round, or we want day,
 Or never be in night. Now I'll deſcend
 Cloth'd with this truth. As wrathfull dogs do bay
 At ſpectres ſolemn Cynthia doth ſend;
 So now I backward to the ſenſes wend:
 They'll bark at the ſhape of my diſguiſed mind,
 As ſtranger wights, they wrathfully will rend
 This uncouth habit. They no ſuch thing find
 Amongſt their domeſtick forms, to whom they are more kind.
 And

22

And weaker reason which they wont misguide
Will deem all this nothing myfterious;
But my strong-winged Muse feebly to slide
Into false thoughts and dreams vertiginous,
And plainly judge us woxen furious,
Thus in our rage to shake the stable earth,
Whirling it round with turns prodigious;
For it doth stedfast stand as it appear'th
From the unshaken buildings it so safely bear'th.

23

If it should move about, then would it sling
From of it self those fair extracted loads
Of carved stone: The aire aloud would sing
With brushing trees: Beasts in their dark aboads
Would brained be by their own caves; th' earth strowd
With strange destruction. All would shatter'd lye
In broken shivers. What mad frantick mood
Doth thus invade wary Philosophy,
That it so dotes on such a furious falsity?

24

But still more subt'lie this cause to pursue,
The clouds would alwayes seem to rise from th' East,
Which sense and oft-experience proves untrue;
They rise from all the quarters, South, North, West,
From every part, as Æolus thinketh best.
Again the earths sad stupid gravity
Unfit for motion shows its quiet rest.
Lastly an arrow shot unto the sky
Would not return unto his foot that let it fly.

25

Adde unto these that contrariety
Of motion, when as the self same things
At the same time do back and forward hie:
As when for speed the rider fiercely dings
His horse with iron heel, layes the loose strings
Upon his neck, westward they swiftly scoure,
When as the earth, finishing her dayly rings,
Doth eastward make with all her might and power,
She quite hath run her stage at end of twice twelve houres.

These

These and like phantasies do so strongly tye
 The slower mind to ancient Ptoleme,
 That shamefull madnesse 't were for to deny
 So plain a truth as they deem this to be.
 But yet, alas ! if they could standen free
 From prejudice, and heaue swaying sense
 That dims our reason that it cannot see
 What's the pure truth, enough in iust defense
 Of Pythagore we find though with small diligence.

One single truth concerning unity
 Of sprights and bodies, how one spirit may
 Inact a various Corporeity,
 Keep't up together and its might display
 Through all the bulk, make't constantly obey
 The powerfull dictates of that *centrall* spright,
 Which being one can variously play:
 This lore if we but once had learnd aright,
 All what was brought against us would vanish at first sight.

For that Magnetick might doth so combine
 Earth, Water, Aire, into one Animate,
 Whose soul or life so sweetly 't doth incline,
 So surely, easly, as none can relate
 But he that's exercis'd in every state
 Of moving life. What ? Can the *plastick* spright
 So variously it and its bulk dilate,
 Downward to hell upward to heaven bright,
 And strangely figur'd leaves and flowers send into sight ?

Can one poore single *Centre* do all this
 In a base weed that suddenly decayes ?
 And shall not the earths life that is transmissible
 Through sea and aire, and with its potent rayes
 Informs all this (all this on that life staves)
 Shall't not obtain the like variety
 Of inward ruling motion ? Your minds raise,
 O sluggish men ! single *centrality*
 You'l find shall do, what ere's admit by phantasy.

30

Now see if this clear apprehension
 Will not with ease repell each argument
 Which we rehers'd with an intention
 For to refute. The earths swift movement;
 Because 'tis naturall not violent,
 Will never shatter buildings. With straight line
 It binds down strongly each partic'lament
 Of every edifice. All stones incline
 Unto that Centre ; this doth stoutly all combine.

31

Nor is lesse naturall that circular motion,
 Then this that each part to the centre drives :
 So every stone on earth with one commotion
 Goes round, and yet with all right stiffly strives
 To reach the centre, though it never dives
 So deep. Who then so blind but plainly sees
 How for our safety Nature well contrives,
 Binding all close with down-propensities ?
 But now we'll frame an answer to the loud-singing trees.

32

Walls, towers, trees, would stirre up a strange noise,
 If th' aire stood still, while the earth is hurled round.
 As doth the switch oft shak'd by idle boyes
 That please themselves in varying of the sound.
 But this objection we with reason sound
 Have well prevented, while we plainly taught
 Earth, water, aire in one to be fast bound
 By one *spermatick* spright, which easily raught
 To each part : Earth, sea, aire so powerfully hath it caught.

33

All these as one round entire body move
 Upon their common Poles; that difficulty
 Of stirring sounds, so clearly we remove.
 That of the clouds with like facility
 We straight shall chace away. In th' aire they ly
 And whirl about with it, and when some wind
 With violence afore him makes them fly,
 Then in them double motion we find,
 Eastward they move, and whither by those blasts they 're in-
 (clin'd.
 What

34

What they pretend of the Earths gravity,
 Is nought but a long taken up conceit :
 A stone that downward to the earth doth hy
 Is not more heavy then dry straws that jet
 Up to a ring made of black shining jeat.
 Each thing doth tend to the loud-calling might
 Of sympathy. So 'tis a misconceit
 That deems the earth the onely heavy weight.
 They ken not the strange power of the strong centrall spright

35

Were there a shiver cut from off the Moon
 And cast quite off from that round entire masse,
 Would't fall into our mouths? No, it would soon
 Make back to th' centre from whence forc'd it was :
 The same in Mars and Sol would come to passe,
 And all the stars that have their proper centres,
 So gravity is nought but close to presse
 Unto one Magick point, there near to enter ;
 Each sympathetick part doth boldly it adventure.

36

Thus in each starry globe all parts may tend
 Unto one point, and mean time turn around ;
 Nor doth that sway its circling ought offend :
 These motions do not at all confound
 One th' others course. The earth's not heavy found,
 But from that strong down-pulling centrall sway,
 Which hinders not but that it may turn round,
 Sith that it moves not a contrary way.
 Which answer I will bend against the fifth assay :

37

An arrow shot into the empty aire,
 Which straight returning to the bowmans foot,
 The earths stability must proven clear.
 Thus these bad archers do at random shoot,
 Whose easie error I do thus confute.
 The arrow hath one spirit with this sphere,
 Forc'd upward turns with it, mov'd by the root
 Of naturall motion. So when back't doth bear
 It self, still Eastward turns with motion circular.

38

So 'tis no wonder when it hath descended
 It falleth back to th' place from whence it flew,
 Sith all this while its circular course hath bended
 Toward the East, and in proportion due
 That arcuall Eastern motion did pursue :
 Nearer the earth the slower it must go ;
 These Arks be lesse, but in the heavens blew
 Those Arks increase, it must not be so slow.
 Thus must it needs return unto its idle bow.

39

Nor ought we wonder that it doth conform
 Its motion to the circles of the aire,
 Sith water in a woden bucket born
 Doth fit it self unto each periphere,
 By hight or depth, as you shall change the sphere.
 So lowly set more water 't will contain,
 'Cause its round tumour higher then doth bear
 It self up from the brims. So may't be sayen
 The lowlier man the larger graces doth obtain.

40

But now to answer to the last objection,
 Tis not impossible one thing to move
 Contrary wayes, which by a fit refection
 I strongly will evince and clearly prove.
 Take but the pains higher for to remove
 A clock with hanging plummet. It goes down
 At that same time you heave it high above
 Its former place. Thus fairly have we won
 The field 'gainst stupid sense, that reason fain would drown.

41

Now let's go on (we have well cleard the way)
 More plainly prove this seeming paradox
 And make this truth shine brighter then midday,
 Neglect dull sconses mowes and idle mocks.
 O constant hearts, as stark as Thracian rocks,
 Well grounded in grave ignorance, that scorn
 Reasons fly force, its light slight subtle strokes.
 Sing we to these waite hills, durn, deaf, forlorn,
 Or to the cheerfull children of the quick-ey'd Morn ?

To

42

To you we sing that live in purer light,
 Escap'd the thralldome of down-drooping sense,
 Whose nimble spirit and clear piercing sight
 Can easily judge of every conference
 Withouten prejudice, with patience
 Can weigh the moments of each reason brought
 While others in tempestuous vehemence
 Blow all away with bitter blasts. Untought
 In subtilties, they shew themselves in jangling stout.

43

I have the barking of bold sense confuted,
 Its clamorous tongue thus being consopite,
 With reasons easie shall I be well suited,
 To show that Pythagore's position's right.
 Copernicks, or whosoever dogma't hight.
 The first is that that's wisely signifi'd
 By Moses Maymons son, a learned wight,
 Who saith each good Astronomer is ty'd
 To lessen the heavens motions vainly multiply'd,

44

And the foul botches of false feigned Orbs:
 Whose uselesse number reason must restrain,
 That oft the loose luxuriant phansie curbs,
 And in just bounds doth warily contain:
 To use more means then needs is all in vain.
 Why then, O busie sonnes of Ptolemee!
 Do you that vast star-bearing sphere constrain
 To hurl about with such celerity,
 When th' earth may move without such strange velocity?

45

What needlesse phansy's this that that huge sphere
 In one short moment must thus whirl around,
 That it must fly six hundred thousand shere
 Of Germane miles. If that will not confound,
 For pomp adde fourty thousand more, that 'bound;
 Three thousand more, if it were requisite,
 You might annex, and more, if they have found
 The measure right; when as the earth's slow flight
 In that time, of a mile goes but the sixteenth bit.

46

But if this All be liquid, pervious,
 One fine Ethereall (which reason right
 Will soon admit: for 'tis ridiculous
 Thus for to stud the heaven with nails bright,
 The stars in fluid sky will standen tight,
 As men do feigne the earth in the soft aire
 To be unmov'd) How will proportion fit?
 So vast a difference there doth appear
 Of motions in those stars that the same bignesse bear.

47

Besides that difficulty will remain
 Of unconceivable swift motion
 In the Equinoctiall stars, where some contain
 This earthy globes mighty dimension,
 Ten thousand times twise told. They hurry on
 With the same swiftnesse I set down before,
 And with more pains. A globes extension,
 The bigger that it growes, groweth still more
 Nigh to a flat-fac'd figure, and finds resistance sore.

48

But now that all the heavens be liquid, hence
 I'll fetch an argument. Those higher stars
 They may as well hang in fluid essence,
 As do the Planets. Venus orb debars
 Not Mars, nor enters he with knock and jars;
 The soft fine yielding Æther gives admission:
 So gentle Venus to Mercurius dares
 Descend, and finds an easie intromission,
 Casts ope that azur curtain by a swift discission.

49

That famous star nail'd down in Cassiopee,
 How was it hammer'd in your solid sky?
 What pinfers pull'd it out again, that we
 No longer see it, whither did it fly?
 Astronomers say 'twas at least as high
 As the eighth sphere. It gave no parallax,
 No more then those light lamps that there we spy.
 But prejudic'd minds before themselves they'll tax
 Of holy writ and the heavens they'll make a nose of wax.

What

50

What man will now that's not vertiginous
Hurrie about his head these severall lights,
So mighty vast with so voracious
And rapid course whirling them day and night
About the earth, when the earths motion might
Save that so monstrous labour, with lesse pains,
Even infinitely lesse? But thoughts empight
Once in the mind do so possesse the brains,
That hard it is to wash out those deep ancient stains.

51

Two things there be whose reason's nothing clear:
Those coel continuall breathings of East wind
Under the Line; the next high Comets are,
In which three motions Philosophers do find,
Concerning which men hitherto are blind,
That have not mov'd the earth unto their aid;
Diurnall and an annuall course they have mind
Like to the sunnes, beside, by what they're sway'd
To north or South. This myst'ry's easily thus display'd.

52

The Ecliptick course, and that diurnall moving,
Is but apparent as the sunnes, not true:
But that the earth doth move, that still wants proving,
You'll say. Then if you will, these Comets shew
One proof for her two motions. Whence issue
Those Meteors turnings? what shall hale them on,
And guide their steps, that in proportion due
They dance Sols measure? what occasion
Or fruit can be of that strange double motion?

53

Nought but the earths circumvolution
Doth cause this sight, and but in outward show
This sight of double Sunlike motion
Seen in the Comets. For the winds that blow
Under the Æquinoctiall, who doth know
Any other cause, that still they breathe from th' East?
That strange effect from whence else can it flow,
Then from the earths swift hurring from the West?
Mid partis strongliest rous'd, the Poles do sleep in rest.

54

Wherefore men under th' Æquinoctiall,
 Where the earths course most rapid is and swift,
 Sensibly 're dash'd gainst that Acteall
 Pure liquid essence. That clear aire is left
 Not snatch'd away so fast, not quize bereft
 Of its own Nature, nor like th' other skie
 Unmoved quite; but slow pac'd is ycleft
 And driven close together; sensibly
 So feel we that fine aire that seems from East to flie.

55

Those parts be in farre greater puritie
 Devoid of earthy vapours. Thence it is
 They're not so easly turn'd by sympathie,
 The aire there having lesse of earthinesse;
 So that they move not with one speedinesse,
 The earth and it. Yet curious men have fun
 Something like this, even in the mid-land seas
 Ships foure times sooner the same stages run,
 When westward they do flie, then when they there begun.

56

But that disgracement of Philosophie
 From flux and reflux of the Ocean main
 With its spread arms, we by this Theorie
 Might take't away and shew the causes plain,
 Some parts of th' earth do much more swiftnesse gain,
 When as their course goes whirling on one way
 With th' annuall motion, which must needs constrain
 The fluid sea with unexpected sway.
 Long time it were this mysterie fully to display.

57

Wherefore I'll let it passe, my self betake
 Unto some reasons Astronomicall,
 To which if't please the nimble mind t' awake
 And shake off prejudice, that wont forestall
 The ablest wit, I fear not but he'll fall
 Into the same opinion, magnifie
 That subtile spirit that hath made this All,
 And hath half-hid his work from mortall eye,
 To sport and play with souls in sweet philosophie.

58

But with crabb'd mind wisdome will nere consort,
 Make its abode with a sower ingenie;
 That harmlesse spright it self will nere disport
 With bloudie zeal, currish malignitie,
 With wrathfull ignorance, grave hypocrisie.
Mirth, and free mindednesse, simplicitie,
Patience, Discreetnesse, and benignitie,
Faithfulnesse, heart-struck tenderitie;
 These be the lovely play-mates of pure veritie.

59

The Eternall Sonne of God, who *Logos* hight,
 Made all things in a fit proportion;
 Wherefore, I wote, no man that judgeth right
 In heaven will make such a confusion,
 That courses of unlike extension,
 Infinitely unlike, in like time shall be run
 By the flight starres. Such vast distension
 Of place shews that their time is not all one;
 Saturn his ring no'te finish as quick as the Moon.

60

Yet if the Earth stand stupid and unmov'd,
 This needs must come to passe. For they go round
 In every twise twelve houres, as is prov'd
 By dayly experience. But it would confound
 The worlds right order, if't were surely found
 A reall motion. Wherefore let it be
 In them but seeming, but a reall round
 In th' earth it self. The world so's setten free
 From that untoward disproportionalitie.

61

For so the courses of the erring Seven
 With their own orbs will fitly well agree;
 Their Annuall periods in the liquid heaven
 They onely finish then: which as they be
 Or lesse or greater, so the time they flie
 In their own circlings hath its difference.
 The moon a moneth, Saturn years ten times three;
 Those have the least and bigg'st circumference.
 So all their times and orbs have mutuall reference.

Next

62

Next light's, the Planets dark opacitie,
Which long time hath been found in the low moon:
Hills, valleys, and such like asperitie
Through optick glasses thence have plainly shone:
By the same trick it hath been clearly shown
That Venus moon-like grows corniculate
What time her face with flusher light is blown:
Some such like things others have contemplate
In Mercurie, about the Sunne both circulate.

63

When Venus is the furthest off from us,
Then is she in her full. When in her full,
She seemeth least; which proves she's exterous
Beyond the Sunne, and further off doth roll.
But when her circling nearer down doth pull,
Then gins she swell, and waxen bug with horn,
But loose her light, parts clad with darknesse dull
She shows to us. She and Mercury ne're born
Farre from the Sunne, proves that about him both do turn.

64

They both opaque, as also is the Moon
That turns about the earth (so turn those foure
'Bout Jupiter, tend him as he doth run
His annuall course) Then Tellus so may scoure
Th' Ethereall plain, and have the self same power
To run her circuits in the liquid skie
About the Sunne, the mind that doth not lour,
Drooping in earthie dregs, will not denie,
Sith we so well have prov'd the starres opacitie.

65

About the great the lesser lamps do dance,
The Medicean foure reel about Jove;
Two round old Saturn without Nominance,
Luna about the earth doth nimbly move:
Then all as it doth seemly well behove,
About the bigg'st of all great Phœbus hight,
With joy and jollitie needs round must rove,
Tickled with pleasure of his heat and light.
What tumbling tricks they play in his farre-piercing sight
But

66

But my next argument (could I't well expresse
 With Poets pen) it hath so mighty force,
 That an ingenious man 'twould stoutly presse
 To give assent unto the Annuall course
 Of this our earth. But prejudice the nurse
 Of ignorance stoppeth all free confession,
 Als keeps the way that souls have not recourse
 To purer reason, chok'd with that oppression.
 This argument is drawn from the stars retrocession.

67

Planets go back, stand still, and forward flie
 With unexpected swiftnesse: What's the cause
 That they thus stagger in the plain-pav'd skie?
 Or stupid stand, as if some dull repose
 Did numb their spirits and their sinews lose?
 Here'gins the wheel-work of the Epicycles;
 Thus patch they heaven more botch'dly then old cloths.
 This prettie sport doth make my heart to tickle
 With laughter, and mine eyes with merry tears to trickle.

68

O daring phansie! that dost thus compile
 The heavens from hasty thoughts, such as fall next;
 Warie Philosophers cannot but smile
 At such feat gear, at thy rude rash context.
 An heap of orbs disorderly perplex't,
 Thrust in on every hint of motion,
 Must be the wondrous art of Nature, next
 Here working under God. Thus, thus vain man
 Intitles always God to his opinion;

69

Thinks every thing is done as he conceives;
 Would bind all men to his religion;
 All the world else of freedome he bereaves,
 He and his God must have Dominion,
 The truth must have her propagation:
 That is his thought, which he hath made a God,
 That furious hot inust impression
 Doth so disturb his veins, that all abroad
 With rage he roves, and all gainsayers down hath trod.

But

32

But to return from whence my Muse hath flown,
 All this disordred superfluitie
 Of Epicycles, or what else is shewn
 To salve the strange absurd enormitie
 Of staggering motions in the azure skie;
 Both Epicycles and those turns enorm
 Would all prove nought, if you would but let flie
 The earth in the Ecliptick line yborn,
 As I could well describe in Mathematick form.

71

So could I (that's another argument)
 From this same principle most clearly prove
 In regresse and in progresse different
 Of the free Planets: Why Saturn should rove
 With shorter startings, give back lesse then Jove;
 Jove lesse then Mars; why Venus flincheth out
 More then Mercurius; why Saturn doth move
 Offer in those back jets then Jove doth shoot;
 But Mercury more oft then Venus and Mars stout:

72

And why the Sunne escap'd an Epicycle,
 When as th' old prodigall Astronomie
 On the other six bestowed that needlesse cycle;
 Why Saturn, Jove, and Mars be very nigh
 Unto the earth, show bigger in our eye
 At eventide when they rise Acronycall;
 Why farre remov'd with so vast distancie
 When they go down with setting Kronycall:
 All these will plain appear from th' earths course Annuall.

73

Many other reasons from those heavenly motions
 Might well be drawn, but with exilitie
 Of subtile Mathematicks obscure notions,
 A Poets pen so fitly no'te agree;
 And curious men will judge't a vagrancy
 To start thus from my scope. My pitched end
 Was for to prove the immortalitie
 Of humane souls: But if you well attend,
 My ship to the right port by this bow'd course did bend.

For

For I have clearly shew'd that stout resistance
 Of the pure soul against the *Mundane* spright
 And bulk, whereof's the lower mans consistence;
 How it doth quell by force of reason right
 Those grosse impressions which our outward sight
 Seald in our lower life: From whence we see
 That we have proper independent might,
 In our own mind, behold our own Idee,
 Which needs must prove the souls sure immortality.

THE ARGUMENT OF PSYCHATHANASIA.

Book 3: Cant. 4.

*Justice, true faith in the first good,
 Our best persuasion
 Of blest eternity unmov'd,
 Th' earths conflagration.*

IT doth me good to think what things will follow
 That well prov'd thesis in my former song;
 How we in liquid heavens more swift then swallow
 Do sail on *Tellus* lap. That doth among
 The other starres of right not rudely throng,
 We have vvhath highest thoughts of man desire:
 But highest thoughts of man are vain and vvrong.
 In outvard heaven vve burn vvith hellish fire,
 Hate, envy, covetise, revenge, lust, pride and ire.

In the eighth sphere Andromeda from chains
 Is not releast; fearfull Orion flies
 The dreaded Scorpion. Alas! vvhath gains
 Then is't to live in the bright starrie skyes?
 It no man can exeem from miseries.
 All you that seek for true felicity,
 Rend your ovvn hearts: There God himself descryes
 Himself; there dwells his beauteous majesty;
 There shines the sunne of righteousnesse in goodly glee.

3

And you who boldly all Gods providence
 Confine to this small ball, that *Tellus* hight,
 And dream not of a mutuall influence,
 And how that she may shine with beams bright
 At a farre distance clad with Sols lent light,
 As Venus and the Moon ; O you that make
 This earth Gods onely darling dear delight,
 All th' other orbs merely for this orbs sake
 So swiftly for to runne with labour never slack,

4

To dance attendance on their Princeesse *Earth*
 In their quick circuits, and with anger keen
 Would bite him, that or serious or in mirth
 Doubts the prerogative of your great Queen !
 Best use of that your Theory, I ween,
 In this, that as your selves monopolize
 All the whole world, so your selves back again
 You wholly give to God. Who can devise
 A better way ? Mans soul to God this closely ties.

5

But if the earth doth thankfully reflect
 Both light and influence to other starres,
 As well as they to it, where's the defect ?
 That sweet subordination it mars ;
 Gods love to us then not so plain appears:
 For then the starres be mutually made
 One for another : Each all the good then bears
 Of the Universe, for 'ts single labour paid
 With the joint pains of all that in the heavens wade.

6

Rare reason ! why ! then God would be too good
 What judgeth so but envy, and vain pride,
 And base contract self-love ; which that free floud
 Of bounty hath so confidently tied
 Unto it self alone. Large hearts deride
 This pent hypocrisie. Is he good to me ?
 That grace I would not ere should be deny'd
 Unto my fellow : My felicity
 Is multiply'd, when others I like happy see.

7

But if the rolling starres with mutuall rayes
 Serve one another ; sweet fraternity
 And humble love, with such like lore we'll raise,
 While we do see Gods great benignity
 Thus mutually reflected in the skie,
 And these round-moving worlds communicate
 One with another by spread sympathie :
 This all things friendly will concatenate ;
 But let more hardy wits that truth determinate.

8

It me behoves t' hold forward on my way,
 Leaving this uncouth strange Philosophy,
 In which my lightsome pen too long did play,
 As rigid men in sad severity
 May deem ; but we right carelesse leave that free
 Unto their censure. Now more weighty thought
 Doth sway our mind, thinking how all doth flee
 Whatever we have painfully ytaught.
 So little fruit remains of all my skill hath wrought.

9

Oth' emptinesse of vain Philosophyl
 When thin-spunne reason and exile discourse
 Make the soul creep through a strait Theory,
 Whither the blunter mind can never force
 It self ; yet oft, alas ! the case is worse
 Of this so subtile wight, when dangers deep
 Approch his life, then his who learnings source
 Did never drink of, nere his lips did steep
 In Plato's springs, nor with low gown the dust did sweep.

10

Certes such knowledge is a vanity,
 And hath no strength t' abide a stormy stoure ;
 Such thin slight clothing will not keep us dry,
 When the grim heavens, all black and sadly soure
 With rage and tempest, plentifully down shouer
 Great floods of rain. Dispread exility
 Of slyer reasons fails : Some greater povver
 Found in a lively vigorous Unity
 with God, must free the soul from this perplexity.

Say

11

Say now the dagger touch'd thy trembling breast,
 Couldst thou recall the reasons I have shown
 To prove th' immortall state of men decaist?
 Evolved reason cannot stand at one
 Stoutly to guard thy soul from passion.
 They passe successively like sand i'th' glasse;
 While thou look'st upon this the other's gone
 But there's a plight of soul such virtue has
 Which reasons weak assistance strangely doth surpasse.

12

The just and constant man, a multitude
 Set upon mischief cannot him constrain
 To do amisse by all their uprores rude,
 Not for a tyrants threat will he ere stain
 His inward honour. The rough Adrian
 Tost with unquiet winds doth nothing move
 His steddly heart. Much pleasure he doth gain
 To see the glory of his Master Jove,
 When his dead darts with hurrying light through all do rove.

13

If heaven and earth should rush with a great noise,
 He fearlesse stands, he knows whom he doth trust,
 Is confident of his souls after joyes,
 Though this vaine bulk were grinded into dust.
 Strange strength resideth in the soul that's just:
 It feels the power how't commands the spright
 Of the low man, vigorously finds it must
 Be independent of such feeble might
 Whose morions dare not 'pear before its awfull sight.

14

But yet, my Muse, still take an higher flight,
 Sing of Platonick Faith in the first Good,
 That Faith that doth our souls to God unite
 So strongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
 Of this swift flux of things, nor with foul mud
 Can stain, nor strike us off from th' unity,
 Wherein we stedfast stand, unshak'd, unmov'd,
 Engrafted by a deep vitality.
 The prop and stay of things is Gods benignity.

15

Alas is the rule of his Oeconomic.
 No other cause the creature brought to light
 But the first Goods pregnant fecundity;
 He to himself is perfect full delight;
 He wanteth nought, with his own beams bedight
 He glory has enough. O blasphemy!
 That envy gives to God or soure despight!
 Harsh hearts! that feigne in God a tyranny,
 Under pretense to encrease his soveraign Majesty.

16

When nothing can to Gods own self accrew,
 Who's infinitely happy; sure the end
 Of this creation simply was to shew
 His flowing goodnesse, which he doth out send
 Not for himself; for nought can him amend;
 But to his creature doth his good impart,
 This infinite Good through all the world doth wend
 To fill with heavenly blisse each willing heart.
 So the free Sunne doth light and liven every part.

17

This is the measure of Gods providence,
 The key of knowledge, the first fair Idee,
 The eye of truth, the spring of living sense,
 Whence sprout Gods secrets, the sweet mystery
 Of lasting life, eternall charity.
 But you O bitter men and soure of spright!
 Which brand Gods name with such foul infamy
 As though poore humane race he did or slight,
 Or curiously view to do them some despight;

18

And all to shew his mighty excellency,
 His uncontrolled strength: fond men! areed,
 Is't not as great an act from misery
 To keep the feeble, as his life to speed
 With fatall stroke? The weak shak'd whistling reed
 Shows Boreas wondrous strong! but ignorance
 And false conceit is the foul spirits meed;
 Gods lovely life hath there no enterance;
 Hence their fond thoughts for truth they vainly do advance

19

If God do all things simply at his pleasure
 Because he will, and not because its good,
 So that his actions shall have no set measure ;
 Is't possible it should be understood
 What he intends ? I feel that he is lov'd
 Of my dear soul, and know that I have born
 Much for his sake ; yet is it not hence prov'd
 That I shall live, though I do sigh and mourn
 To find his face ; his creatures with he'll slight and scorn.

02

When I breath out my utmost vitall breath,
 And my dear spirit to my God commend,
 Yet some foul feigne close lurking underneath
 My serious humble soul from me may rend :
 So to the lower shades down we shall wend,
 Though I in hearts simplicity expected
 A better doom ; sith I my steps did bend
 Toward the will of God, and had detected
 Strong hope of lasting life, but now I am rejected.

21

Nor of well being, nor subsistency
 Of our poore souls, when they do hence depart,
 Can any be assur'd, if liberty
 We give to such odde thoughts, that thus pervert
 The laws of God, and rashly do assert
 That will rules God, but *Good* rules not Gods will.
 What ere from right, love, equity, doth start,
 For ought we know then God may act that ill,
 Onely to shew his might, and his free mind fulfill.

22

O belch of hell ! O horrid blasphemy !
 That Heavens unblemish'd beauty thus dost stain,
 And brand Gods nature with such infamy:
 Can *wise, Just, Good*, do ought that's harsh or vain ?
 All what he doth is for the creatures gain,
 Not seeking ought from us for his content :
 What is a drop unto the Ocean main ?
 All he intends is our accomplishment.
 His being is self-full, self-joy'd, self-excellent.

23

He his fair beams through all has freely sent :
 Purge but thy soul that thou mayst take them in.
 With froward hypocrite he never went,
 That finds pretexts to keep his darling sinne.
 Through all the earth this spright takes pains to winne
 Unto it self such as he simply true,
 And with malignant pride resist not him,
 But strive to do what he for right doth shew;
 So still a greater light he brings into their view.

24

All lives in severall circumference
 Look up unto him and expect their food;
 He opes his hand, shows down their sustinence:
 So all things be yfild with their wish'd good,
 All drink, are satisf'd from this free flood.
 But circling life that yet unsettled is
 Grows straight, as it is further still remov'd
 From the first simple *Good*, obtains lesse blisse,
 Sustains sharp pains inflicted by just *Nemesis*.

24

But why do I my soul-loose and disperse
 With mouldring reason, that like sand doth flow.
 Life close united with that *Good*, a verse
 Cannot declare, nor its strange virtue show.
 That's it holds up the soul in all its wo,
 That death, nor hell, nor any change doth fray.
 Who walks in light knows whither he doth go;
 Our God is light, we children of the day.
 God is our strength and hope, what can us then dismay?

25

Goodnesse it self will do to us this good,
 That godly souls may dwell with him for aye.
 Will God forsake what of himselfe's belov'd?
 What ever lives may shrink into cold clay;
 Yet good mens souls death hefts shall not obey.
 Where there's no impossibility
 Of things, Gods goodnesse needs must bear the swa
 You virtuous brood take't for sure verity,
 Your souls shall not fall short of blest eternity.

M 2

But

But yet bold men with much perplexity
 Will here object against this principle,
 Heaping up reasons (strange fecundity
 Of ignorance !) that goodly might to quell
 Of my last argument, so fairly well
 Set down, right strongly the unsettled spright
 To have confirmed at my last far-well:
 But contraire forces they bring into fight,
 And proudly do provoke me with that rout to fight.

Whence was't, say they, that God the creature made
 No sooner ? why did infinite delay
 Precede his work ? should God his goodnesse staide
 So long a time ? why did he not display
 From infinite years this *out-created* ray ?
 The mighty starres why not inhabited,
 When God may souls proportion to their clay
 As well as to this earth ? why not dispred
 The world withouten bounds, endlesse, uncompassed ?

Poore souls ! why were they put into this cave
 Of misery, if they can well exist
 Without the body ? Why will not God save
 All mankind ? His great wisdom if it list
 Could so contrive that they'd at last desist
 From sinning, fallen into some providence
 That sternly might rebuke them that have mist
 Their way, and work in them true penitence:
 Thus might they turn to God with double diligence.

Why be not damned souls devoyd of sense,
 If nothing can from wickednesse reclame,
 Rather then fry in pain and vehemence
 Of searching agony ? or why not frame
 Another form, so with new shape and name
 Again to turn to life ? One centrall spright
 Why may't not many forms in it contain,
 Which may be wak'd by some magnetick might,
 *Cording as is the matter upon which they light?

30

For when two severall kind's by Venus knif
Do cause a birth, from both the soul doth take
A tincture; but if free it were transmit
Uncloth'd with th' others seed, then it would make
One simple form; for then they could not flake
One th' others energie. Why 's the world still
Stark nought, through malice, or through blind mista'ise?
Why had the first-made-man such a loose will,
That his innumeros of-spring he should foully spill.

31

Why was not this unlucky world dissolv'd
As soon as that unhappy Adam fell?
I itch till of this knot I be resolv'd:
So many myriads tumble down to hell,
Although partakers of Gods holy spell.
Beside, 'tis said, they that do not partake
Of Christian lore, for ever they must dwell
With cursed fiends, and burn in brimstone lake.
Such dreary drad designs do make my heart to quake.

32

One of a multitude of myriads
Shall not be sav'd, but broyl in scorching wo;
Innumeros mischiefs then to mischiefs addes
This worlds continuance if that be so;
Ill infinitely more then good doth grow.
So God would shew much more benignity
If he the ribs of heaven about would strow,
Powder the earth, choke all vitality,
Call back the creature to its ancient nullity.

33

But thou, who ere thou art, that thus dost strive
With fierce assault my ground-work to subvert,
And boldly dost into Gods secrets drive,
Base-fear my manly face no'te make m'avert.
In that odde question which thou first did stert,
I'll plainly prove thine incapacity,
And force thy feeble feet back to revert,
That cannot climb so high a mystery:
I'll shew thee strang perplexed inconsistency.

34

Why was this world from all infinity
 Not made? saist thou: why? could it be so made?
 Say I. For well observe the sequency:
 If this *out world* continually hath wade
 Through a long long-spun time that never had
 Beginning, then there as few circulings
 Have been in the quick Moon as Saturn sad;
 And still more plainly this clear truth to sing,
 As many years as dayes or sitting houres have been.

35

For things that we conceive are infinite,
 One th' other no'te surpasse in quantity.
 So I have prov'd with clear convincing light,
 This world could never from infinity
 Been made. Certain deficiency
 Doth alwayes follow evolution;
 Nought's infinite but tight eternity
 Close thrust into it self; extension
 That's infinite implies a contradiction.

36

So then for ought we know this world was made
 So soon as such a Nature could exist;
 And though that it continue, never fade,
 Yet never will it be that that long twist
 Of time prove infinite, though nere desist
 From running still. But we may safely say
 Time past compar'd with this long future list
 Doth show as if the world but yesterday
 Were made, and in due time Gods glory out may ray.

37

Then this short night and ignorant dull ages
 Will quite be swallowed in oblivion;
 And though this hope by many surly Sages
 Be now derided, yet they'll all be gone
 In a short time, like Bats and Owls yf lone
 At dayes approach. This will hap certainly
 At this worlds shining conflagration.
 Fayes, Satyrs, Goblins the night merrily
 May spend, but ruddy Sol shall make them all to fly.

38

The roring Lions and drad beasts of prey
 Rule in the dark with pittious cruelty ;
 But harmlesse Man is master of the day,
 Which doth his work in pure simplicity.
 God blesse his honest usefull industry.
 But pride and covetize, ambition,
 Riot, revenge, self-love, hypocrisie,
 Contempt of goodnesse, forc'd opinion ;
 These and such like do breed the worlds confusion.

39

But whither am I gone? The eagre mind
 Impatiently expects I should proceed
 Unto the next objection ; that defin'd,
 Then thorough on. His vote it must not speed,
 Danger of plenteous speech is the sure meed,
 And Cynthius pulls me by my tender eare,
 Such signes I will observe with wary heed.
 Therefore my restless Muse at length forbear,
 Thy silver sounded Lute hang up in silence here.



ANTIΨΥΧΟΠΑΝΝΥΧΙΑ,

OR

A Confutation of the sleep of the
S O U L after death ;

ANTIMONΟΨΥΧΙΑ,

OR

That all S O U L S are not one;

*A Paraphrase on Apollo's answer con-
cerning Plotinus S O U L.*

By H. M. Master of Arts, and Fellow of
Christs Colledge in Cambridge.

Τὸ μὲν τῆς αἰδήσεως, ψυχῆς ἔστιν εὐδίας. Ὅσον γὰρ ὃν
σώματι ψυχῆς, τὴντο εὐδία, ἢ ὃ αἰληθινὸν ἐρηγορεῖς,
αἰληθινὴ ἀπὸ σώματος, ἢ μετὰ σώματος ἀνάστασις,
Plotin. Ennead. 3.

Ἐγὼ ὁ μὲν ἀνάστασις καὶ ἡ ζωὴ. Ὁ πσεύων εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ ἀπο-
δαίνῃ ζήσῃ καὶ πᾶς ὁ ζῶν καὶ πσεύων εἰς ἐμὲ, ἢ μὴ ἀπο-
δαίνῃ εἰς τὸν αἰῶνα, John 11.



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THE PREFACE TO THE READER.

IO preface much concerning these little after-pieces of Poetry, I hold needlesse, having spoke my mind so fully before. The motives that drevv me to adde them to the former are exprest in the Poems themselves. My drift is one in them all: vvhich is to raise a certain number of vvell ordered Phantasms, fitly shaped out and vvarily contrived, vvhich I set to skirmish and conflict vwith all the furious phansies of Epicurisme and Atheisme. But here 's my disadvantage, that victory vvill be no victory, unlesse the adversary acknowledge himself overcome. None can acknowledge himself overcome, unlesse he perceive the strength, and feel the stroke of the more povverfull arguments. But the exility and subletie of many, and that not of the meanest, is such (nor can they be othervvise) that they vvill (as that kind of thunder vvhich the Poets do commonly call *αἶψα*, from its over quick and penetrating energie) go through their more *porous* and spongie minds vvithout any sensible impression.

Sure I am that sensuality is alvvayes an enemy to subtilty of reason, vvhich hath its rise from subtilty of phansie: so that the life of the body, being

To the Reader.

ing vigorous and radiant in the soul, hinders us of the sight of more attenuate phantasms. But that being suppress'd or very much castigate and kept under, our inward apprehension grows clearer and larger. Few men can imagine any thing so clearly awake, as they did when they were asleep. And what's the reason, but that the sense of the body is then bound up or dead in a manner?

The dark glasse-windows will afford us a further illustration for this purpose. Why is it that we see our own faces there by night? What can reflect the species (as they phrase it) when the glasse is pervious and transparent? Surely reflection in the ordinary apprehension is but a conceit. The darknesse behind the glasse is enough to exhibit visibly the forms of things within, by hiding stronger objects from the eye, which would burie these weak idola in their more orient lustre.

The starres shine and fill the aire with their species by day, but are to be seen onely in a deep pit, which may fence the Sunnes light from striking our sight so strongly. Every contemptible candle conquers the beams of the Moon, by the same advantage that the Sunnes doth the Starres, viz. propinquitie. But put out the candle, and you will presently find the moon-light in the room; exclude the moon, and then the feeblest of all species will step out into energie, we shall behold the night.

To The Reader.

All this is but to shew, how the stronger or nearer αἰδημα doth obscure the weaker or further off; and how that one being removed, the energie of the other will easily appear.

Now that our comparison may be the fitter, let us consider what Aristotle saith of phansie, that it is αἰδησις καὶ αἰδώς. Thus much I will take of him, that Phansie is sense; and adde to it that φαντασμα is also αἰδημα, and αἰδημα, φαντασμα and what I have intimated in some passages of these Poems, That the soul doth alwayes feel it self, its own actuall Idea, by its omniform centrall self. So that the immediate sense of the soul is nothing else but to perceive its own energie.

Now sith that, that which we call outward sense, is indeed the very energie of the soul, and inward sense which is phansie can be but the very energie of the soul, there seems to be no reall and intrinsecall difference betwixt the φαντασμα and αἰδημα of any form; no more then there is betwixt a frog born by the Sunne and mere slime, and one born by copulation: For these are but extrinsecall relations. Wherefore φαντασμα and αἰδημα in the soul it self is all one.

But now sith it is the same nature, why is there not the same degree of energie in both? I say there is, as appears plainly in sleep, where we find all as clear and energeticall as when we wake.

But here these αἰδηματα or φαντασματα (for I have prov'd them all one) do as greater and lesser

To the Reader.

lesser lights dim one another; or that which is nearest worketh strongliest. Hence it is that the light or life of this low spirit or body of ours, stirring the soul into a perpetuall sensuall energie, if we foster this and unite our minds, will, and animadversion with it, will by its close nearnesse with the soul dim and obscure those more subtil and exile phantasms or *αιδιματι* risen from the soul it self, or occasioned by other mens writings. For they will be in the flaring light or life of the body as the stars in the beams of the Sunne, scarce to be seen, unlesse we withdraw our selves out of the flush vigour of that light, into the profunditie of our own souls, as into some deep pit.

Wherefore men of the most tam'd and castigate spirits are of the best and most profound judgement, because they can so easily withdraw themselves from the life and impulse of the lower spirit of this body.

Thus being quit of passion, they have upon any occasion a clear though still and quiet representation of every thing in their minds, upon which pure bright sydereall phantasms unprejudiced reason may safely work, and clearly discern what is true or probable.

If my vvritings fall into the hands of men othervvise qualified, I shall gain the lesse approbation. But if they vvill endeavour to compose themselves as near as they can to this temper; though they vv ere of another opinion then vvhat

To the Reader.

my writings intend to prove, I doubt not but they vwill have the happinesse to be overcome, and to prove gainers by my victorie.

To say any thing more particularly concerning these last I hold it needlesse. Onely let me excuse my self, if any chance to blame me for my *Ἀντινομιὰς*, as confuting that which no man will assert. For it hath been asserted by some; as those Mauri whom Ficinus speaks of; and the question is also discussed by Plotinus in his fourth Ennead, where he distinguisheth of, *all souls being one*, after this manner, *Ἄνθρωπος ὁ ὅλος ὡς ἓν ψυχήν ἔχει*. The latter member is that, vvhich my arguments conclude against. Though they vvere *ἓν ψυχήν*, yet vvere vve safe enough; as safe as the beams of the Sunne the Sunne existing. But the similitude of Praxiteles broken glasse is brought in, according to the apprehension of such, as make the image to vanish into nothing, the glasse being taken away: and that as there is but one face, though there be the appearances of many; so though there be the appearances of many souls, by reason of that ones vworking in divers bodies, yet there is but one soul; and understanding sense and motion to be the acts of this one soul informing severall bodies.

This is that which both Plotinus and I endeavour to destroy, vvhich is of great moment: For if one onely soul act in every body, vvhat ever vve are now, surely this body laid in the dust vve shall be nothing.

As

To the Reader.

As for the Oraeles answer to Amelius, if any vulgar conceited man think it came from a devil with bats vvings and a long tail, the Seventies translation of the eighth verse of 32 chapter of Deuteronomie may make it at least doubefull. *When the most high divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sonnes of Adam he set the bounds of the people,* καὶ ἀπέθρυψεν αὐτοὺς οὐκ. He did not then deliver them into the hand and jurisdiction of devils, nor to be instructed and taught by them.

But if Apollo who gave so good a testimony of Socrates vvhile he vvvas living, and of Plotinus after his death, vvvas some foul fiend, yet tis no prejudice to their esteem, since our Saviour Christ vvvas acknowvledged by the devil.

But I have broke my vvord, by not breaking off my speech before this. Reader, tis time novv to leave thee to the perusall of my vvritings, vvvhich if they chance to please thee, I repent me not of my pains; if they chance not to please, that shall not displease me much, for I consider that I also with small content and pleasure have read the vvritings of other men.



Yours H. M.

THE

THE ARGUMENT OF ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 1.

*Adams long sleep, will, mind compar'd
With low vitality,
The fondnesse plainly have unbar'd
Of Psychopannychie.*

THe souls ever durancy I sung before,
Ystruck with mighty rage. A powerfull fire
Held up my lively Muse and made her soar
So high that mortall wit, I fear, she'll tire
To trace her. Then a while I did respire.
But now my beating veins new force again
Invades, and holy fury doth inspire.
Thus stirred up I'll adde a second strain,
Lest, what afore was said may seem all spoke in vaine

2
For sure in vain do humane souls exist
After this life, if lull'd in listles sleep
They senselesse lie wrapt in eternall mist,
Bound up in foggy clouds, that ever weep
Benumbing tears, and the souls centre steep
With deadning liquour, that she never minds
Or feeleth ought. Thus drench'd in *Lethe* deep,
Nor misseth she her self, nor seeks nor finds
Her self. This mirksome state all the souls actions binds.

3
Desire, fear, love, joy, sorrow, pleasure, pain,
Sense, phancy, wit, forecasting providence,
Delight in God, and what with sleepey brain
Might sure, slight dreams, all banish'd far from hence:
Nor pricking nor applauding conscience
Can wake the soul from this dull *Lethargie*;
That 'twixt this sleepey state small difference
You'll find and that men call Mortality.
Plain death's as good as such a *Psychopannychie*.

N

What

4

What profiteth this bare existency,
 If I perceive not that I do exist?
 Nought longs to such, nor mirth nor misery.
 Such stupid beings write into one list
 With stocks and stones. But they do not persist,
 You'll say, in this dull dead condition.
 But must revive, shake off this drow sic mist
 At that last shrill loud-sounding clarion
 Which cleaves the trembling earth, rives monuments of stone.

5

Has then old Adam snorted all this time
 Under some senselesse sod with sleep ydead?
 And have those flames, that steep Olympus climbe,
 Right nimble wheeled o're his heedlesse head
 So oft, in heaps of years low-buried:
 And yet can ken himself when he shall rise
 Wakend by piercing trump, that farre doth shed
 Its searching sound? If we our memories
 And wit do lose by sicknesse, falls, sloth, lethargies;

6

If all our childhood quite be waste away
 With its impressions, so that we forget
 What once we were, so soon as age doth sway
 Our bowed backs, sure when base worms have eat
 His mouldring brains, and spirits have retreat
 From whence they came, spread in the common fire,
 And many thousand sloping sunnes have set
 Since his last fall into his ancient mire,
 How he will ken himself reason may well admire:

7

For he must know himself by some impression
 Left in his ancient body unwash'd out:
 Which seemeth strange. For can so long succession
 Of sliding years that great Colosses mought
 Well moulder into dust, spare things ywrought
 So slightly as light phantasms in our brain,
 Which oft one yeare or moneth have wrenched out
 And left no foot steps of that former stain,
 No more then's of a cloud quite melted into rain?

And

And shall not such long series of time,
When Nature hath disspread our vitall spright
And turn'd our body to its ancient slime,
Quite wash away what ever was empight
In that our spirit? If bulk and soul unite
Lose such impressions, as were once deep seald
And fairly glisterd like to comets bright
In our blew *Chaos*, if the soul congeald
With her own body lose these forms as I reveald,

9

Then so long time of their disjunction
(The body being into dust contract,
The spright diffus'd, spread by dispersion)
And such *Lethean* sleep that doth contract
The souls hid rayes that it doth nothing act
Must certainly wipe all those forms away
That sense or phansie ever had impact.
So that old Adam will in vain assay
To find who here he was, he'll have no memorie.

10

Nor can he tell that ere he was before :
And if not tell, he's as if then first born.
If as first born, his former life's no store.
Yet when men wake they find themselves at morn:
But if their memory away were worn
With one nights sleep, as much as doth respect
Themselves, these men they never were before,
This day's their birth-day : they cannot conject
They ever liv'd till now, much lesse the same detect.

13

So when a man goes hence, thus may he say,
As much as me concerns I die now quite.
Adieu, good self ! for now thou goest away,
Nor can I possibly thee ever meet
Again, nor ken thy face, nor kindly greet.
Sleep and dispersion spoils our memory.
So my dear self hence forth I cannot weete.
Wherefore to me it's perfectly to die,
Though subtiler Wits do call't but *Psychopannychie*.

12

Go now you *Psychopannychites* ! perswade
 To comely virtues and pure piety
 From hope of joy, or fear of penance sad.
 Men promptly may make answer, Who shall try
 That pain or pleasure ? When death my dim eye
 Shall close, I sleep not sensible of ought:
 And tract of time at least all memory
 Will quite debarre, that reacquainten mought
 My self with mine own self, if so my self I sought.

13

But I shall neither seek my self, nor find
 My self unsought : Therefore not deprehend
 My self in joy or wo. Men ought to mind
 What longs unto them. But when once an end
 Is put unto this life, and fate doth rend
 Our retinence ; what follows nought at all
 Belongs to us : what need I to contend,
 And my frail spright with present pain to gall
 For what I nere shall judge my self did ere befall ?

14

This is the uncouth state of sleeping soul,
 Thus weak of its own self without the prop
 Of the base body, that it no'te out-rol
 Its vitall raies : those raies death down doth lop,
 And all its goodly beauty quite doth crop
 With its black claws. Wisdome, love, piety,
 Are straight dried up : death doth their founta in stop.
 This is those sleepers dull Philosophy,
 Which fairly men invites to foul impiety.

15

But if we grant, which in my former song
 I plainly prov'd, that the souls energie
 Pends not on this base corse, but that self-strong
 She by her self can work, then when we fly
 The bodies commerce, no man can deny
 But that there is no interruption
 Of life ; where will puts on, there doth she hie.
 Or if she's carried by coaction,
 That force yet she observes by presse adversion.

And

And with most lively touch doth feel and find
 Herself. For either what she most doth love
 She then obtains ; or else with crosse, unkind
 Contrary life since her decease she hath strove,
 That keeps her wake, and with like might doth move
 To think upon her self, and in what plight
 She's fallen. And nothing able to remove
 Deep searching vengeance, groans in this sad Night,
 And rores, and raves, and storms, & with her self doth fight.

17

But hearty love of that great vitall spright,
 The sacred fount of holy sympathy,
 Prepares the soul with its deep quickning might
 To leave the bodyes vain mortality.
 Away she flies into Eternity,
 Finds full accomplishment of her strong desire ;
 Each thing would reach its own centrality :
 So Earth with Earth, and Moon with Moon conspire.
 Our selves live most, when most we feed our *Centrall* fire,

18

Thus is the soul continually in life
 Withouten interruption. If that she
 Can operate after the fatall knife
 Hath cut the cords of this bulks sympathy ;
 Which she can do, if that some energy
 She exercise (immur'd in this base clay)
 Which on this bulk hath no dependency.
 For then the like she'll do, that done away,
 These independent acts, its time now to display.

19

All comprehending *Will*, proportionate
 To whatsoever shall fall by Gods decree
 Or prudent sufferance, sweetly spread, dilate,
 Stretch'd out to embrace each act or entity
 That creep from hidden cause that none can see
 With outward eyes. Next *Intellect*, whose sight
 Of working's then, when as it stands most free
 From sense and grosser phansie, deep empight
 In this vild corse, which to purg'd minds yields small delight.

20

Both Will and Intellect then worketh best,
 When sense and appetite be consopite,
 And grosser phantasie lull'd in silent rest :
 Then Will grown full with a mild heavenly light
 Shines forth with goodly mentall rayes bedight,
 And finds and feels such things as never pen
 Can setten down, so that unexpert wight
 May reade and understand. Experienc'd men
 Do onely know who like impressions sustain.

21

So far's the soul from a dependency
 (In these high actions) on the body base.
 And further signe is want of memory
 Of these impressions wrought in heavenly place,
 I mean the holy *Intellect* : they passe
 Leaving no footsteps of their former light,
 When as the soul from thence descended has.
 Which is a signe those forms be not empight
 In our low proper *Chaos* or *Corporeall* spright.

22

For then when we our mind do downward bend
 Like things we here should find : but all is gone
 Soon as our flagging souls so low descend
 As that straight spright. Like torch that droppeth down
 From some high tower, held steddy clearly thone,
 But in its fall leaves all its light behind,
 Lies now in darknesse on the grail, or stone,
 Or dirty earth : That erst so fully shin'd,
 Within a glowing coal hath now its light confin'd.

23

So doth the soul when from high *Intellect*
 To groveling sense she takes her stooping flight,
 Falling into her body, quite neglect,
 Forget, forgo her former glorious sight,
 Grosse glowing fire for that wide shining light;
 For purest love, foul fury and base passion;
 For clearest knowledge, fell contentious fight
 Sprong from some scorching false inuist impression
 Which she'll call truth, she gains. O witlesse Commutation!

But

But still more clear her independent might
 In understanding and pure subtile will
 To prove : I will assay t' explain aright
 The difference (cording to my best skill)
 'Twixt these and those base faculties that well
 From union with the low vitality
 Of this *out-world*, that when my curious quill,
 Hath well describ'd their great disparity,
 To th' highest we may give an independency.

The faculties we deem corporeall,
 And bound unto this earthy instrument
 (So bound that they no'te operate at all
 Without the body there immerse and meint)
 Be hearing, feeling, tasting, sight, and sent.
 Adde lower phantasie, *Mundane* memory :
 Those powers be all or more or lesse ypent
 In this grosse life : We 'll first their property
 Set down, and then the others contrariety.

This might perceives not its own instrument.
 The taste discovers not the spungy tongue ;
 Nor is the *Mundane* spright (through all extent)
 From whence are sense and lower phantasie sprong,
 Perceived by the best of all among
 These learned *five*, nor yet by phantasie :
 Nor doth or this or those so nearly throng
 Unto themselves as by propinquity
 To apprehend themselves. They no'te themselves descry ;

Nor ever learnd they their own energie.
 The mind held somewhere else in open sight,
 What ever lies, unknown unto the eye
 It lies, though there its image be empight,
 Till that our soul look on that image right.
 Wherefore themselves the senses do not know,
 Nor doth our phantasie ; for each furious wight
 Hath phantasie full enough, so full't doth show
 As sense ; nor he, nor's phantasie doth that phantasie know.

Age, potent objects, too long exercise
 Do weaken, hurt, and much debilitate
 Those lower faculties. The Sun our eyes
 Confounds with dazeling beams of light so that
 For a good while we cannot contemplate
 Ought visible: thus thunder deafs the eare,
 And age hurts both, that doth quite ruinate
 Our sense and phantasie: so if long we heare
 Or see, 't sounds not so sweet, nor can we see so clear.

Lastly, the Senses reach but to one kind
 Of things. The eye sees colours, so the eare
 Hears sounds, the nostrills snuff perfumed wind;
 What grosse impressions the out-senses bear
 The phantasie represents, sometimes it dare
 Make unseen shapes, with uncouth transformation,
 Such things as never in true nature are.
 But all this while the phantasies operation
 Is bound to law of bodies: such is her figuration.

This is the nature of those faculties
 That of the lower *Mundane* spright depend.
 But in our *Intellect* farre otherwile
 We'll see it, if we pressely will attend
 And trace the parallels unto the end.
 There's no self-knowledge. Here the soul doth find
 Her self. If so, then without instrument.
 For what more fit to show our inward mind
 Than our own mind? But if 't be otherwise defin'd;

Then tell me, Knows she that fit instrument?
 If she kens not that instrument, how can
 She judge, whether truly it doth represent
 Her self? there may be foul delusion.
 But if she kens this organ; straight upon
 This grant, I'll ask how kens she this same tole?
 What? by another? by what that? so go on
 Till to infinity you forward roll,
 An horrid monster count in Philosophick school.

32

The soul then works by it self, and is self-liv'd,
Sith that it acts without an instrument:
Free energies from her own self deriv'd
Flow round. But to go on. The eyes yblent
Do blink even blind with objects vehement,
So that till they themselves do well recure
Lesse matters they no'te see. But rayes down sent
From higher sourse the mind do maken pure,
Do clear, do subtilise, do fix, do settle sure.

33

That if so be she list to bend her will
To lesser matters, she would it perform
More excellently with more art and skill:
Nor by long exercise her strength is worn;
Witnesse wise Socrates, from morn to morn
That stood as stiff as any trunk of tree:
What eye could bear in contemplation
So long a fix'dnesse, none so long could see,
Its watery tears would wail its frail infirmity.

34

Nor feeble eld, sure harbenger of death,
Doth hinder the free work of th' *Intellect*.
When th' eye growes dim and dark that it unneath
Can see through age, the mind then close collect
Into it self, such misteries doth delect
By its far-piercing beams, that youthfull heat
Doth count them folly and with scorn neglect;
His ignorance concludes them but deceit;
He hears not that still voyce, his pulse so loud doth beat.

35

Lastly sense, phansie, though they be confin'd
To certain objects, which to severall
Belong; yet sure the *Intellect* or mind
Apprehends all objects, both corporeall,
As colours, sounds; and incorporeall,
As virtue, wisdom, and the higher spright,
Gods love and beauty intellectuall;
So that its plain that she is higher pight
Then in all acts to pend on any earthly might.

36

If will and appetite we list compare,
 Like difference we easily there discover,
 This pent, contract, yfraught with furious jar
 And fierce antipathy. It boyleth over
 With fell revenge; or if new chance to cover
 The former passion. Suppose lust or fear.
 Yet all are tumults, but the will doth hover
 No whit enslav'd to what she findeth here,
 But in a free suspense her self doth nimbly bear.

37

Mild, gentle, calm, quick, large, subtile, serene,
 These be her properties which do increase
 The more that vigour in the bodies vein
 Doth waste and waxen faint. Desires decrease
 When age the *Mundane* spright doth more release
 From this strait mansion. But the will doth flower
 And fairly spread, near to our last de cease
 Embraceth God with much more life and power
 Then ever it could do in its fresh vernall hower.

38

Wherefore I think we safely may conclude
 That Will and Intellect do not rely
 Upon the body, sith they are indew'd
 With such apparent contrariety
 Of qualities to sense and phantasie,
 Which plainly on the body do depend:
 So that departed souls free energie
 May well exert, when they have made an end
 Of this vain life, nor need to *Lethe Lake* descend.

11
The Argument of
ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 2.

*Bondage and freedom's here set out
By an inverted Cone :
The self-formd soul may work without
Incorporation.*

1

Fountain of beings! the vast deep abyſſe
Of life and love and penetrating Will,
That breaks through narrow *Night*, and ſo tranſmiſſe
At laſt doth find it ſelf! What mortall ſkill
Can reach this myſterie? my trembling quill
Much leſſe may ſet it forth; yet as I may
I muſt attempt this taſk for to fulfill.
He guide my pen while I this work aſſay
Who *All*, through all himſelf doth infinitely diſplay.

2

My end's looſe largeneſſe and full libertie
To finden out. Moſt precious thing I ween.
When *centrall* life its outgone energie
Doth ſpreaden forth, unſneep'd by foe-man keen,
And like unclouded Sunne doth freely ſhine.
This is right Libertie, whoſe firſt Idee
And meaſure is that holy root divine
Of all free life, hight *Abad, Unitie*:
In all things He at once is preſent totally.

3

Each totall preſence muſt be infinite :
So is he infinite infinitie.
Thoſe infinites you muſt not diſunitie :
So is he one all-ſpreaden Unitie.
Nor muſt you ſo out-ſpread this Deitie,
But that infinitie ſo infinite
Muſt be in every infinite: ſo we
Muſt multiplie this infinite ſingle ſight
Above all apprehenſion of a mortall wit.

What

4
 What is not infinitely infinite,
 It is not simply infinite and free:
 For straitnesse (if you do conceive aright)
 Is the true daughter of deficiency.
 But sith there's no defect in *Unitie*,
 Or *Abad*, *Abad* this first centre light
 In Poetrie as yet to vulgar eye
 Unpublish'd) him first freedome infinite
 We may well stile. And next is that eternall light;

5
 Sonne unto *Abad*, *Abad* we him name
 (In that same Poeme) like his father free,
 Even infinitely free I him proclaim
 Every where all at once. And so is she
 Which *Psyche* hight: for perfect *Unitie*
 Makes all those one. So hitherto we have
 Unmeasurable freedome. *Semele*
 Is next, whom though fair fluttering forms embrace,
 Yet motion and defect her libertie deprave.

6
Imagination's not infinite,
 Yet freer farre then *sense*; and *sense* more free
 Then vegetation or *spermatick* spright.
 Even absent things be seen by phantasie;
 By *sense* things present at a distance;
 But that *spermatick* spright is close confin'd
 Within the compasse of a stupid tree,
 Imprison'd quite in the hard rugged rind,
 Yet there defective *reduplication* we find:

7
 Farre more defective then in phantasie
 Or *sense*; yet freer is the *plastick* spright
 Then quantitie, or single qualitie,
 Like quantitie it self out-stretched right
 Devoid of all *reduplicative* might:
 If any such like qualities there were
 So dull, so dead, so all devoid of light
 As no communicative rayes to bear;
 If there be such to *Style* they do verge most near.

But Hyle's self is perfect penurie,
And infinite straitnesse: Here we finden nought,
Nor can do ought. If curiously we prie
Into this mirkesome corner quite distraught
From our own life and being, we have brought
Our selves to nothing. Or the looth to sayen
The subtillest soul herself hath never wrought
Into so strait a place, could nere constrain
Herself to enter, or that hagge to entertain.

Lo! here's the figure of that mighty Cone,
From the strait Cuspis to the wide-spread Base,
Which is even all in comprehension.
What's infinitely nothing here hath place;
What's infinitely all things steddie staves
At the wide Basis of this Cone inverse,
Yet its own essence doth it swiftly chase,
Overtakes at once; so swiftly doth it pierce
That motion here's no motion.

Suppose the Sunne so much to mend his pace,
That in a moment he did round the skie,
The nimble Night how swiftly would he chase
About the earth? so swift that scarce thine eye
Could ought but light discern. But let him hie
So fast, that swiftnesse hath grown infinite,
In a pure point of time so must he flie
Around this ball, and the vast shade of Night
Quite swallow up, ever steddie stand in open light,

For that which from its place is not away
One point of time, how can you say it moves?
Wherefore the Sunne doth alwayes steddie stay
In our Meridian, as this reason proves.
And sith that in an instant round he roves,
The same doth hap in each Meridian lines
For in his instantaneous removes
He in them all at once doth fairly shine,
Nor that large stretchen space his freenesse can confine.

The Sunne himself at once stands in each point
 Of his diurnall circle. Thus we see
 That rest and motion cannot be disjoynt,
 When motion's swift even to infinitie.
 Here contrarieties do well agree,
 Eternall shade and everlasting light
 With one another here do well complie;
 Instant returns of Night make one long Night.
 Wherefore infinitie is freedome infinite.

No hinderance to ought that doth arrive
 To this free camp of fair *Elysium* :
 But nearer that to *Hyle* things do dive,
 They are more pent, and find much lesser room.
 Thus sensuall souls do find their righteous doom
 Which *Nemesis* inflicts, when they descend
 From heavenly thoughts that from above do come
 To lower life, which wrath and grief attend,
 And scorching lust, that do the souls high honour blend.

Wherefore the soul cut off from lowly sense
 By harmlesse fate, far greater libertie
 Must gain: for when it hath departed hence
 (As all things else) should it not backward hie
 From whence it comes? but such divinitie
 Is in our souls that nothing lesse then God
 Could send them forth (as Plato's schools descric)
 Wherefore when they retreat a free abode
 They'll find, unlesse kept off by *Nemesis* just rod.

But if kept off from thence, where is she then?
 She dwells in her own self, there doth reside,
 Is her own world, and more or lesse doth pen
 Her self, as more or lesse she erst did side
 With sense and vice, while here she did abide.
 Steril defect and nere-obtaind desire
 Create a cone, whose Cusp is not more wide
 Then this worlde Cone. Here close-contracted fire
 Doth vex, doth burn, doth scorch with searching heat & ire.

16

Not easily can she here fall fast asleep
To slake her anguish and tormenting pain:
What drizzling mists may here her senses steep?
What foggie fumes benumb her moistned brain?
The flitten soul no sense doth then retain,
And sleep ariseth from a sympathie
With these low sprights that in this bulk remain.
But when from these the soul is setten free,
What sleep may bind her from continuall energie?

17

Here they'll replie, It is not a grosse sleep
That binds the soul from operation.
But sith that death all phantasms clean doth wipe
Out of the soul, she no occasion
Can have of Will or Intellection.
The corpse do rot, the spirit wide is spread,
And with the *Mundane* life fallen into one:
So then the soul from these quite being fled,
Unmov'd of ought must lie, sunk in deep drowishead.

18

Nought then she hath whereon to contemplate,
Her ancient phantasms melt and glide away,
Her spright suck'd back by all-devouring fate
And spread abroad, those forms must needs decay
That were therein imprinted. If they stay,
Yet sith the soul from them is disunite,
Into her knowledge they can never ray.
So wants she objects the mind to excite:
Wherefore asleep she lies wrapt in eternall Night.

19

To which I answer, though she corporate
VVith no world yet, by a just *Nemesis*
Kept off from all; yet she thus separate
May oft be struck with potent rayes transmissie
From divers worlds, that with such mockeries
Kindling an hungry fire and eagre will,
They do the wretched soul but Tantalize,
And with fierce choking flames and furie fill,
So vex, that if she could in rage herself she'd kill.

If any doubt of this perplexitie,
 And think so subtil thing can suffer nought:
 What's gnawing conscience from impietie
 By highest parts of humane soul ywrought?
 For so our very soul with pain is fraught,
 The body being in an easie plight.
 Through all the senses when you have pressly sought,
 In none of them you'll find this sting empight:
 So may we deem this dart the soul it self to hit.

Again, when all the senses be ybound
 In sluggish sloth, the soul doth oft create
 So mighty pain, so cruelly doth wound
 It self with tearing torture, such a state
 Brings on herself, that none could tolerate.
 Which must be in herself; for once return'd
 Unto her body new resuscitate
 From sleep, remembring well how erst she mourn'd,
 Marvels how all so soon to peace and ease is turn'd.

Wherefore the soul it self receiveth pain
 From her own self, withouten sympathie
 With something else, whose miserie must constrain
 To deep compassion. So if struck she be
 With secret ray, or some strong energie
 Of any world, or lives that there remain,
 She's kept awake. Besides fecunditie
 Of her own nature surely doth contain
 Innate Ideas: This truth more fully I'll explain.

Strong forward bearing will or appetite,
 A never wearied importunitie,
 Is the first life of this deep centrall spright:
 Thus thrusts she forth before her some Idee
 Whereby herself now actuall she doth see.
 Her mighty *Fiat* doth command each form
 T' appear: As did that ancient Majestie
 This world of old by his drad Word efform,
 And made the soul of man thus divine *Deiform*.

Thus in a manner the humane soul creates
 The image of her will: When from her centre
 Her pregnant mind she fairly explicates
 By actual forms, and so doth safely enter
 To knowledge of her self.
 Flush light she sendeth forth, and live Ideas:
 Those be the glasse whereby the soul doth paint her
 Sweet centrall love sends out such forms as please;
 But centrall hate or fear, foul shapes with evill ease.

The manner of her life on earth may cause
 Diversity of those eruptions,
 For will, desire, or custome do dispose
 The soul to such like figurations.
 Propension brings imaginations,
 Unto their birth. And oft the soul lets fly
 Such unexpected eruptions,
 That she her self cannot devise why,
 Unlesse she do ascribe it to her pregnancy.

It is an argument of her forms innate
 Which blazen out, perchance when none descry
 This light is lost, sense doth so radiate
 With *Mundane* life, till this poore carcase die.
 As when a lamp, that men do siten by,
 In some wide hall in a clear winter night,
 Being blown out or wasted utterly,
 Unwares they find a fly still silver light;
 The moon the wall or pavement with mild raies bath light.

So when the oyl of this low life is spent,
 Which like a burning lamp doth waste away;
 Or if blown out by fate more violent;
 The soul may find an unexpected ray
 Of light; not from full faced Cynthia,
 But her own fulnesse and quick pregnancy:
 Unthought of life her Nature may display
 Unto her self; not by forc'd industry,
 But naturally it sprouts from her secundity.

Now fith adversion is a property
 So deeply essentiall to the rationall soul ?
 This light or life from her doth not so fly,
 But she goes with it as it out doth roll.
 All spirits that arround their raies extoll
 Possesse each point of their circumference
 Presentially. Wherefore the soul so full
 Of life, when it raies out with presse presence,
 Oretakes each outgone beam ; apprends it by advergence.

Thus plainly we perceive the energie
 Of the departed soul : if we could find
 Strong reason to confirm th' innate *ideas*,
 Essentiall forms created with the mind.
 But things obscure no'te easily be defin'd,
 Yet some few reasons I will venture at,
 To shew that God's so liberall and kind
 As, when an humane soul he doth create,
 To fill it with hid forms and deep *ideas* innate.

Well sang the wise Empedocles of old,
 That earth by earth, and sea by sea we see,
 And heaven by heaven, and fire more bright than gold
 By flaming fire, so gentle love descry
 By love, and hate by hate. And all agree
 That like is known by like. Hence they confesse
 That some externall species strikes the eye
 Like to its object, in the self-same dresse.
 But my first argument hence I'll begin to presse.

If like be known by like, then must the mind
 Innate *idolums* in it self contain,
 To judge the forms she doth imprinted find
 Upon occasions. If she doth not ken
 These shapes that flow from distant objects, then
 How can she know those objects ? a dead glasse
 (That light and various forms do gaily stain)
 Set out in open streets, shapes as they passe
 As well may see ; Lutes heare each foaming diapase.

32

But if she know those species outlent
From distant objects ; tell me how she knows
These species. By some other ? You were ment
To answer so. For straight the question goes
Unto another, and still forward flows
Even to infinity. Doth the object serve
Its image to the mind for to disclose ?
This answer hath as little sense or nerve :
Now reel you in a circle if you well observe.

33

Wherefore no ascititious form alone
Can make us see or hear ; but when this spright
That is one with the *Mundane's* hit upon
(Sith all forms in our soul be counite
And *centrally* lie there) she doth beget
Like shapes in her own self ; that energie
By her own centrall self who forth it let,
Is view'd. Her *centrall omniformity*
Thus easily keepeth off needlesse infinity.

34

For the quick soul by it self doth all things know.
And sith withouten apt similitude
Nought's known, upon her we must needs bestow
Essentiall centrall forms, that thus endew'd
With universall likenesse ever transmew'd
Into a representing energie
Of this or that, she may have each thing view'd
By her own *centrall self-vitality*
Which is her *self-essentiall omniformity*.

35

If plantall souls in their own selves contain
That vitall formative fecundity,
That they a tree with different colour stain;
And divers shapes, smoothnesse, asperity,
Straighnesse, acutenesse, and rotundity,
A golden yellow, or a crimson red,
A varnished green, with such like gallantry,
How dull then is the sensitive ? how dead,
If forms from its own centre it can never spread ?

36

Again, an Universall notion,
 What object ever did that form impress
 Upon the soul? What makes us venture on
 So rash a matter, as ere to confesse
 Ought generally true? when neverthelesse
 We cannot ever runne through all singulars.
 Wherefore in our own souls we do possesse
 Free forms and immateriall characters.
 Hence 'tis the soul so boldly generall truth declares.

37

What man that is not dull or mad would doubt
 Whether that truth (for which Pythagoras,
 When he by subtile study found it out,
 Unto the Muses for their helping grace
 An Hecatomb did sacrifice) may passe
 In all such figures wheresoever they be?
 Yet all Rectangle Triangles none has
 Viewed as yet, none all shall ever see.
 Wherefore this free assent is from th' *innate idee*.

38

Add unto these incorporeity
 Apprehended by the soul, when sense nere saw
 Ought incorporeall. Wherefore must she
 From her own self such subtile *idols* draw.
 Again, this truth more clearly still to know,
 Let's turn again to our Geometry.
 What body ever yet could figure show
 Perfectly perfect, as rotundity
 Exactly round, or blamelesse angularity?

39

Yet doth the soul of such like forms discourse,
 And finden fault at this deficiency,
 And rightly term this better and that worse;
 Wherefore the measure is our own *idee*,
 Which th' humane soul in her own self doth see.
 And sooth to sayen when ever she doth strive
 To find pure truth, her own profundity
 She enters, in her self doth deeply dive;
 From thence attempts each essence rightly to describe.

40

Last argument, which yet is not the least,
Wife Socrates dispute with Theætere
Concerning learning fitly doth suggest,
A midwives sonne yclepped Phenarete,
He calls himselfe: Then makes a quaint conceit,
That he his mothers trade did exercise.
All witlesse his own self yet well did weet
By his fit questions to make others wise;
A midwife that no'te bear anothers birth unties.

41

Thus jestingly he flung out what was true,
That humane souls be swoln with pregnancy
Of hidden knowledge, if with usage due
They were well handled, they each verity
Would bringen forth from their secunditie;
Wife framed questions would facilitate
This precious birth, stirre up th' inward *idee*,
And make it streame with light from forms innate.
Thus may a skilfull man hid truth elicitate.

42

What doth the teacher in his action
But put slight hints into his scholars mind?
Which breed a solemn contemplation
Whether such things be: so; but he doth find
The truth himselfe. But if truth be not sign'd
In his own soul before, and the right measure
Of things propos'd, in vain the youth doth wind
Into himself, and all that anxious leasure
In answering proves uselesse without that hid treasure.

43

Nor is his masters knowledge from him flit
Into his scholars head: for so his brain
In time would be exhaust and void of wit,
So would the sory man but little gain
Though richly paid. Nor is't more safe to sain
As fire breeds fire, art art doth generate,
The soul with Corporeity't would stain:
Such qualities outwardly operate,
The soul within; her acts there closely circulate.

Wherefore the soul it self by her *idee*,
 Which is her self, doth every thing discover;
 By her own *Centrall omniformity*
 Brings forth in her own self when ought doth move her;
 Till mov'd a dark indifferency doth hover.
 But fierce desire, and a strong piercing will
 Makes her those hidden characters uncover.
 Wherefore when death this lower life shall spill,
 O: fear or love the soul with actuall forms shall fill.

THE ARGUMENT OF ANTIPSYCHOPANNYCHIA.

Cant. 3.

*Departed souls by living Night
 Suckt in, for pinching we
 Note sleep; or if with God unite,
 For joyes with which they flow.*

MY hardest task is gone, which was to prove
 That when the soul dy death's cut off from all,
 Yet she within her self might live and move,
 Be her own world, by life *imaginall*.
 But sooth to say, 't seems not so naturall.
 For though a starre, part of the *Mundane* spright,
 Shine out with rayes circumferentiall
 So long as with this world it is unite;
 Yet what 't would do cut off, so well we cannot weet.

But sith our soul with God himself may meet,
 Inacted by his life, I cannot see
 What scruple then remains that moven might
 Least doubt, but that she wakes with open eye,
 When fate her from this body doth untie.
 Wherefore her choicest forms do then arise,
 Rowz'd up by union and large sympathy
 With Gods own spright; she plainly then descries
 Such plenitude of life, as she could nere devise.

3
If God even on this body operate,
And shakes this Temple when he doth descend,
Or with sweet vigour doth irradiate,
And lovely light and heavenly beauty lend.
Such rayes from Moses face did once extend
Themselves on Sinai hill, where he did get
Those laws from Gods own mouth, mans life to mend;
And from Messias on mount Saron set
Farre greater beauty shone in his disciples sight.

4
Als Socrates, when (his large *Intellect*
Being fill'd with streaming light from God above)
To that fair sight his soul did close collect,
That inward lustre through the body drove
Bright beams of beauty. These examples prove
That our low being the great Deity
Invades, and powerfully doth change and move.
Which if you grant, the souls divinity
More fitly doth receive so high an energy.

5
And that God doth illuminate the mind,
Is well approv'd by all antiquity;
With them Philosophers and Priests we find
All one: or else at least Philosophy
Link'd with Gods worship and pure piety:
Witnesse Pythagoras, Aglaophemus,
Zoroaster, thrice-mighty Mercury,
Wise Socrates, nothing injurious,
Religious Plato, and vice-raming Orpheus.

6
All these, addicted to religion,
Acknowledg'd God the fount of verity,
From whence flows out illumination
Upon purg'd souls. But now, O misery!
To seek to God is held a phantasie,
But men hug close their loved lust and vice,
And deem that thraldome a sweet liberty;
Wherefore reproch and shame they do devise
Against the braver souls that better things emprise.

But lo! a proof more strong and manifest:
Few men but will confesse that prophesie
Proceeds from God, when as our soul's possesse
By his all-seeing spright; als ecstasie
Wherein the soul snatch'd by the Deity,
And for a time into high heaven hent
Doth contemplate that blest Divinity.
So Paul and John that into Patmos went,
Heard and saw things inestimably excellent.

8
Such things as these men jointly do confesse
To be from Gods immediate energie,
But if that God ought on the soul impresse
Before it be at perfect liberty,
Quite rent from this base body; when that she
Is utterly releast, she'll be more fit
To be inform'd by that divine *Idea*
Hight *Logos*, that doth every man enlight
That enters into life, as speaks the sacred Writ.

9
Behold a fit resemblance of this truth,
The Sunne begetteth both colours and light,
Each living thing with life his heat indeweth,
He kindles into act each plastick spright:
Thus he the world with various forms doth dight,
And when his vigour hath fram'd our an eye
In any living wight, he fills with light
That organ, which can plainly then descry
The forms that under his far-shining beams do ly.

10
Even so it is with th' *intellectual* sunne,
Fountain of life, and all-discovering light,
He frames our souls by his creation,
Als he indews them with internal light,
Then shines into them by his lucid spright.
But corporall life doth so obnubillate
Our inward eyes that they be nothing bright,
While in this muddy world incarcerated
They lie, and with blind passions be intoxicate.

11

Fear, anger, hope, fierce vengeance, and swollen hate,
 Tumultuous joy, envy and discontent,
 Self-love, vain-glory, strife and fell debate,
 Unsatiated covetise, desire impotent,
 Low-sinking grief, pleasure, lust violent,
 Fond emulation, all these dim the mind
 That with foul filth the inward eye yblent,
 That light that is so near it cannot find.
 So shines the Sunne unscen on a trees rugged rind.

12

But the clean soul by virtue purifi'd
 Collecting its own self from the foul steem,
 Of earthly life, is often dignify'd,
 With that pure pleasure that from God doth stream,
 Often's enlighten'd by that radiant beam,
 That issues forth from his divinity,
 Then feelingly immortall she doth deem
 Her self, conjoynd by so near unity
 With God, and nothing doubts of her eternity.

13

Nor death nor sleep nor any dismall shade
 Of low contracting life she then doth fear,
 Not troubled thoughts her settled mind invade,
 Th' immortall root of life she seeth clear,
 Wisheth she were for ever grafted here
 No cloud, no darknesse, no deficiency
 In this high heavenly life doth here appear;
 Redundant fulnesse, and free liberty,
 Easie flowing knowledge, never weary energy,

14

Broad open sight, eternall wakefulnesse,
 Withouten labour or consuming pain:
 The soul all these in God must needs possesse
 When there deep-rooted life she doth obtain,
 As I in a few words shall maken plain.
 This bodies life by powerfull sympathy
 The soul to sleep and labour doth constrain,
 To grief, to wearinesse and anxiety,
 In fine, to hideous sense of dread mortality.

[But

15

But sith no such things in the Deity
 Are to be found; She once incorporate
 With that quick essence, she is setten free
 From ought that may her life obnubilate,
 What then can her contract or maken strait?
 For ever mov'd by lively sympathy
 With Gods own spright, an ever-waking state
 She doth obtain. Doth heavens bright blazing eye
 Ever close, ywrapte in sleep and dead obscurity?

16

But now how full and strong a sympathy
 Is caused by the souls conjunction
 VVith the high God, I'll to you thus descry.
 All men will grant that spread dispersion
 Must be some hinderance to close union:
 Als must confesse that closer unity
 More certainly doth breed compassion;
 Not that there's passion in the Deity,
 But something like to what all men call Sympathy.

17

Now sith the soul is of such subtlety,
 And close collectednesse, indispercion,
 Full by her *centrall omniformity*,
 Pregnant and big without distension;
 She once drawn in by strong attraction
 Should be more perfectly there counite
 In this her high and holy union
 Then with the body, where dispercion's pight.
 (But such hard things I leave to some more learned wight)

18

The first pure Being's perfect unity,
 And therefore must all things more strongly bind
 Then lives corporeall, which dispersed be.
 He also the first Goodnesse is defin'd
 Wherefore the soul most powerfully's inclin'd
 And strongly drawn to God. But life that's here,
 When into it the soul doth closely wind,
 Is often sleep'd by anguish and by fear,
 With vexing pain and rage that she no'te easily bear.

19

Farre otherwise it fares in that pure life
 That doth result in the souls Unitie
 With God: For there the faster she doth strive
 To tie herself, the greater libertie
 And freer welcome, brighter puritie
 She finds, and more enlargement, joy and pleasure
 Overflowing, yet without satietie,
 Sight without end, and love withouten measure:
 This needs must close unite the heart to that hid treasure.

20

This plainly's seen in that mysterious Cone
 Which I above did fairly well describe:
 There freeness and incarceration
 Were plainly setten forth. What down doth dive
 Into the straitned Cuspis needs must strive
 With stringent bitterness, vexation,
 Anxious unrest; in this ill plight they live:
 But they that do ascend to th' top yflown
 Be free, yet fast unite to that fair vision.

21

Thus purged souls be close conjoynd to God,
 And closer union surer sympathie;
 Wherefore so long as they make their abode
 In Him, incorporate by due Unitie
 They liven in eternall energie.
 For Israels God nor slumbers, nor doth sleep;
 Nor Israel lost in dull lethargie
 Must listlesse lie, while numbing streams do steep
 His heavy head, overwhelmed in oblivion deep.

22

But here more curious men will straight enquire,
 Whither after death the wicked soul doth go,
 That long hath wallowed in the sinfull mire.
 Before this question I shall answer to,
 Again the nature of the soul I'll show.
 She all things in herself doth centrally
 Contain; what ever she doth feel or know,
 She feels or knows it by th' innate Idee:
 She's all proportion'd by her *omniformitie*.

God

23

God, heaven, this middle world, deep-glimmering hell
 With all the lives and shapes that there remain,
 The forms of all in humane souls do dwell;
 She likewise all proportions doth contain
 That fits her for all sprights. So they constrain
 By a strong pulling sympathie to come,
 And straight possesse that fitting vitall vein
 That 'longs unto her, to her proper room
 She takes as mighty Nemesis doth give the doom.

24

Now (which I would you presly should observe)
 Though oft I have with tongue balbutient
 Prattled to th' weaker eare (lest I should sterve
 My style with too much subtiltie) I nere ment
 To grant there's any such thing existent
 As a mere body: For all's life, all spright,
 Though lives and sprights be very different.
 Three generall sprights there be, *Eternall light*
 Is one, the next *our world*, the last *Infernall Night*.

25

This last lies next unto old *Nothingnesse*
 Hight *Hyle*, whom I term'd point of the Cone;
 Her daughter *Night* is full of bitternesse,
 And strait constraint, and pent privation:
 Her sturdie ray's scarce conquer'd by the moon.
 The earths great shade breaks out from this hid spright,
 And active is; so soon the Sunne is gone,
 Doth repossesse the aire shotten forth right
 From its hid centrall life, ycleep'd *Infernall Night*.

26

In this drad world is scorching *Phlegethon*,
 Hot without flame, burning the vexed sense;
 There hatefull *Styx* and sad *Cocytus* run,
 And silent *Acheron*. All drink from hence,
 From this damn'd spright receiven influence,
 That in our world or poyson do our soue,
 Or have an ugly shape and foul presence:
 That deadly poyson and that direfull hue
 From this *Nocturnall* spright these ugly creatures drew.

This

This is the seat of Gods eternall ire,
 When unmixt vengeance he doth fully powre
 Upon foul souls fit for consuming fire:
 Fierce storms and tempests strongly doth he shoure
 Upon their heads: His rage doth still devour
 The never-dying soul. Here Satans
 Hath his full swing to torture every houre
 The grisly ghosts of men, when they have passe
 From this mid world to that most direfull dismall place.

Did Nature but compile one mighty sphere
 Of this dark Stygian spright, and close collect
 Its scatter'd being, that it might appear
 Aloft in the wide heaven, it would project
 Dark powerfull beams, that solar life ycheck
 With these dull choking rayes, all things would die,
 Internall poyson the earth would infect,
 Incessant showers of pitchie shafts let flie
 Against the Sunne with darknesse would involve the skie.

Nor is my Muse wax mad, that thus gives life
 To Night or Darknesse, sith all things do live.
 But Night is nothing (straight I'll end that strife)
 Doth nought impressions to the sense derive?
 If without prejudice you'll deigne to dive
 Into the matter, as much realtie
 To darknesse as to coldnesse you will give.
 Both Night and Coldnesse have their energie,
 Both strike the sense, they both have reall entitie.

Again, 'tis plain that that nocturnall spright
 Sends forth black eben-beams and mirksome rayes,
 Because her darknesse as the Sunne his light
 More clearly doth reflect on solid place.
 As when a wall, a shade empighen has
 Upon it, sure that shade farre darker is
 Then is the aire that lies in the mid space.
 What is the reason? but that rayes emisse
 From centrall Night the walls reflection multiplies.

31

The light's more light that strikes upon the wall,
 And much more strongly there affects the eye,
 Then what's spread in the space aereall:
 So 'tis with shadows that amid do lie
 In the slight aire; there scarce we them descrie;
 But when they fall upon the wall or ground,
 They gain a perfect sensibilitie.
 Scarce ought in outgone light is to be found
 But this Nocturnall ray's with like indowments crown'd.

32

But why doth my half-wearied mind pursue
 Dim sculking darknesse, a fleet nimble shade?
 If Moses and wise Solomon speak true,
 What we assert may safely well be said.
 Did not a palpable thick Night invade
 The Land of Egypt, such as men might feel
 And handle with their hands? That darknesse ray'd
 From nether *HeH*, and silently did steal
 On th' enemies of God, as Scripture doth reveal.

33

The womb of *Night* then fully flowred out:
 For that all-swaying endlesse Majestie
 Which penetrateth those wide worlds throughout,
 This thin spread darknesse that dispers'd doth lie
 Summon'd by his drad voice, and strong decree.
 Much therefore of that spirit close unite
 Into one place did strike the troubled eye
 With horrid blacknesse, and the hand did smite
 With a clam pitchie ray shot from that *Centrall Night*.

34

This *Centrall Night* or Universall spright
 Of wo, of want, of balefull bitterness,
 Of hatred, envy, wrath, and fell despight,
 Of lust, of care, wasting disquietnesse,
 Of warre, contention, and bloud-thirstinesse,
 Of zeal, of vengeance, of suspicion
 Of hovering horror, and sad pensivenesse,
 This *Stygian* stream through all the world doth run,
 And many wicked souls unto it self hath wonne.

Eol

35

Lo! here's the portion of the Hypocrite,
That serveth God but in an outward show,
But his drad doom must passe upon his spright,
Where it propends there surely must he go.
Due vengeance neither sleepeth nor is slow.
Hell will suck in by a strong sympathie
What's like unto it self: So down they flow,
Devouring anguish and anxietie
Do vex their souls, in piteous pains, alas! they lie.

36

Thus with live Hell be they concorporate,
United close with that self-gnawing spright:
And this I wote will breed no sleeping state;
Who here descends finds one long restless Night;
May this the dreaming Psychopannychite
Awake, and make him seriously prepare
And purge his heart, lest this infernall might
Suck in his soul 'fore he be well aware.
Kill but the seeds of sinne then are you past this fear.

37

Thus have I prov'd by the souls union
With heaven and hell, that she will be awake
When she from this mid Nature is ygone.
But still more curious task to undertake;
And spenden time to speak of Lethe lake,
And whether at least some souls fall not asleep.
(Which if they do of Hell they do partake)
Whether who liv'd like plant or grazing sheep,
Who of nought else but sloth and growth doth taken keep;

38

Whose drooping phansie never flowred out,
Who relish'd nought but this grosse bodies food,
Who never entertaind an active thought,
But like down-looking beasts was onely mov'd
To feed themselves, whither this drowsie mood
So drench the lowring soul and inly sleep
That she lies senselesse drown'd in Lethe floud;
Who will let dive into this mysterie deep:
Into such narrow subtilties I list not creep.

But

But well I wote that wicked crueltie,
 Hate, envie, malice, and ambition,
 Bloud-sucking zeal, and lawlesse tyrannie,
 In that *Nocturnall* spright shall have their wonne,
 Which like this world admits distinction.
 But like will like unto it strongly draw:
 So every soul shall have a righteous doom.
 According to our deeds God will bestow
 Rewards: Unto the cruell he'll no mercie show.

Where's Nimrod now, and dreadfull Hannibal?
 Where's that ambitious pert Pellean lad,
 Whose pride sweld bigger then this earthly ball?
 Where's cruel Nero, with the rest that had
 Command, and vex'd the world with usage bad?
 They're all sunk down into this nether hell;
 Who erst upon the Nations stoutly strad
 Are now the Devils footstool. His drad spell
 Those vassals doth command, though they with furie swell.

Consuming anguish, styptick birternesse,
 Doth now so strangle their imperious will,
 That in perpetuall disquietnesse
 They roll and rave, and roar and rage their fill,
 Like a mad bull that the slie hunters skill
 Hath caught in a strong net. But more they strive
 The more they kindle that tormenting ill.
 Woe's met in what great miserie they live!
 Yet wote I not what may these wretched thralls relieve.

The safest way for us that still survive
 Is this, even our own lust to mortifie;
 So Gods own Will will certainly revive.
 Thus shall we gain a perfect libertie,
 And everlasting life. But if so be
 We seek our selves with ardent hot desire,
 From that *Infernall Night* we are not free;
 But living *Hell* will kindle a fierce fire,
 And with uncessant pains our vexed soul will tire.

43

Then the wild phantasie from its horrid wombe
 Will senden forth soul shapes. O horrid sight.
 Overgrown toads fierce serpents thence will come,
 Red-scaled Dragons with deep burning light
 In their hollow eye-pits: With these she must fight;
 Then thinks her self ill wounded, sorely stung.
 Old fulsome hags with scabs and skurf bedight,
 Foul tarry spittle tumbling with their tongue
 On their raw lether lips, these near will to her clung.

44

And lovingly salute against her will,
 Closely embrace, and make her mad with wo;
 She'd lever thousand times they did her kill,
 Then force her such vile basenesse undergo.
 Anon some Giant his huge self will show,
 Gaping with mouth as vast as any cave,
 With stony staring eyes, and footing slow:
 She surely deems him her live-walking grave,
 From that dern hollow pit knows not her self to save.

45

After a while, tost on the Ocean main
 A boundlesse sea she finds of misery;
 The fiery snorts of the Leviathan
 (That makes the boyling waves before him fly)
 She hears, she sees his blazing morn-bright eyes:
 If here she scape, deep gulfs and threatening rocks
 Her frightened self do straightway terrifie;
 Steel-coloured clouds with rattling thunder knocks,
 With these she is amaz'd, and thousand such like mocks.

46

All which afflict her even like perfect sense:
 For waxen mad with her sore searching pain
 She cannot easily find the difference,
 But toils and tears and tugs, all in vaine;
 Her self from her own self she cannot strain.
Nocturnall life bath now let ope th' *idee*
 Of innate darknesse, from this fulsome vein
 The soul is fill'd with all deformity.
 But *Night* doth stirre her up to this dread energie.

P

But

47

But here some man more curious then wise
 Perhaps will ask, where *Night* or *Hell* may be;
 For he by his own self cannot devise,
 Sith chearfull light doth fill the open sky.
 And what's the earth to the souls subtilty?
 Such men I'd carry to some standing pool,
 Down to the water bid them bend their eye,
 They then shall see the earth possesse and full
 Of heaven, dight with the sunne, or starres that there do roll.

48

Or to an hill where's some deep hollow cave
 Dreadfull for darknesse; let them take a glasse,
 When to the pitchie hole they turned have
 Their instrument, that darknesse will find place
 Even in the open sunne-beams, at a space
 Which measures twice the glasses distancy
 From the caves mouth. This well discovered has
 How *Hell* and *Heaven* may both together lie,
 Sith darknesse safely raies even in the sunnie skie.

49

But cease, my restless Mufe, be not so free;
 Thy chiefeft end thou hadst accomplished
 Long since, shak'd of the *Psychopannychie*;
 And rous'd the soul from her dull drouisiehead;
 So nothing now in death is to be dred
 Of him that wakes to truth and righteousness:
 The bulk lies here, the soul aloft is fled
 Unto the fount of perfect happinesse.
 Full freedome, joy, and peace she lively doth possesse.

The Argument of
ANTIMONOPS YCHIA.

*The all-devouring Unity
 Of souls I here disprove ;
 Show how they bear their memory
 With them when they remove.*

1

WHo yields himself to learning and the Muse,
 Is like a man that leaves the steady shore,
 And skims the sea. He nought then can refuse
 What ever is design'd by Neptunes power,
 Is fiercely drove in every stormy stoute,
 Slave to the water and the whistling wind :
 Even so am I, that whylom meant recover
 The wished land, but now against my mind
 Am driven fiercely back, and so new work do find.

2

What though the Rationall soul immortall be,
 And safely doth exist this bulk being gone,
 And then existing hath full energie
 Perfectly wake, if all souls be but one ?
 Or, though a number, if oblivion
 Of all things past, put them in such a state
 That they can no-wise guesse that ere upon
 This earth they trode, even this seems to abate
 Their happinesse. They'll deem themselves then first create.

3

Wherefore to ease us of this double doubt,
 With mighty force great Phœbus doth inspire
 My raving mind. He'll bear me strongly out,
 Till I have perfected his own desire :
 Nor will he suffer me once to respire
 Till I have brought this song unto an end.
 O may it be but short though a quick fire!
 Such rage and rapture makes the body bend,
 Doth waste its fading strength and fainting spirits spend.

4

Now comes the story of Praxiteles
 Into my mind, whom looking in a glasse,
 With surly countenance, it did much displease,
 That any should so sourely him outface;
 Yet whom he saw his dogged self it was:
 Tho he with angry fist struck his own shade.
 Thus he the harmlesse miroir shattered has
 To many shivers; the same shapes invade
 Each piece, so he a many surly sad faces made.

5

These shapes appeard from the division
 Of the broke glasse: so rather phancies deem
 The Rationall soul (whom they suppose but one)
 By the divided matter many to seem:
 Disjoined bulks broke glasses they esteeme;
 Which if they did into one substance flow,
 One single soul in that one glasse would shene;
 If that one substance also were ygo,
 One onely soul is left, the rest were but a show.

6

Well is their mind by this similitude
 Explained. But now lets list the verity
 Of this opinion, and with reason rude
 Rub, crush, touze, rife this fine phantasie,
 As light and thin as cob-webs that do fly
 In the blew aire, caus'd by th' Autumnall sun,
 That boils the dew that on the earth doth lie.
 May seem this whitish rag then is the scum,
 Unlesse that wiser men make't the field-spiders loom.

7

But such deep secrets willingly I leave
 To grand philosophers. I'll forward go
 In my proposed way. If they conceive
 There's but one soul (though many seem in show)
 Which in these living bodies here below
 Doth operate (some such opinion
 That Learned Arab held high Aven-Roe)
 How comes't to passe that she's so seldome known
 In her own self? In few she thinks her self but one.

Seem

8

Seems not this soul or Intellect very dull,
 That in so few she can her self discover
 To be but one in all, though all be full
 Of her alone? Besides, no soul doth love her
 Because she sucks up all: but what would move her
 Thus to detest her self, if one she be
 In all mens bodies? right reason surely doth love her
 Thus to condemne this lonesome Unitie
 Of mind or soul: which reason's her own energy.

9

Thoughts good and bad that Universall mind
 Must take upon it self; and every ill,
 That is committed by all humane kind,
 They are that souls. Alas, we have no will,
 No free election, nor yet any skill,
 But are a number of dull stalking trees
 That the universall Intellect doth fill
 With its own life and motion: what it please
 That there it acts. What strange absurdities are these?

10

All plotted mischief that fly reason wrought,
 All subtile falsties that nimbly fly
 About the world, that foul them all hath brought;
 Then upon better thoughts with penalty
 Doth sore afflict her self, doth laugh and cry
 At the same time. Here Aristophanes
 Doth maken sport with some spruce Comedie;
 Therewith some Tragick strain sad Sophocles
 Strikes the Spectatours hearts, makes many weeping eyes.

11

Such grief this soul must in her self conceive
 And pleasure at one time. But here you'll say
 We ought not grief nor pleasure for to give
 Unto the soul. To what then? This live clay
 It feels no grief if she were gone away:
 Therefore the soul at once doth laugh and cry.
 But in this argument I'll no longer stay,
 But forward on with swifter course will hie,
 And finden out some grosser incongruity.

P 3

Lct

12

Let now two men conceiven any form
 Within their selves, suppose of flaming fire ;
 If but one soul doth both their corpe inform,
 There's but one onely species intire.
 For what should make it two ? The idee of fire,
 That is but one, the subject is but one,
 One onely soul that all men doth inspire.
 Let one man quench that form he thought upon,
 That form is now extinct and utterly ygone;

13

So that the other man can think no longer,
 Which all experience doth prove untrue.
 But yet I'll further urge with reason stronger,
 And still more clearly this fond falshood shew.
 Can contraries the same subject imbew ?
 Yes ; black and white, heat, cold may both possesse
 The mind at once ; but they a nature new
 Do there obtain, they're not grosse qualities,
 But subtil sprights that mutually themselves no'te presse:

14

But contradiction, can that have place
 In any soul ? Plato affirms Idees ;
 But Aristotle with his pugnacious race
 As idle figments stily them denies.
 One soul in both doth thus philosophise,
 Concludes at once contradictoriously
 To her own self. What man can here devise
 A fit escape, if (what's sure verity)
 He do but grant the souls indivisibility ?

15

Which stily is maintaine'd in that same song
 Which is ycleeped Psychathanasie,
 And safely well confirm'd by reasons strong:
 Wherefore I list not here that truth to trie,
 But wish the Reader to turn back his eye,
 And view what there was faithfully displaid.
 Now if there be but one centrality
 Of th' Universall soul which doth invade
 All humane shapes ; how come these contradictions made ?
 For

16

For that one soul is judge of every thing,
 And heareth all Philosophers dispute ;
 It self disputes in all that jangling,
 In reasoning fiercely doth it self confute,
 And contradictions confidently conclude :
 That is so monstrous that no man can think
 To have least shew of truth. So this pursuit
 I well might now leave off : what need I swink
 To prove what's clearly true, and force out needlesse ink.

17

Again, she would the same thing will and nill
 At the same time. Besides, all men would have
 The self-same knowledge, art, experience, skill ;
 The frugall parent might his money save,
 The Pedagogue his pains: If he engrave
 His Grammer precepts but in one boyes mind,
 Or decent manners: He doth thus embrace
 VVith single labour all the youth you'll find
 Under the hollow heavens, they'll be alike enclin'd.

18

And every man is skill'd in every trade,
 And every silent thought that up doth spring
 In one mans breast, doth every man invade ;
 No counsel-keeper, nor no secret thing
 VVill then be found; They'll need no whispering
 Nor louder voice. Let Orators be dumb,
 Nor need the eager auditours make a ring ;
 Though every one keep himself close at home, (roam,
 The silent Preachers thoughts through all the world will

19

Find each man out, and in a moment hit
 VVith unavoyded force: Or sooth to sain
 They all begin at once to think what's fit,
 And all at once anon leave off again.
 A thousand such incongruities vain
 VVill follow from that first absurdity,
 VVhich doth all souls into one centre straine,
 And make them void of self-centrality.
 Strange soul from whence first sprong so uncouth falsity.

Now all the argumentes that I have brought
 For to disprove the soules strange solitude,
 That there is not one onely soul, well mought
 Be urg'd (and will with equall strength conclude)
 To prove that God his creature hath indewd
 With a *self-centrall* essence, which from his
 Doth issue forth, with proper rayes embewd,
 And that not all the very Godhead is:
 For that would straight beget the like absurdities.

For he is indivisibly one being,
 At once in every place, and knoweth all;
 He is omnipotent, infinite in seeing:
 Wherefore if Creatures intellectuall
 (And in that order humane souls will fall)
 Were God himself, they would be alike wise,
 Know one anothers thoughts imaginall,
 Which no man doth: such falshoods would arise
 With many more, which any idiot might well despise.

Nor will mens souls that now be different
 Be God himself hereafter, and all one:
 For thus they were quite lost; their life ylent
 And subtrill being quite away are gone.
 This is a perfect contradiction,
 They are all one with God, and yet they are.
 If they be one with God, then they alone
 Did make themselves, and every rolling starre:
 For God alone made these, and God himself they are.

Before the Sunne and all the host of heaven,
 The earth, the sea, and mans deep centrall spright;
 Before all these were made, was not God even
 With his own self? what then him moven might
 To waste his words and say, Let there be light,
 If the accomplishment of all things be,
 That all be God himself. This is not right.
 No more perfection, no more energie
 There will be then, then at the former nullity.

24

Or will you say, that God himself delights
 To do and undo? But how can this stand
 With self-sufficiency? There's nought that might
 Adde to his happinesse (if I understand
 His Nature right.) But he with open hand
 Doth easily feed the Creature that he made
 As easily. Wherefore if the truth be scand
 This Goodnesse would that nought should be decay'd;
 His mind is all should live, no life he would should fade.

25

But if the finall consummation
 Of all things make the Creature *Deiform*,
 As Plato's school doth phrase it; there is none
 That thence need fear to come to any harm:
 For God himself will then inact, inform,
 And quicken humane souls at the last day;
 And though the devill rore, and rage, and storm,
 Yet deaths drad power shall be done away,
 Nor living *Night* on men its poysonous beams shall ray.

26

He hasten it that makes that glorious day!
 For certainly it is no fearfull thing
 But unto pride, and love of this base clay:
 It's their destruction, but the perfecting
 Of the just souls. It unto them doth bring
 Their full desire, to be more close unite
 With God, and utter cleans'd from all their sin.
 Long was the world involv'd in cloudy *Night*,
 But at the last will shine the perfect Christian light.

27

Thus the souls numerous plurality
 I have prov'd, and shew'd she is not very God;
 But yet a decent *Deiformity*
 Have given her: thus in the middle trod
 I safely went, and fairly well have row'd
 As yet. Part of my voyage is to come,
 Which is to prove that the souls new aboard
 In heaven or hell (what ever is her doom)
 Nought hinders but past forms even there again may bloom.
 Which

Which if they did not, she could never tell
 Why she were thus rewarded, wherefore ill
 Or good she doth enjoy, whether ill or well
 She lived here. Remembrance death did spill.
 But otherwise it fares ; as was her will
 And inclination of her thirsty spright,
 Impressions of like nature then doth fill
 Her lively mind, whether with sad affright
 Disturb'd, which she long feard ; or in hop'd-for delight.

The life that here most strongly kindled was
 (Sith she awakes in death) must needs betray
 The soul to what nearest affinity has
 With her own self; and likenesses do sway
 The mind to think of what ever did play
 In her own self with a like shape or form ;
 And contraries do help the memory :
 So if the soul be left in case forlorn,
 Remembrance of past joy makes her more deeply mourn.

'Tis also worth our observation,
 That higher life doth ever comprehend
 The lower energie : sensation
 The soul some fitten hint doth promptly lend
 To find out plantall life ; sense is retaind
 In subtiller manner in the phantasie ;
 Als reason phantasies doth well perpend ;
 Then must the highest of all virality
 Contain all under life. Thus is there Memory.

This faculty is very intimate
 And near the Centre, very large and free,
 Extends it self to whatsoever that
 The soul peracts There is no subtilty
 Of Intellect, of Will, no energy
 Of Sense, nor uncouth strange impression
 From damned Night, or the blest Deity,
 But of all these she hath retention,
 And of their former being makes a prompt agnition.

32

This memorie the very bond of life
 You may well deem. If it were cut away
 Our being truly then you might contrive
 Into a point of time. The former day
 Were nought at all to us: when once we lay
 Our selves to sleep, we should not know at morn
 That e're we were before; nor could we say
 A whit of sense: so soon as off we turn
 One word, that's quite forgot. Coherence thus is torn.

33

Now sith it is of such necessitie,
 And is the bundle of the souls duration,
 The watchman of the soul, lest it should flie
 Or steal from its own self, a sure fixation
 And Centroll depth it hath, and free dilation,
 That it takes notice of each energie
 Of intellect, sense, or imagination:
 Wherefore this virtue no dependencie
 Hath of this body, must be safe when it doth die.

34

But if disperfed lifes collection,
 Which is our memorie, safely survive
 (Which well it may, sith it depends not on
 The *Mundane* spirit) what can sitly drive
 It into action? In heaven it doth live
 So full of one great light, it hath no time
 To such low trifles, as past sights, to dive,
 Such as she gathered up in earthly slime:
 Foreknowledge of herself is lost in light divine.

35

But can she here forget our radiant Sunne?
 Of which its maker is the bright *idee*,
 This is her shadow, for what she hath done
 Now she's rewarded with the Deitie?
 Suppose it: Yet her lifes *Centralitie*
 So sprightly's quickned with near Union
 With God, that now wish'd-for vitalitie
 Is so encreas'd, that infinitely sh' has fun
 Herself, her deep'st desire unspeakably hath wonne.

And

36

And deep desire is the deepest act,
 The most profound and centrall energie,
 The very selfnesse of the soul, which backt
 With piercing might, she breaks out, forth doth flie
 From dark contracting death, and doth descrie
 Herself unto herself; so thus unfold
 That actuall life she straightwayes saith, is I.
 Thus while she were in this live bulk infold,
 Of this low life, as of herself oft tales she told.

37

In dangerous sicknesse often saith, I die;
 When nought doth die but the low plantall man,
 That falls asleep: and while Nature doth tie
 The soul unto the body; she nere can
 Avoid it, but must feel the self-same pain,
 The same decay, if hereto she her mind
 Do bend. When stupid cold her corse oreran,
 She felt that cold; but when death quite doth bind
 The sense, then she herself doth dead and senselesse find.

38

Or else at least just at the enterance:
 Of death she feels that slie privation,
 How now it spreads ore all: so living sense
 Perceives how sleep creeps on, till quite o'recome
 With drousinesse, animadversion
 Doth cease: but (lower sense then fast ybound)
 The soul bestoweth her adversion
 On something else: So oft strange things hath found
 In sleep, from this dull carcase while she was unbound.

39

So though the soul, the time she doth advert
 The bodies passions takes her self to die;
 Yet death now finish'd, she can well convert
 Herself to other thoughts. And if the eye
 Of her adversion were fast fixt on high,
 In midst of death 'twere no more fear or pain,
 Then 'twas unto Elias to let flie
 His uselesse mantle to that Hebrew Swain,
 While he rode up to heaven in a bright fierie wain.

Thus

Thus have I stoutly rescued the soul
From centrell death or pure mortalitie,
And from the listlesse fionds of Lethe dull,
And from the swallow of drad Unitie,
And from an all-consuming Deitie.
What now remains, but since we are so sure
Of endlesse life, that to true pietie
We give our minds, and make our conscience pure,
Lest living Night in bitter darknesse us inure.

FINIS.



*A Paraphrasticall Interpretation of the answer
of Apollo, when he was consulted by Ame-
lius whither Plotinus soul went
when he departed
this life.*

I Tune my strings to sing some sacred verse
Of my dear friend; in an immortall strein
His mighty praise I loudly will reherse
With hony-dewed words: some golden vein
The stricken chords right sweetly shall resound.
Come, blessed Muses, let's with one joint noise,
With strong impulse, and full harmonious sound,
Speak out his excellent worth. Advance your voice,
As once you did for great Æacides,
Wrapt with an heavenly rage, in decent dance,
Mov'd at the measures of Meonides.
Go to, you holy quire, let's all at once
Begin, and to the end hold up the song,
Into one heavenly harmonie conspire;
I Phœbus with my lovely locks yong
The midst of you shall sit, and life inspire.
Divine Plotinus! yet now more divine
Then when thy noble soul so stoutly strove
In that dark prison, where strong chains confine,
Keep down the active mind it cannot move
To what it loveth most. Those fleshly bands
Thou now hast loos'd, broke from Necessitie.
From bodies storms, and frothie working sands
Of this low restless life now setten free,
Thy feet do safely stand upon a shore,
Which foaming waves beat not in swelling rage,
Nor angry seas do threat with fell uprore;
Well hast thou swommen out, and left that stage
Of wicked Actours, that tumultuous rout
Of ignorant men. Now thy pure steps thou stay'st
In that high path, where Gods light shines about,
And perfect Right its beauteous beams displays.

How oft, when bitter wave of troubled flesh,
And whirl-pool-turnings of the lower spright,
Thou stoutly strov'st with, heaven did thee refresh,
Held out a mark to guide thy wandring flight,
While thou in tumbling seas didst strongly toyl
To reach the steddie Land, struckst with thy arms
The deafing surges, that with rage do boyl ;
Stear'd by that signe thou shunn'st those common harms.

How oft, when rasher cast of thy souls eye
Had thee misguided into crooked wayes,
Wast thou directed by the Deitie?
They held out to thee their bright lamping rayes :
Dispers'd the mistie darknesse, safely set
Thy feeble feet in the right path again.
Nor easie sleep so closely ere beset
Thy eyelids, nor did dimnesse ere so stain
Thy radiant sight, but thou such things didst see
Even in that tumult, that few can arrive
Of all are named from philosophie
To that high pitch, or to such secrets dive.

But sith this body thy pure soul divine
Hath left, quite risen from her rotten grave,
Thou now among those heavenly wights dost shine,
Whose wonne this glorious lustre doth embrace :
There lovely friendship, mild-smiling Cupid's there,
With lively looks and amorous suavitie,
Full of pure pleasure, and fresh flowring cheer ;
Ambrosian streams sprung from the Deitie
Do frankly flow, and soft love-kindling winds
Do strike with a delicious sympathie
Those tender spirits, and fill up their minds
With satisfying joy. The puritie
Of holy fire their heart doth then invade,
And sweet perswasion, meeke tranquillitie,
The gentle-breathing aire, the heavens nought sad,
Do maken up this great felicitie.
Here Rhadamanthus, and just Æacus,
Here Minos wonnes, with those that liv'd of yore
I' th' golden age; here Plato vigorous
In holy virtue, and fair Pythagore.

These

These been the goodly of spring of Great Jove,
 And liven here, and whoſo fill'd the quire
 And ſweet aſſembly of immortal Love,
 Purging their ſpirits with refining fire;
 Theſe with the happie Angels live in bliſſe,
 Full fraught with joy, and laſting pure delight,
 In friendly feaſts, and life-outſetching kiſſe.
 But, ah! dear Plotin, what ſmart did thy ſpright
 Indure, before thou reach'ſt this high degree
 Of happineſſe? what agonies, what pains
 Thou underwent'ſt to ſet thy ſoul ſo free
 From baſer life? It now in heaven remains
 Mongſt the pure Angels. O thrice-happy wight!
 That now art got into the Land of Life,
 Faſt plac'd in view of that Eternall Light,
 And ſitt'ſt ſecure from the ſoul bodies ſtrife.

But now, you comely virgins, make an end,
 Break off this muſick, and deſt ſeemly Round,
 Leave off your dance: For Plotin my dear friend
 Thus much I meant my golden harp ſhould ſound.



*The interpretation of the more ununsual
names or words that occurre in
the foregoing Poems.*

If any man conceive I have done amisse in using such obscure words in my writings, I answer, That it is sometime fit for Poeticall pomp sake, as in my Psychozoia: Otherwise time necessitie requires it,

Propter egestatem lingue, & rerum novitatem,
as Lucretius pleads for himself in like case. Again, there is that significancie in some of the barbarous words (for the Greeks are Barbarians to us) that, although not out of superstition, yet upon due reason I was easily drawn to follow the Counsel of the Chaldee Oracle, *Ὁρμαται βάρ-
βαρα μὴ ποτ' ἀλλοῖσιν*, Not to change those barbarous terms into our English tongue. Lastly, if I have offended in using such hard names or words, I shall make amends now by interpreting them.

A Had. *ἓν, τὸ ἓν*, One, or, The One. The Platonists call the first Originall of all things *τὸ ἐν* and *τὸ ἀγαθόν*, for these reasons: *τὸ ἓν* or One, because the multitude or pluralitie of Beings is from this One, as all numbers from an unite: *τὸ ἀγαθόν* or The Good, *παρὰ τῷ ἀγῶνι*, or *ἀγῶνίῳ*, because all things are driven drawn or make haste to partake of it. *Διὸν μὲν ἐξ αὐτοῦ τὸ πάνθ' ὡς ἐστίν, πῶς τῷ ἐνδεαυτοῦ ἀνευρετοῦ ἐνέργου' Διὸν δ' ὡς αὐτὸ πάντα καὶ μέγας τῶν ἀμυδροτάτων ὀνομαστέται, τὸ ἀγαθὸν αὐτὸ ἀνευρετοῦ*, Procl. Theolog. Plat. lib. 1. cap. 4.

Abinoam. *אבִּינוֹם*, Pater amantitatis, Father of delight.

Autocalon. *Ἄυτοκαλόν*, The very beauty.

Arachnea hath its name from *ἀράχνη*, a spider.

Adonai. *אֲדֹנָי*. The Lord, or the sustainer of all things, from *יָדָן*, the Basis or foot of a pillar.

Autesthesia. *Ἄυτῆσθια*, Self sensednesse.

Adamah. אָדָמָה Earth, The earthly or naturall man
abode.

Autophilus, 'Αυτοφιλος, a lover of himself.

Anthropion, The same with Adamah: Onely Adamah
signifies earthlinesse; Anthropion from ἀνθρωπιν, upright-
nesse of body or looking up.

Alopecopolis, 'Αλωπεκόπολις. The foxes citie or politie.

Autaparnes, Αυταπαρνης, from αὐτός and ἀπαρνησθαι.
Simon, Autaparnes and Hypomene are but the soul, thrice
told over. Autaparnes is the soul denying it self; Hypomene
the soul bearing the anguish and agonie of this deniall of it
self: From these two results Simon, the soul obedient to
the spirit of Christ. Now there is no self-deniall where there
is no corrupt or evil life to be suppressd and unsatisfied; nor
any Patience or Hypomene, where there is no agonie from
the vexation of self-deniall. So that the soul, so long as it
is Autaparnes or Hypomene, is a thing complex or com-
crete, necessarily including the corruption of that evil life
or spirit, which is the souls self for a time. Hence is that
riddle easily opened, How the strength of Autaparnes is the
weakning of Simon; and the destruction of him and
Hypomene in the valley of Ain Simons consummation and
perfection, or rather his translation or ἀποθέωσις.

Anautesthetus, 'Αναυτῆστητος, One that feels not him-
self, or at least reliseth not himself.

Aelpon, 'Αέλων, not hoping, or without hope.

Apterie, Ἀπτερία, from α negative, and πτερον, a wing.
It signifies the want of wings.

Apathie, Ἀπάθεια, To be without passion.

Autopathie, Αυτοπάθεια, denotates the being self-struck-
en, to be sensible of what harms us, rather then what is ab-
solutely evil.

Ain, Not to be, To be nothing; from ἵνα ἄν, nihil, or
nemo.

Anautesthesie, 'Αναυτῆστησία, Without self-sensedness
or relishing ones self.

Æon, Αἰών, Eternitie.

Æther, Αἰθήρ, from αἶθεω to burn. The fluid fiery
nature of heaven, the same that אֵשׁ which signifies
as much. viz. a fierie flavour, or a fluid fire.

Aide

Aides. 'Αἰδης, It ordinarily signifies Orcus or Pluto; here the winter Sunne: the etymon fits both, ὁ δὲ τὸ μὲν ἰδῖν. Hell is dark, and the Sunne in winter leaves us to long nights.

Apogee, Ἀπόγειον, is that ablis or ark of the circle of a Planet, in which the Planet is further off from the earth, as the word it self intimates.

Autocinetically, Ἀυτοκίνητος, That which moves it self.

Africk Rock. See Pompon. Mel. lib. 1. cap. 8. Rom. 9. 33. 1. Cor. 10. 4. 1. Pet. 2. 5. Revel. 5. 10. Psal. 105. 15.

Ananke, Ἀνάγκη, The same that Hyle is. But the proper signification of the word is Necessitie. See Hyle.

Alethea-land, That is, the land of truth, τὸ πᾶν τῆς ἀληθείας, as the Platonists call it.

Acronychall. See Cronychall.

B

Beirab or Beiron, The brutish life, from בְּעִיב, brutum. *Bacha,* Weeping. Bacha vale is the valley of tears; from בָּכָה fleuit.

C

Chaos. In our blew Chaos, that is, In our corporeall spirit. For that is the matter that the soul raiseth her phantasmaticall forms in, as the life of the world doth bodily shapes in the heavens or aire.

Cronychall or Acronychall, that is, ἀκρονυχῶν, vespertine, or at the beginning of night. So a starre is said to rise or set Acronychall when it riseth or setteth at the sunne-setting; For then is the beginning of night.

Clare. Claros a citie of Ionia, famous for Apollo's temple and answers, amongst which was this, which I have interpreted in Psychathanasia:

Θεός το τὸ πᾶν τῶν ὕμνων διδοῦν ἡμῶν 'Ιαώ.

Χριστὸν ἰδοῦν 'Αἰδης, Δία δ' ἡμῶν ἀποχρύβω.

Ἡλιον δ' ἰδοῦν, μεταπύου δ' ἀβύσσου 'Ιαώ.

Macrob. Saturnal. lib. 1. cap. 18.

D

Dipia, Διπία, Double-livedness.

Demon, any particular life, any divided spirit; or rather the power ruling in these. This is Δαίμων, a daimon divide.

Duessa, division or dualitie.

Demoniake, That which is according to that divided life or particular spirit, that rules for it self.

Dicaosyne, Δικαιοσύνη, Justice or morall righteousness.

Diana, the Moon, by which is set out the dead light or letter of the law.

Deuteropathie, Δευτεροπάθεια, is a being affected at second rebound, as I may so say. We see the Sunne not so properly by sympathie as deuteropathie. As the mundane spirit is affected where the Sunne is, so am I in some manner, but not presently, because it is so affected, but because in my eye the Sunne is vigorously represented. Otherwise a man might see the Sunne if he had but a body of thin aire.

E

Idos, Ἰδος, Form or Beautie.

Eloim, or *Eloah*, אֱלֹהִים, אלהה signifie, properly the strong God.

Entelechia, Ἐντελέχεια: It is nothing else but *forma*, or *affectus*, and belongs even to the most contemptible forms, as for example to Motion, which is defined by Arist. in the third of his Physicks, ἡ τῆς κινήσεως, ἡ κίνησις, ἔντελέχεια. Scaliger in his 307 exercitation against Cardan descants very curiously upon this word: *Cum igitur Formam diversis (that is ἔντελέχειαν) intelliges immutabilitatem, simplicitatem, potestatem, perfectionem, informationem. Hoc enim est ex quo innuit maximus Poetarum, Totusque infusa per artus. Hoc est, τέλος: quia est ultima forma sub celebratione, & princeps inferiorum, finis & perfectio. Hoc est ἔχειν, posse.* This goodly myserie and fit significancie seems plainly forced or fictitious, if you compare it with what was cited out of Arist. about Motion, so that when we have made the best of ἔντελέχεια, it is but the form of any thing in an ordinary and usuall sense. If we stood much upon words, Ἐντελέχεια would prove more significant of the nature of the soul, even according to Scaliger's own etymon, from ἐν, ἔν, ἔλθω and ἔχειν: from its permeation and colligation or keeping together the bodie from defluxion into its ancient principles, which properties be included in ἐν and ἔχειν. ἔλθω moves forward the body thus kept together: ἔχειν intimates the possession or retention of the body thus moved, that

that it is rather promov'd by the soul then amov'd from the soul. But of these words enough, or rather too much.

Energie, *Ἔνεργια*. It is the operation, efflux or activity of any being: as the light of the Sunne is the energie of the Sunne, and every phantasm of the soul is the energie of the soul.

Euphrona, *Εὐφρόνη*, The Night.

G

Gabriel, The strength of God; from *גבר* *robustus fuit*, and *אל* *Deus*.

H

Hyle, *Materia prima*, or that dark fluid potentiality of the Creature; the straitnesse, repugnancy and incapacity of the Creature: as when its being this, destroyes or debilitates the capability of being something else, or after some other manner. This is all that any wary Platonist will understand by *Ἀνάγκη, πολλὰ τῷ θεῷ συμαχῶν καὶ ἀντιμαχῶν*. in Plutarchs *Ἰσχυρολογία*.

Hattov, *הטוב* *מגמל*, the Good, or that eminent Good or first Good from whence all good is derived. See *Abad*.

Haphe, *Ἄφῃ*, The touch.

Hypomene, *ὑπομονή*, Patience. See *Autaparnes*.

Har-Slain, *הר אלהים*. The mount of Angels, Genii, or particular Spirits.

Helios, *Ἡλιος*, The Sunne.

Heterogeneall, is that which consists of parts of a diverse nature or form: as for example, a mans body of flesh, bones, nerves, &c.

Homogeneall, That whose nature is of one kind.

I

Idea-Lond, The Intellectual world.

Idothea, The fleet passage of fading forms; from *ἰδέομαι*, *Forma*, and *ἰσχύω*, *curra*.

Ida. See *Pompon. Mel. lib. 1. cap. 17*.

Isosceles, A triangle with two sides equall.

Idiopathie, *ἰδιοπάθεια*, is ones proper peculiar *πῶς*, mine or thine, being affected thus or so upon this or that occasion; as *ἰδιοπαθησιμότητα*, is this or that mans proper temper. But this property of affection may also belong unto kinds.

kinds. As an Elephant hath his idiopathy and a man his, at the hearing of a pipe; a cat and an Eagle at the sight of the Sunne; a dogge and a Circopithecus at the sight of the Moon, &c.

Iao. A corruption of the Tetragrammaton. Greek writers have strangely mash'd this word ΙΩΗ , some calling it Ιωβα , others Ιαω , some Ιωω . It is very likely that from this Ιωω came Bacchus his appellation ΕνιΘ , and the Mænades acclamations Ιωω in his Orgia. Which sutes well with the Clarian Oracle, which saith that in Autumne, the Sun is called Ιαω , which is the time of vintage.

$\muετωπαρεν δ' αβρον Ιαω$. See Fullers Miscel.

2. Book.

L

Logos, Λογος , The appellation of the Sonne of God. It is ordinarily translated, *the word*, but hath an ample signification. It signifieth Reason, Proportion, Form, Essence, any inward single thought or apprehension; is any thing but matter, and matter is nothing.

Leontopolis, Λεοντήπολις , The Lions city or Politie.

Lypen, from Λύπη , sorrow.

M

Monocardia, Μονοκαρδία , from μόν and καρδία , single-heartednesse.

Myrmecopolis, Μυρμηκίπολις , The City or Polity of Pismires.

Michael, Who like unto God? from Μ Quis , and similitudinis , and Ν Deus .

Monad, Μονάς , is *Unitas*, the principle of all numbers, an emblem. of the Deity; And so the Pythagoreans call it Θεός , God. It is from μῖνεν , because it is μόνιμος , stable and immoveable, a firm Cube of it self. One time one time One remains still one. See *Abad*.

N

Neurospast, νευροσπαστον , a Puppet or any Machina that's moved by an unseen string or nerve.

O

O N, ο ν , The Beeing.

Ogdons, Ογδοάς , *numerus octonarius*, the number of eight.

One

Onopolis, Ὀνόπολις, The asses City or Politie.

P

Psyche, Ψυχή, Soul or spirit.

Penia, Πενία, Want, or poverty.

Physis, φύσις, Nature vegetative.

Proteus, Vertumnus, changeablenesse.

Psichania, The land of Souls.

Philosomatus, φιλοσώματος, A lover of his body.

Psittacusa, The land of Parots.

Pitheculsa, The land of Apes.

Pithecus, Πίθηκος, an Ape.

Phobon, from φόβος, Fear.

Phrenition, Anger, impatency, fury; from φρενίτις, phren-
tic or madnesse. *Ira furor brevis est.*

Pantheoben, Πάν-θεόθεν, All from God. Which is true
in one sense, false in another. You'll easily discern the sense
in the place you find the word. This passage of *Pantheoben*
contains a very savory & hearty reproof of all, be they what
they will, that do make use of that intricate mystery of fate
and infirmity, safely to guard themselves' from the due re-
prehensions and just expostulations of the earnest messen-
gers of God, who would rouse them out of this sleep of sin,
and stirre them up seriously to seek after the might and spirit
of Christ, that may work wonderfully in their souls to a
glorious conquest and triumph against the devil, death and
corruption.

Pandemoniothen, Πάν-δαιμονίοθεν, All from the devil ;
viz. all false perswasions and ill effects of them.

Panoply, Πανοπλία, Armour for the whole body.

Pterocessa, Πτερόσσα, The land of winged souls ; from
πτερον a wing.

Perigee, Περίγειον, Is that ablis or ark of a Planets circle,
in which it comes neerer the earth.

Psychicall, Though Ψυχή be a generall name and belongs
to the souls of beasts and plants, yet I understand by life
Psychicall, such centrall life as is capable of Æon and
Ahad.

Parelies, Παρήλια, are rorid clouds which bear the image
of the Sunne.

Psittaco, Don Psittaco, from *Psittacus* a Parot, a bird
that

that speaks significant words, whose sense notwithstanding it self is ignorant of. The dialogue betwixt this Parot and Mnemon sets out the vanity of all superficiall conceited Theologasters, of what sect soever, having but the surface and thin imagination of divinity, but truly devoid of the spirit and inward power of Christ, the living well-spring of knowledge and virtue, and yet do pride themselves in prating and discoursing of the most hidden and abstruse mysteries of God, and take all occasions to shew forth their goodly skill and wonderfull insight into holy truth, when as they have indeed scarce licked the out-side of the glasse wherein it lies.

Plastick, *δυναμις πλαστική*, is that efformative might in the seed that shapes the body in its growth.

Phantasme, *φαντασμα*, Any thing that the soul conceives in it self, without any present externall object.

Parallax, *παράλλαξις*, is the distance betwixt the true and seeming place of a starre; proceeding from the sensible difference of the centre, and the height of the superficies of the earth in reference to the starre, and from the stars declining from the Zenith.

Protopathy, *πρωτοπάθεια*. It is a suffering or being affected at first, that is, without circulation. If any man strike me I feel immediately; because my soul is united with this body that is struck: and this is protopathy. If the aire be struck aloof off, I am sensible also of that, but by circulation or propagation of that impression unto my eare; and this is deuteropathy. See, *Deuteropathy*.

Periphere, *Periphēria*, it is the line that terminates a circle.

Q*uadrate*, A figure with foure equall sides and foure right angles. The rightnesse of the angles, is a plain embleme of erectnesse or uprightnesse of mind: The number of the sides, as also of the angles, being *pariter par*, that is equally divisible to the utmost unities (*τὸ 4 ἴσως διαιρεῖται*, as it is in Aristotle) intimates equity or justice. The sides are equall one with another and so are the angles; and the number of the sides and angles equall one with another. Both the numbers put together are a number *pariter par* a gain

gain, and constitute the first cube which is eight: That addes
faddinesse and perseverance in true justice and uprightnesse
toward God and man. Hypomone bears all this, that is,
all that dolour and vexation that comes from the keeping
our perverse heart to so strait and streight a rule.

R

Rhomboides, is a parallelogrammicall figure with une-
quall sides, and oblique angles.

S

Sperm. It signifies ordinarily seed. I put it for the $\lambda\omicron\gamma\theta$
σπέρματος, the *ratio seminalis*, or the invisible plasti-
call form that shapes every visible creature.

Solya, or *Salem* from שׁוׁלָם , Peace.

Simon, intimates obedience from שמע , *obedivit*.

Semele, Imagination; from מַצָּה , *imago*.

Scalen, a triangle with all sides unequal.

T

Tasis, τάσις , extension.

Tagathon, τᾱγαθόν , The Good; the same with *Hat-
tove*.

U

Uranore, The light or beauty of heaven, from ὕψος , and
 οὐρανός *lux*, or *æra pulchritudo*.

Z

Zeus, *Zav's*, Jupiter, from ζῶω , *serveo*, or ζῶω , *vivo*.

THus have I briefly run through the more obscure terms
in my Poems, which I shall God willing hereafter, if
mens acceptance of these my first endeavours invite me to
it, and mine own occasions permit, expound more fully,
and speak more determinately of those speculations, which
I now have but propos'd to mens more serious considerati-
ons, to weigh freely and warily, not so little a moment as
the inconsiderable assent of the authour cast in, so prejudice
their judgements.

The drift of the whole book is this, to stirre men up to
take into their thoughts, these two main points; The hear-
tie good will of God to mankind, even in the life of this
world, made of the commixture of light and darknesse,
that

that he will through his power rescue those souls, that are faithfull in this their triall, and preferre the light before the dark; that he will, I say, deliver them from the power of living Death, and Hell, by that strong arm of their salvation, Jesus Christ, the living God enthron'd in the heart of man, to whom all the Genii of the Universe, be they never so goodly and glorious shall serve. They and all their curious devices and inventions shall be a spoil, prey, and a possession to Him that is most just, and shall govern the nations in righteousness and equitie. And that, beside this happinesse on earth, every holy soul hereafter shall enjoy a never-fading felicitie in the invisible and eternall Heaven, the Intellectuall world. Which if it be not true, I must needs confesse, it seems almost indifferent whether any creature be or no. For what is it to have lived suppose 70 years, wherein we have been dead or worse above two third parts of them? Sleep, youth, age and diseases, with a number of poore and contemptible employments, swallow up at least so great a portion: That as good, if not better, is he that never was, then he is, that hath but such a glance or glimpse of passing life to mock him.

And although the succession of righteousness upon earth may rightly seem a goodly great and full spread thing, and a matter that may bear an ample correspondencie even to the larger thoughts of a good and upright man; yet, to say the truth, no man is capable of any large inheritance, whose life and existence is so scant that he shall not be able so much as to dream of the least happinesse once seised on by death.

But there are continually on earth such numbers of men alive, that if they liv'd well it would be an heaven or Paradise. But still a scant one to every particular man, whose dayes are even as nothing. So that the work of God seems not considerable, in the making of this world, if humane souls be extinguished when they go out of it. You will say that those small particles of time that is thus scattered and lost among men in their successions, are comprehended and collected in God who is a continuall witnesse of all things.

But, alas! what doth the perpetuall repetition of the
same

same life or deiform image throughout all ages adde to Him, that is at once infinitely himself, viz. good, and happy?

So that there is nothing considerable in the creation if the rationall creature be mortall. For neither is God at all profited by it, nor man considerably. And were not the Angels a great deal better employed in the beholding the worth of their Creatour, then to diminish their own happinesse, by attending those, whom nothing can make happy? looking on this troubled passing stream of the perishing generations of men, to as little purpose almost, as idle boyes do on dancing blebs and bubbles in the water.

What designe therefore can there be in God in the making of this world that will prove *disappointing*, worthy of so excellent a goodnesse and wisdom; but the triall of the immortall spirit of man? It seems the deepest reach of his counsel in the creation; and the life of this world but a prelude to one of longer durance and larger circumference hereafter. And surely it is nothing else but the heavy load of this bodie, that keeps down our mind from the reaching to those so high hopes, that I may not say from a certain sense and feeling of that clear and undisturbed state of immortallitie. I will close all with the praise of those two main indowments of the mind, viz. Charitie and Humilitie, which certainly will make us meet eternall mansions for the ever-living Deitie. But without these, mans soul after this life becomes but a den of devils, a dungeon of dark and restless phantasms, being incorporate into the ever-gnawing and corroding spirit of Hell.

An hymne in the honour of those two
despised virtues, Charitie and
Humilitie.

Erne have I clambred in my mind,
But nought so great as love I find.
Deepe-searching wit, mount-mingling might
Are nought compar'd to that good spright.
Life of delight and soul of blisse!
Sure source of lasting happinesse!
Higher then Heaven! lower then hell!
What is thy tent? where maist thou dwell?

My mansion hight humilitie,
Heavens vastest capabilitie.
The further it doth downward tend
The higher up it doth ascend:
If it go down to utmost nought
It shall returne with that it sought.

Lord stretch thy tent in my strait breast,
Enlarge it downward, that sure rest
May there be pight; for that pure fire
Wherewith thou wontest to inspire
All self-dead soules. My life is gone
Sad solitude in my irksome wanne.
Cut off from men and all this world
In Lethees lonesome ditch I am burld.
Nor might nor sight doth ought me move,
Nor do I care to be above.

O feeble rayes of mentall light!
That best be seen in this dark night,
What are you? what is any strength
If it be not laid in one length
With pride or love? I nought desire
But a new life or quite t' expire.
Could I demolish with mine eye
Strong towers, stop the fleet starres in skie,
Bring down to earth the pale-fac'd Moon,
Or turn black midnight to bright noon:

Though

Though all things were put in my hand
 As parch'd as dry as th' Libyan sand
 Would be my life if charity
 Were wanting. But Humility
 Is more then my poore soul durst crave
 That lies intomb'd in lowly grave.
 But if 't were lawfull up to send
 My voice to Heaven, this should it rend.
 Lord thrust me deeper into dust
 That thou mayst raise me with the just.

Mōvq̄ D̄w̄ n̄ Jō̄ḡa.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Psychozoia.

P. 5. l. 16. *reade ybrent.* p. 17. l. 36. *rage full rise.* p. 19. l. 24. *with all*
 p. 39. l. 31. *dreary head.* p. 47. l. 7. *counts.*

Psychathanasia.

P. 1. l. 11. *to spring.* p. 6. l. 36. *do.* p. 17. l. 23. *mov'd.* p. 27. l. 29.
where in. p. 63. l. 9. *fell discontent.* p. 71. l. 9. *divisibilitie.* p. 9. l. 25.
lap, that. p. 100. l. 15. *is.*

Antipsychopannychia.

P. 5. l. 20. *ruption, if.* p. 9. l. 23. *detect.*

Animonopsychia.

P. 43. l. 30. *His.*



